



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

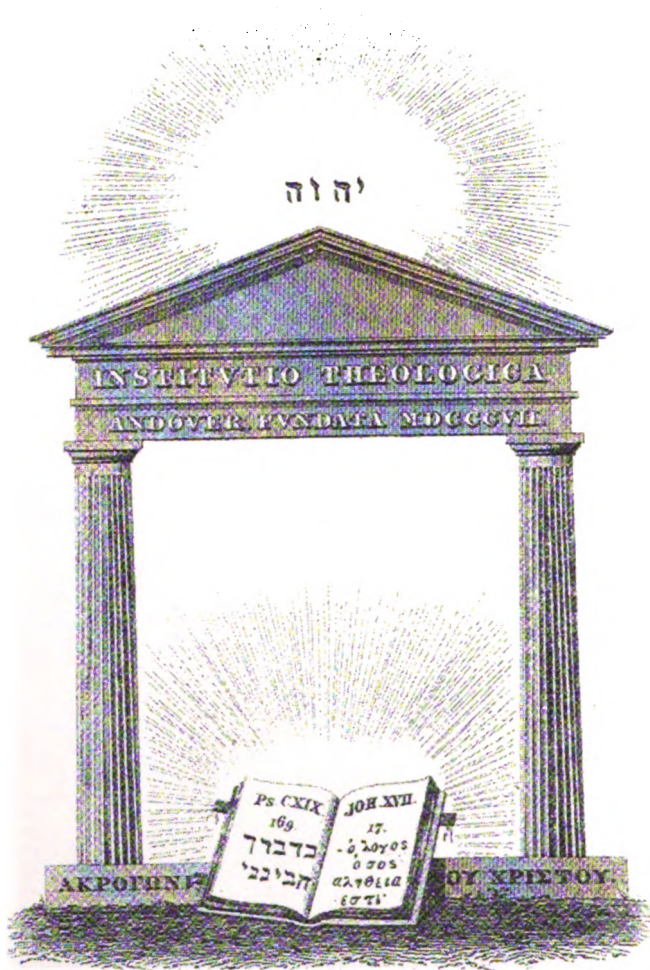
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

ANDOVER-HARVARD LIBRARY



AH 6E99 M



ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
 MDCCCLX
 CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



THE JOURNAL

OF

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Vol. IX.

EDITED BY WM. T. HARRIS.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE R. P. STUDLEY COMPANY, PRINTERS, CORNER MAIN & OLIVE STS.

1875.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by

WILLIAM T. HARRIS,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Bound March 2, 1876.

CONTENTS.

(Pages misnumbered from 263 to 320 inclusive.)

Anthropology, by Immanuel Kant (translation).....	A. E. Kroeger.	16, 239, 406
Beethoven's <i>Sonata Appassionata</i>	C. W. Chapman.	61
Goethe and German Fiction.....	F. G. Fairfield.	303
Harms on Schopenhauer's Philosophy (translation)	Ella S. Morgan.	113
Idea within Itself and without Itself.....	Theron Gray.	138
Immortality of the Soul, On the.....	H. K. Jones.	27
Interpretability of Music, On the.....	Lewis J. Block.	422
Merlin's Disciple	S.	429
Michael Angelo's Birthday, For	T. W. Parsons.	209
Mr. Buckle and the Aufklärung	J. Hutchison Stirling.	337
Niobe Group, The	Thos. Davidson.	142
Philosophemes	A. Bronson Alcott.	1, 190, 245
Rosenkranz on Goethe's Faust (translation).....	Anna C. Brackett.	48, 225, 401
Shakespeare's "Cymbeline".....	D. J. Snider.	172
Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure".....	D. J. Snider.	312
Shakespeare's "Tempest"	H. K. Jones.	293
Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale".....	D. J. Snider.	80
<i>Speculum Poesis</i>	W. E. Channing.	186, 300
Soul, The.....	F. R. Marvin.	421
Spinoza	A. E. Kroeger.	263
Trendelenburg and Hegel.....	Editor.	70
Urania.....	John Albee.	311
What is Logic?	Jos. G. Anderson.	417
Zeller on the Theory of Cognition (translation).....	Max Eberhardt.	33

Notes and Discussions :

Rosenkranz's Summary of Logic; Professor Vera on Strauss; Krause's	
Logic	98
Thought a Function of the Brain; Natural Law; Cortical Brain Sub-	
stance; Mind and Force; The Definition of Life; Is Man a Finite	
Being?	212
Mind and Organism; Thomas Aquinas; Recognition; Pantheism, or	
God the Universe.....	326

Notes and Discussions (continued):

- Dr. Hickok on Pantheism *versus* the Logic of Reason; Professor Davidson and Professor Vera; What is Truth? Personality and Individuality—the Outward and Inward; Causality *versus* Freedom 430

Book Notices:

- (1) Max Müller's Lecture on Buddhist Nihilism; (2) Bigelow on Hamlet's Insanity; (3) Hoffmann's Review of Bickling's Philosophy of Consciousness, &c.; (4) Mrs. Doggett's Translation of Blanc's Grammar of Painting and Engraving; (5) Shalrp's Studies in Poetry and Philosophy; (6) Krauth's Berkeley; (7) Paterson—Supplement to the Calculus of Operations; (8) Vera's Cavour and a Free Church in a Free State; (9) Taubert's Pessimism and its Opponents; (10) Marvin on the Philosophy of Spiritualism; (11) Olmstead—A Lecture on the Protestant Faith; (12) Benson—Philosophic Reviews and Visit to the Sun; (13) Krauth—Ulrich's Review of Strauss as a Philosophical Thinker; (14) Memories: a Story of German Love... 104
- (1) Hagenbach—German Rationalism, in its Rise, Progress, and Decline, in its relation to Theologians, Scholars, Poets, Philosophers, and the People; (2) Jardine—Elements of the Psychology of Cognition; (3) Hickok—The Logic of Reason; (4) Renton—Logic of Style; (5) Bayrhammer—*Das Wesen des Universums und die Gesetze des Humanismus*; (6) Parton—Life of Thomas Jefferson; (7) Sidgwick—Methods of Ethics 221
- (1) *Die Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Philosophische Kritik*; (2) *Philosophische Monatshefte*; (3) The Undivine Comedy and other Poems; (4) Theodore Parker; (5) The Bhagavad Gita 334
- (1) The Final Cause as Principle of Cognition and Principle in Nature; (2) Absolute Money; (3) *Philosophische Monatshefte*; (4) Representative Names in the History of English Literature; (5) The Philosophy of History in France and Germany; (6) The Theory of the Beautiful; (7) An Effort to Analyze the Moral Idea; (8) The Morality of Prohibitory Liquor Laws 442

THE JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Vol. IX.

January, 1875.

No. 1.

PHILOSOPHEMES.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

PART I.—The Flight Downwards.

"The initiate Mind saith this and saith that, as it circles around the unspeakable depths. Thou art the bringer forth, Thou the offspring; Thou the illuminer, Thou the illumine; Thou art the manifest, Thou the hidden; hid by Thy glories; one and yet all things, one in Thyself alone, yet throughout all things."

SYNESIUS.

"Philosophy is the purification and perfection of human nature; delivering it from the temerity and from the folly that proceeds from matter, it disengages its affections from this perishable body, recovering its original felicity by restoring it to the likeness of God. Virtue alone purifies and truth alone enlightens, and these, by consequence, perfect and restore in Man the divine image."

Comments on PYTHAGORAS *by* HIEROCLES.

I.—Chariots.

Round the wide globe Thought fearless runs,
Her circuits suited to superior suns.

Thought reaffirms its ancient Hermes' prerogatives and titles. Being the swiftest and subtlest of the mind's movements, swifter than the elements, having fire for its body, and, being the fashioner of all things, it uses fire for its instrument; for the mind, void of fire, transacts neither the business of men, nor the affairs of God."

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

"I doubt not," says Glanvill (writing in 1661), "posterity will find many things that are now but rumors verified into

practical realities. It may be that, some ages hence, a voyage to the Southern tracts, yea, possibly to the moon, will not be more strange than one to America. To them that come after us, it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly with to remotest regions, as now a pair of boots to ride a journey; and to confer at the distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances, may be as usual to future times as by literary correspondence. The restauration of gray hairs to juvenility, and renewing the exhausted marrow, may at length be effected without a miracle; and the turning of the now comparatively desert world into a Paradise may not improbably be effected from late agriculture."

"And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show:
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he."

COWLEY.

The "sympathetic conveyances" are probably of another sort from what the author imagined, and the flying apparatus yet awaits construction. As to the "rejuvenating," I know not we are the nearer its discovery than himself, or his friend Kenelm Digby, desirable as it were to the ancients of our time. But the "Paradise Plantation" seems in a fairer way for its accomplishment, furthered as it is by our modern instrumentalities of travel and migration from continent to continent, the opening of the gates of India to the cosmopolitan missionaries, trade, and intercourse.

Not less flows the stream along the great lines of travel. The traffic in things advertising ideas; life and literature interchanging their commodities at the Golden Gate, as the poet Dyer wrote in 1758:

"A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup which luxury or careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows; a day will come
When, through her channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anam's Straits to proud Japan."

California and Japan, interchanging fellowship, are being clothed with the new civilization, the Golden Fleece of arts political and ideal; and when our globe becomes populous

with the ideal civilization, its surface girdled with cities, decorated with gardens and orchards, intercourse universal and fraternal, all may be pronounced "*good*" as at the dawn of its creation.

Already the lightning has become thought's courier and competitor, flashing its tidings, irrespective of consequences, at the world's opposites in a twinkling, making of all mankind neighbors and contemporaries in time and space, as if anticipating the yet unannounced discovery—complementing Galileo's—of the planet's spinning round its axle obedient to the consenting wills of its inhabitants.

It is easy to see that any extravagance of idealism may become matter of fact in the future; that whatever the imagination of man may conceive, the reason delegated to the hand of man may practically realize. All that ideas have in store the mind hastens to individualize and institute to the senses, and civilization keep abreast of thought the world over.

"For nature is neither matter of art nor of wisdom. But reason immersed rather and plunged into matter, being as it were fuddled with and confounded with it. It doth not know but do. And things done through it are superior and divine. For as mind is inward to everything, so spirit acts immediately thereby as an inward living soul or law in it."

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

In far broader sense than good Herbert knew,

— "Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him";

nor do

"More servants wait on him
Than he'll take notice of."

"Nothing has got so far
But he hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.

Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

Philosophemes.

“The stars have us to bed;
 Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws:
 Music and light attend our head,
 All things unto our flesh are kind
 In their descent and being; to our mind
 In their ascent and cause.

“Man is all symmetry,
 Full of proportions, one limb to another,
 And all to all the world besides:
 Each part may call the farthest, brother:
 For head with foot hath private amity,
 And both with moons and tides.”

II.—Method.

The method of insight is fast subordinating that of observation and inference merely. Using no longer contentedly the eyes of a circuitous and toiling logic, the mind serves itself immediately by flashing intuitions and direct beholdings. New eyes are extemporized for discovering the new things, new instruments substituted for the old implements. A subtler analysis, a more inclusive synthesis, is divined; a broader generalization of the facts accumulated on the mind from all provinces of speculation; the adventurous genius of our time being tasked as never before. The culture of nations indicates that soon the Spirits' accounts shall be rendered from all quarters of the globe, and the several Books of Revelation posted to the latest dates.

Proclus observes, “There are two sorts of philosophers; the one places body first in the order of being, and makes the faculty of thinking depend thereupon, supposing that the principle of all things is corporeal; that body must really or principally exist, and all other things in a secondary sense, and by virtue of that. Others, making all corporeal things to be dependent upon soul or mind, think this to exist in the first place and primary sense, and the being of bodies to be altogether derived from and to presuppose that of the mind.”

Either method is legitimate, the tracing of life descending or ascending, the method of the naturalist or of the spiritualist. They start from opposite bases, and thence proceed by processes the reverse of each other; life, the while, being their common factor. Like the fable of the shield seen from

obverse sides, yet one, Nature presents its contrary aspect to the observer, and each justifies his results from his point of view. The former observes Nature pure; the latter, as exalted and mingled with mind: brute qualities the one, mental the other, neither being able to separate life from matter or mind. The idealist avails himself of both methods, and thus includes the facts entire in his speculation. He regards Nature as a globe of dissolving forms, an *orbis pictus* of spirit, symbolizing things to the imagination and reason for their idealization and solution; viewing objects of sense as subjects of thought, he has an immaterial Geometry or ideal Calculus for practical uses, whereby Science is expressed in the fixture of thought in facts, Art in the flowing thought in ideas, and Philosophy as the synthesis and reconciliation of the two in the Personal idea.

The ideal faculty thus prefigures its objects and brings them within the scope of the senses by means of visible types, thought subjecting hereby the Spirit's immensity, so to speak, to the grasp of fancy and understanding, the one craving fixedness, the other fluency; Nature and Spirit thus doubling one upon the other in the pair of eyes within the eyes that circumfold and configure the world of things. Hereby, says Zoroaster,

“Are the things without figure figured forth.”

Seeing is creating. The eye sees in light being formed of it. “Were the eye not sunny, how could we see the light?” Were God's Spirit not within us, how could we divine natural things? Dissolve the globe, and light alone remains.

“The colors,” says Goethe, “are acts of light. The eye may be said to owe its existence to light, which calls forth, as it were, a sense akin to itself. The eye, in short, is formed with reference to light, to be fit for the action of light: the light it contains corresponding with the sight within.”

Out of the Chaos dawns in sight
The globe's full form in orb'd light;
Beam kindles beam, kind mirrors kind,
Nature's the eye-ball of the Mind;
The fleeting pageant tells for nought
Till shaped in Mind's creative thought.

The magi said of God, "that he had light for his body and truth for his soul." "God," said St. John, "is light, and in him is no darkness at all." And David, "Thou art clothed with light as with a garment." And, according to Plutarch, Empedocles thought "ether, or heat, to be Jupiter."

God is light in whom is no darkness. And this light shining in the darkness is the Creative Reason, the vitalizing Logos in which the worlds are conceived and brought forth. Nature is but the cloud that hides the face of the Godhead from human sight.

"The first Beauty," says Ficinus, "is the splendor of the Father of Lights and the figure of his Person, from whence there shines forth a threefold radiance: the first through angelic minds, the second through intellectual souls, the third through beautiful bodies; these reflecting the same light, as it were, through three different glasses of different colors, and accordingly they successively reflect a different splendor from the First."

"Everything that is does not exist a single moment by itself, but only through a constant reciprocal action with all that surrounds it, and more or less directly with the entire universe."

OERSTED.

"All we know of bodies is only that there is something active in the space which they occupy."

Id.

Solidity is an illusion of the senses. All matter is fluid and aflame, the metachemistry of combustion resolving its atoms into heat, heat into light, light into motion, motion into force, whereby spirit recoils on itself and mind becomes the common menstruum, thought the solvent of substance, ponderable and imponderable in Nature.

Material substances are air-fed and fashioned in flame. The dust of the earth being the spirit-fuel, the Phoenix rising perpetually from its ashes unconsumed, unconsumable, the life-touch dissolving all matter in smoke and mote-beams.

"Spirit is the seat and carrier of heat, by whose help and ministry it is conveyed and sent by the conduits and passages of arteries to every several part of the body."

LEMOINE.

Everything in Nature is respirable in thought and conspirable in force, an occult metachemical life transpiring in bodies, all atoms drifting mindwards, to be organized in thought and partake of the brain's endowments; an omniscient brain being the culmination of spirit in matter, and the spirit's observatory of terrestrial concerns.

The cloud-lands are native lands for thought—the birth-place of ideas—who sits above and guides the steeds along the heavens, commands the worlds below, and circumscribes the horizon round. Even sight and sunshine become dazed and dimmed with the motes and mists rising, unless thought dispel and drive them away.

The fleeting pageant all were nought
Till orb'd in Mind's creative thought.

“The living matter concerned in mental operations is that which is last formed, and is probably the highest condition which living matter has yet assumed. Like other forms taking part in the formation of the various tissues and organs belonging to the organism, it has been derived by direct descent from the original matter of the *embryo*. From the growth and subdivision of that primitive mass have resulted, and in definite and pre-arranged order, numerous forms endowed with marvellously different powers. But the germinal matter which forms cuticle, that which produces fibrous tissue, muscle, nerve, or bone—the germinal matter which gives rise to biliary secretion, to the saliva and the gastric juice, as well as that which takes part in mental nervous action, have, so to say, one common parentage; and if, as these several forms are evolving themselves, or are being evolved, the conditions which alone render possible progress towards their highest state become modified, the attainment of perfection is prevented.”

Dr. BEALE, *Protoplasm*, p. 153.

“The globe,” said Kepler, “possesses living faculties. A process of assimilation goes on in it as well as in animated bodies. Every particle of it is alive.”

III.—*Spirit.*

“Seek thou the path of the Soul,
 Whence or by what order
 To the same place from whence thou didst flow,
 Thou mayest rise up again,
 Joining action to sacred speech.
 Stoop not down; for a precipice
 Lies below on the earth,
 Drawing through the ladder which hath
 Seven steps, firm beneath which
 Is the throne of Necessity.”

ZOROASTER.

Loaded with necessity, grave with fate, matter droops and declines in consequence, while spirit freely aspires and mounts.

“The mind,” says Plotinus, “contains the degrees of all forms, being the exemplary cause of the world.”

Index to the Personal Spirit or Godhead.—He is one, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, immanent, and eternal. His powers and operations may be indexed in the following order, creative and reproductive, descending and ascending:

*Instincts of the Spirit,
 Choices of the Person,
 Desires of the Soul,
 Deeds of the Will,
 Laws of the Conscience,
 Thoughts of the Mind,
 Ideas of the Imagination,
 Truths of the Reason,*

*Figures of the Phantasy,
 Facts of the Understanding,
 Events of the Memory,
 Things of the Senses,
 Feelings of the Life,
 Forces of the Substance,
 Atoms of Matter.*

In this house of many mansions, the home of the mind, the faculties take precedence according to their special endowments, each ranging freely throughout its allotted courts, while dimly divining those above and descending at choice to all below.

Thus the Person graduates itself through the series of Powers, descending hereby, and voiding the matter of their organs, recoiling therefrom and reascending. Instinct being the meter of their special susceptibilities, prompting and correcting, as by a hidden impulse, the mind's thoughts and acts. Never failing, it is the sole undepraved power president in man; and, “taken with experience, shows him what he is.”

IV.—Genesis.

Being spirit in transition, matter is becomingness only: void of Personality, it cannot of itself become; can, at most, but seem, cannot be. To Be is the embosoming of seeming and becoming in itself. Being is always issuing forth from and returning into itself; Nature is its recoil on itself in matter, first becoming last, then last first, in order of appearance and disappearance — Being-Becoming-Nothing, the cycle of Spirit.

Matter undergoes a process of graduated metamorphoses: Man, as an animal, and all animals below man in the scale, being transformed from type to type by means of the prevailing inclinations and re-creative instincts of each and all combined, the issue of their endeavors being the material-world we behold around us. The differing types of lives descend and take on corresponding forms as they assume and animate bodies, completing thus their respective metamorphoses. All archetypes reside in man, and pass by degradation into matter.

The types shade into one another by gradations imperceptible; all undergo incessant metamorphoses and metempsychoses, the cosmic life animating and refashioning all in turn; one life in manifold forms. They become distinguishable, at some removes from one another, by their resemblances and differences near or remote: an unusual likeness between features of persons and the lower animals indicating a corresponding likeness of character.

Aristotle founded his *Physiognomy* on this law of resemblances, and Porta adopted it with finer discriminations; Lavater after Porta, and now Darwin. It is also recognized in popular nicknames, as in the rhetoric of common speech regarding personal traits of character.

V.—Man.

“It behooves thee to hasten to the light
And to the beams of the Father,
From whence was sent to thee
A soul clothed with much mind.
These things the Father conceived,
And so the mortal was animated;
For the Paternal Mind sowed symbols in souls,

Replenishing the soul with profound love.
 For the Father of gods and men
 Placed the mind in the soul,
 And in the body He established you;
 For all divine things are incorporeal,
 But bodies are bound in them for your sakes
 By reason of the corporeal nature
 In which they are concentrated,
 And they are in God attracting strong flames."

ZOROASTER.

"Man is the wonder of Nature.—PLATO.

Man is the great wonder.—HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

Man is the measure of all things.—PROTAGORAS.

Man is a sample of the universe.—THEOPHRASTUS.

Man is an epitome of the world.—PLINY.

Man is the little world.—ZOROASTER."

"Man is a soul using the body as an instrument," says Proclus.

Nature is the physiognomy of spirit, and man the image of God's personality. Cast the eye wheresoever he may, man cannot fail of beholding the correspondences of his figure and faculties. Nature throughout is as faithful a draught of his impress as matter can receive and exhibit. Crowned with forehead and face, he is the archetype and frontispiece of things in Nature. He epitomizes, idealizes all, these showing, under every guise of feature and limb, some trait or trace of his fallen physiognomy. The recipient of all forms in matter, through him all descend by degradation of his essence into their corresponding organizations—animal, plant, mineral, material atoms.

Life descends and reascends in manifold metamorphoses. Taking its rise in spirit, thence plunging instinctively into matter and reascending, lifting this into its ascending types as it rises to its source. Abreast the source and topmost is man, below him are the animals, and still lower and lowest in the descending series the plant and mineral kingdoms. And the lower man himself descends, the more he resembles the brutes; the higher the brute, the more he assumes the human likeness. A degrading passion persisted in long transforms the human type almost to that of the brute, as long intimacy with man exalts and individualizes the brute

features. Possibly it is in the order of genesis that the human type becomes lost in the brute, the brute in turn rising into the human; manhood assuming apehood, and the reverse, the mutual metamorphosis in its nexus being the while too occult to be detected by any senses of ours, aided by the most searching glasses yet invented. Certainly there are animals whose gifts (and virtues especially), as designated by human names, transcend those of some men of the degraded types, and we may await their transitions into the near and the next in the living economy.

As the scientist studies the dispositions and habits of animals by observing their external traits and classifying these in characteristic groups, so the psychologist studies and groups minds in like manner by their characteristic traits, and determines their rank in the scale of intelligence. Nor can the time be far distant when man's Personality will be thus treated, his personal gifts grouped by their natural indications, and the foundation thus laid for a graduated system of human culture.

May we affirm that matter had not been, had man preserved his rectitude inviolate? Does it not fill the void where he were else? being, as we may symbolize, the self, dismembered, debased, deposed, and he—the better self of himself—treading the while upon the prostrate Torso of his fallen form!

Behold the lapsed man striving, throughout matter, to recover his lost self! but, wanting the generative force for self-recovery, he pauses, faints, falls short of his quarry; systole, diastole, tugging ceaselessly at life's cistern, life ebbing finally from organ, atom seizing atom, element preying on element, till all is returned to the common chaos for renewal and reorganization.

VI.—Sex.

"Matter," says Aristotle, "desires form as the female desires the male."

Without sex, there were neither matter nor organization. Hereby spirit descends and embodies itself personally, thus peopling matter with its types ideally. And this the ancient

wise men obscurely signified in their mysteries, wherein they represented the virile Hermes as the ideal Reason, or Logos, generating the visible world.

The Genesis is spiritual, Creation being a descent and degradation from Spirit—his stooping to organize. Effects depend from their causes in successive series and degrees; the Spirit, cause of causes, first fashioning mankind, and through mankind generating the visible hierarchy of types in Nature.

Subgods and Procreators under the spirit, mankind generate matter perpetually, life itself being essentially creative and formative. Thus conspiring with the Creative Spirit, the human race beget all qualities of good which they enjoy, or, swerving wilfully from His intentions, the evils which they suffer, their conspiring interests and choices become in this wise the destiny of the planet which they people and occupy—the Providence in the world: nor does this mastery of matter content the race. Man aspires to yet mightier labors, predetermining other spheres of thought and activity in his creative work.

“Everything which operates essentially produces an image of itself. He therefore who fashioned the universe, fashioned an image of himself. But if this be the case, he contained in himself the causes of the universe, and these causes are *ideas*. To which we may add, that the perfect must necessarily antedate the imperfect; unity, multitude; the indivisible, the divisible; and that which abides perpetually the same, that which subsists in necessary mutation. From all which it follows that things do not originate from baser natures, but that they end in these; and that they commence from natures the most perfect, the most beautiful, and the best. For it is not possible that the intellect should be unable to apprehend things equal, similar, and the like; and that the Artificer of the universe should not contain in himself the essentially equal, just, beautiful, and good; and, in short, every thing which has a universal and perfect subsistence, and which, from its residence in Deity, forms a link of that luminous chain of essences to which we may give the name of *ideas*.”

THOMAS TAYLOR.

VII.—Life.

Living is a chemistry and an incarnation. Life were not life but death, were it not formative and creative: to live is to create — to organize life.

Our desires are live sparks of our personality. All delights are seminal, spirit in transfusion and bodies in embryo.

Love's procreant instincts,
Out of Spirit's chaste seats,
People Cosmos from Chaos
With bodies complete.

"The Paternal Mind hath sowed in symbols in all souls,"
says Zoroaster.

Our desires are the mothers that breed and bear us bodily into matter, delivering us to mortality. Flesh and blood are formal and perishable, spirit alone essential and immortal. All creatures generate their substance, their desires sow the seeds of the flesh and blood in which they became incarnate.

"Each globule of blood," says Swedenborg, "is a kind of microcosm, containing in act all the series that precede it, and in potency, therefore, a whole human race; for the seed arises from the blood."

Quick with spirit, in eternal systole and diastole, the living tides course along, incarnating organ and vessels in their ceaseless flow. Let the pulsations pause for an instant on their errands, and creation's self ebbs into chaos and invisibility. The visible world being the extremest wave of the spiritual flood, its flux being life, conflux body, efflux death; and organization the confine of spirit, bodies its incarnation.

Every globule of blood reflects the sunbeam and shows the primary colors, according to the chemical habit of the owner.

•Form is spirit's outline or lymning in matter, Nature in its ultimates being throughout as faithful a draught of spirit as matter can receive and retain of its attributes. The visible world is the apparition of the invisible and spiritual. It is the property of life to shape forth and reveal its essential qualities in material forms. Incarnation is life in movement, proceeding forth to organize itself in bodies. To live is to create.

VIII.—Temperament.

Blood is a genesis and a history : once meliorated and ennobled by virtue and genius ; by culture, it resists all baser mixtures long, and preserves its purity for many generations. Its mixtures have a metaphysical or spiritual basis. Inter-marriage may modify but does not blot or dissolve entirely the family type.

Mingled of all races, and still intermingling with all, the perfect amalgamation and interfusion of various and hostile bloods, is not nor can be complete for some centuries to come. But this interfusion is inevitable ; and as, at the Golden period, all were of one blood, so all are recovering from lapse and destruction ; the nations and peoples of the earth are becoming of one blood, the Adamic type being fully restored.

It would seem as if idealists alone conceived and propagated the fairest types of beauty ; and that the Roman blood, while giving force and material power, had taken from it the symmetry and ideal loveliness of which the Grecian artists appear to have drawn the purest human representatives. Doubtless the spirit has charms yet awaiting the chisel's skill to reveal, and the painter's brush will yet shape a Gallery of the Gods surpassing all the Grecian race conceived.

Beauty is creative and draws forth beauty from all beholders. In its presence all become beautiful for the moment.

Beauty is undefinable, nor do any terms fully express the pleasure we feel on beholding it—if, indeed, we may be said to view more than its image. All the more exquisite is it from its very elusiveness and incapability of fixture. It were not charming did it fully reveal itself. Like a person whose secret we had divined, it would interest us no further. It is beautiful simply because it is a mystery and hides within itself its secret, suggesting but not revealing fully, to pique the curiosity all the more.

Art catches us at our best. Most of us would disown our stupidities if blazoned in picture, nor should we be emulous to be taken when asleep. It were but the effigy of ourselves,

the reflex of the life that animates in wakeful moments. If the sun flatters none, it is because the celestial luminary is faithful to the features at the moment. Art is more than mere imitation; it is the mingling of ideas with matter, and moulding this in harmony therewith. Matter is the clay always awaiting the hand of the potter to be fashioned into Beauty.

The race is still at the potteries, and thus far there has been a scarcity of the finished patterns mixed of finest clays. Some are intellect, some sentiment; passion some, some sense: of the last, a large assortment; of the better, a few; of the finest and best, next to none—the sundust waiting to be moulded into genius and grace. The best of many generations mingle and mould into symmetry of person.

The more refined and ideal the scale of creatures, the fairer the complexion, the brighter the wit; the types varying between fair and dark, the intermediates being variously mingled in life, the pure types being rare, and all modified by race, climate, and habit. The darker types drift, by affinity, the more strongly to matter, the lighter to spirit, thus defining the physical and metaphysical schools of thought.

Love is the mother of beautiful bodies, being the Beautiful in its essence and form. Lust is the Circe that transfixes serpentine shapes and debases the creature below the human—the subtlest of all beasts of the field.

Mixed mortals are, and inly move
As dragged by strife or drawn by love.

Our birthright to freedom may be abridged more or less by our descent, by antecedents of ancestry, yet never so fatally as to have no margin of choice, unless idiocy or insanity have predetermined our earthly race.

Temperament is a Nemesis, most of the race being still the victims of descent. If friendly to races, the Fates thus far have been oftenest foes to individuals, since it is not left optional with them to leave uncut the threads themselves did not willingly spin, they obeying the conservative law of things, plying the shears of the destiny that clips individual threads to spare the fabric which Time is ever weaving for the coming populations. Destiny reckons not with indi-

viduals but with races, sparing none which Divinity did not willingly admit to mortality.

All essences go into the moulding of the superior creature. The choicest substances mystically mingled, the handsome dough kneaded into fairest shape and turned off the wheel a miracle of art. Intellect is not enough, sensibility is not enough; passion, sense, the moral sentiment,—these and the fusion of all. Nothing can atone for the lack of that congruity which is the secret of real greatness, the source of power, the spring of character expressed in genius.

Children of the Light, we have toyed with sunbeams from our cradles, dazzled life-long by the celestial splendors. How we grasped at the rays with our tiny hands!

Light us, Sovereign Lamp! Flood our souls with thy fervors. Illuminate our heavens with thy radiance. Born of fires, swathed in earths, in waters bathed, on ethers fed, and greedy of elemental life, our souls aflame of THEE,—incline us, O Fluid and Seminal LIGHT! to quaff immortal memories from Thy resplendent urns; ever filling, never full, our souls of Thee.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Translated from the German of IMMANUEL KANT, by A. E. KROEGER.

PART FIRST.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DIDACTIC

Concerning the manner in which to recognize the Internal as well as the External of Man.

BOOK FIRST.

CONCERNING THE FACULTY OF COGNITION.

§ 1. *Concerning Self-consciousness.*

The fact that man can entertain the conception of his ego lifts him infinitely over all other beings on earth. It is this that constitutes him a person, and, by virtue of the unity of

consciousness, amongst all the changes that may happen to him, one and the same person—that is, a being quite distinct by rank and dignity from *things*, such as irrational animals are, with whom we can do as we please—and this even when he cannot yet speak of his *I*, since he at least thinks it, and as all languages must think it, when speaking in the first person, even though they have not a special word for it. For this faculty (of thinking) is the understanding.

But it is noticeable, that the child, even after it can speak tolerably readily, does not speak as *I* till some time later, perhaps a year afterward; and until then speaks of itself only in the third person (Charley wants to eat, to go, &c.), and that a light seems to have dawned upon it when it begins to speak of itself as “*I*”; from which day on it never returns to its former manner of speaking. Before that time it merely *felt* itself; now it *thinks* itself. It might be a pretty hard task for the anthropologist to explain this phenomenon.

The observation, that a child, for the first quarter after its birth, neither smiles nor weeps, seems also to rest upon the development of certain notions, of insult and wrong-doing, that are suggestive of reason. The fact, that in this period it begins to follow with its eyes glittering objects held up before its face, is the rude beginning of the progress of *perceptions* (apprehension of the representation of sensations) in order to widen them out to a *knowledge* of the objects of our senses, that is, of experience.

The further fact, that now, when it attempts to speak, its butchery of words makes it lovable in the sight of its mother and nurse, and makes them inclined to fondle and kiss it continually, nay, to pamper it into a little commander-in-chief, by fulfilling every one of its wishes and desires: this amiability of the little creature, in the period of its development into humanity, must probably be placed to account of its innocence and the frankness of all its still defective utterances, wherein there is as yet not the least trace of evil, but may also be ascribed, on the other hand, to the natural inclination of nurses to confer benefits upon a creature which in an endearing way gives itself up entirely to the arbitrariness of another, since in this way a play-time, the happiest time of

all, is given to the child; while the instructor, by becoming also a child, as it were, enjoys the same delight once again.

But the remembrance of childish years does not reach back by far to that time, since it is not the time of experiences, but merely of scattered perceptions, that have not yet been united in the conception of the object.

§ 2. *Concerning Egotism.*

From the day when a man begins to speak as *I*, he brings his beloved self in front whenever there is the least chance, and his egotism progresses steadily, in order that he may—if not openly, for then the egotism of others comes to oppose him, at least covertly and with seeming self-denial and pretended modesty—place a preëminent value on himself in the judgment of others.

Egotism can contain three presumptions, that of the understanding, that of taste, and that of practical interest; that is, it may be of a logical, æsthetical, or practical* nature.

The logical egotist considers it unnecessary to test his judgment by that of other people, just as if he stood not at all in need of this touchstone—*criterium veritatis externum*. But it is so certain, that we cannot dispense with this means to assure ourselves of the truth of our judgment, that it is probably the most weighty reason why the world of learned men clamor so loudly for Freedom of the Press, since, if that were taken away from us, we should lose an important means for ascertaining the correctness of our own judgment. Let it not be objected, that at least the science of mathematics is privileged to decide by its own plenary authority; for if the perceived general agreement of the judgment of the mathematician with that of all others who are devoted to that science with talent and industry had not gone before, mathematics would surely not have been exempted from the fear of falling into error somewhere. Why, there are even cases where we do not trust the judgment of our own senses alone—for instance, whether a ringing of bells is merely a sound in our ears or of actual bells—and when we consider it necessary to ask others, whether they experience the same thing. And although in philosophizing we may probably not

* In Kant's terminology equal to moral.

appeal to the judgment of others in confirmation of our own—as the lawyers appeal to the judgment of other eminent legal authorities—still every author would be suspected of being in error in his publicly expressed opinions, however important they might be, if he found no followers.

Hence it is always a feat of daring to thrust an assertion, opposed to general opinion, even that of the intelligent, upon the public. This appearance of egotism is called paradoxy. It is not boldness to dare something at the risk of its being untrue, but only at the risk of its finding few believers. A liking for the paradoxical is, to be sure, a logical stubbornness not to be the imitator of others, but to appear as an unusual person; in place of which, however, such a one only appears *odd*. But since every one must, after all, have and maintain his own way—*si omnes patres sic, at ego non sic* (ABÆLARD)—the reproach of being paradoxical, unless it is based on mere vanity to appear different from others, is of no very serious significance. Opposed to the paradoxical is the every-day man, who has common opinion on his side. But he affords no more security, since with him everything drops asleep; whereas the paradoxical man awakens the mind to attend and investigate, thereby often leading to discoveries.

An æsthetical egotist is one whose own taste suffices him, let others ever so much criticize, sneer at, or even ridicule his verses, paintings, music, &c. He deprives himself of the chance of progress when he isolates himself with his own judgment, claps applause to his own works, and seeks the touchstone of the beautiful in art only in himself.

A, finally, moral egotist is one who limits all purposes to himself, sees no use in anything that does not bring him advantage, or perhaps, if a endæmonist, makes only his own advantage and happiness, but not the conception of duty, the primary determining ground of his will. For since every man forms a different conception of what he considers happiness, it is precisely egotism which reaches a point where no true touchstone of the genuine conception of duty is to be had, since such a conception must be a universally valid principle. Hence all eudæmonists are practical egotists.

To egotism we may oppose pluralism, that is, the habit of considering one's self as not embracing the whole world in

one's own soul, but as being a mere citizen of the world and acting as such. This much belongs to anthropology. For, so far as this distinction is concerned with regard to metaphysical conceptions, it lies utterly beyond the sphere of the science here to be treated. If, for instance, the question were merely, whether I, as a thinking being, have cause to assume, outside of my own existence, the existence of a totality of other beings in communication with me—a totality called world—the question is not anthropological but merely metaphysical.

Remark concerning the Formalities of Egotistical Language.

The language of the chief authority of a state to the people is in our times generally pluralistic ("We, X, by the grace of God," &c.) The question is, whether the meaning is not rather egotistic, that is, indicative of the monarch's own absolute power, which the King of Spain expresses by his *Yo el Rey*—I, the king. It seems however, after all, as if that formality of the highest authority was originally intended to signify a *lowering* (We—the king and his council, or the legislature). But how did it happen that the conversational address, which was expressed in the old classic languages by Thou, hence unitarian, is expressed by various (chiefly Germanic) nations, pluralistic, *You*? to which the Germans have added two more expressions, indicating a greater deference towards the person addressed, *er* and *sie* (*he* and *they*), as if they were not addressing the person at all, but speaking of some absent people, either of one or many; which has finally been followed, to complete the absurdity, by the pretended humiliation of the speaker to the abstract notion of the quality of the rank of the person addressed (Your Honor, Your High and Noble Grace, &c.) instead of to the person himself. All of which has probably been the result of the feudal system, according to which great care was taken that from the Royal dignity downward through all grades, until where the very dignity of man stopped and only the man remained—that is, to the class of serfs, who alone were addressed "thou" by their superiors, or to the children, who are as yet without a will—the proper *grade* of esteem due to the superior should never be lacking.

§ 3. *Concerning the Voluntary Consciousness of our Representations.*

The endeavor to become conscious of our representations is either an act of attention or of abstraction; and the latter is not merely an abstaining from attending or neglecting to attend (for that would be distraction), but a real act of our cognizing faculty, a representation of which I am conscious that I keep it removed and apart from other representations in my consciousness. Hence we do not say "to abstract something" (to keep something apart), but "to abstract *from* something," that is, from some determination of an object of my representation, whereby it receives the general character of a conception, and can thus be taken hold of by the understanding.

To be able to abstract from a representation, even when it impresses itself upon us through the senses, is a far higher faculty than to pay attention; for to have the condition of our representations under our control (*animus sui compos*) shows freedom of the thinking faculty and proves the self-rule of our mind. The power of abstraction is therefore, in this regard, much more difficult, but also more important, than the power of attention where sensuous representations are concerned.

Many men are unhappy because they cannot abstract. The wooer might contract a good marriage if he could only overlook a wart in the face of his sweetheart, or a missing tooth in her mouth. But it is a particularly naughty feature of our power of attention to fasten itself, even involuntarily, upon the very defects of others, to direct one's eye upon a missing button on the coat right opposite to one's eye, or upon that missing tooth, or upon an habitual defect of speech, and thus to confuse the other person, while at the same time, to be sure, spoiling one's own conversational amusement. If the main points are good, it is not only fair, but also prudent, to overlook the bad points of other people, and even those of our own circumstances; but this faculty of abstraction is a power of the mind which can be acquired only by practice.

§ 4. *Concerning Self-observation.*

To remark (*animadvertere*) is not quite to observe (*observare*) one's self. The latter is a methodical gathering together

of the observations that furnish the material for the diary of a self-observator, and are likely to lead to fantastic eccentricity and to insanity.

Self-attention, in our intercourse with others, is unquestionably necessary ; but it must not be observable, for in that case it either embarrasses or makes affected. The opposite of both is unconstrainedness (an *air dégagé*), a self-confidence that others will not judge badly of one's behavior. A man who acts as if he were standing before a looking-glass and noticing whether his manners became him or not, or who speaks as if he only, and not others, were listening to himself, is a sort of actor. He wants to represent, and hence artificially produces a semblance of his person, and thereby, if his intention is perceived, loses in the opinion of others, because he is suspected of attempting to deceive. Frankness of manner in outward appearance, which does not occasion any such suspicion, is called natural behavior (though it does not, on that account, exclude all fine art and taste), and pleases by the mere truthfulness of its expression. But when openheartedness is evidently the result of simplicity, that is, of the absence of all habitual dissimulation, it is called naiveness.

This frank manner of expression in a girl already approaching puberty, or in a countryman ignorant of city manners, produces by its innocence and simplicity (that is, by ignorance of the art of dissembling) a cheerful laughter on the part of those who are already versed and practised in that art. It is not a laughter of contempt—for in our heart we honor purity and sincerity—but a good-natured, kind laughter at the inexperience in the evil (although founded in our corrupt human nature) art of dissembling, which, however, we ought rather to sigh over than laugh at, when we compare it with the idea of a still uncorrupted nature.* It is a momentary cheerfulness, as of a cloudy sky which suddenly opens at one spot to let the sunbeam pass through, but straightway closes again in order not to hurt the tender mole's eyes of egotism.

But so far as the real purpose of this paragraph is con-

* In regard to which one might parody the well known verse of Persius as follows: *Naturam videant ingemiscantque relicto.*

cerned—namely, the above warning not to indulge at all in spying out and to trace, as it were, a studied internal history of the *involuntary* course of our thoughts and feelings—that warning is given because such an indulgence is the straight road towards mental confusion concerning pretended higher inspirations and forces that influence us—who knows from whence?—without our coöperation, and towards illuminatism and terrorism. For, without perceiving it, we thus make supposed discoveries of ideas which we have ourselves put into our head, just as happened to a Bourignon with flattering, and to Pascal with terrifying, ideas. Even such an otherwise excellent mind as Albrecht Haller fell into this condition, and in the course of a long conducted, often also interrupted *diarium* of the state of his soul, got finally so far, that he asked a celebrated theologian, his former academical colleague—Dr. Less—whether he might not find comfort for his anxious soul in the extensive treasure of Dr. Less's theological knowledge.

To observe the various acts of the power of representation in myself, *when I myself call them forth*, is well worth the study, and is especially necessary and useful for logic and metaphysics. But to try to watch them as they also enter the mind *uncalled* (which is done through the play of the unintentionally fancying imagination), is a reversion of the natural order in our faculty of cognition, because the principles of thinking do not then precede, as they ought to, but follow those notions, and either is already a disease of the mind (notionalness), or leads to it and to the lunatic asylum. Any one who has much to say about his inner experiences (about grace or temptations, &c.), may as well land in Anticyra beforehand when entering upon his voyage of discovery of his own self. For it is not with those inner as with our external experiences of objects of space, wherein objects appear by the side of each other and as permanently fixed. The inner sense sees the relations of its determinations only in time and hence as flowing; and in that case no permanence of observation takes place, which nevertheless is essential for experience.*

* When we represent to ourselves consciously the internal act (spontaneity) through which a conception or a thought becomes possible, and the reflection

§ 5. *Concerning the Representations which we have without being Conscious of them.*

To have representations, and yet not to be conscious of them, seems to involve a contradiction; for how can we know that we have them if we are not conscious of them? This objection was raised already by Locke, who on that account rejected the existence of such sort of representations. But then we may be *mediately* conscious of having a representation without being *immediately* conscious of it. Such representations are then called *dim*, the others being *clear* and (if their clearness extends even to the representations of parts and their connections) *distinct* or perspicuous — representations whether of thinking or of contemplation.

For instance, if on a meadow I am conscious of seeing a person, although I am not conscious of seeing his nose, eyes, mouth, &c., I, in point of fact, merely *conclude* that that thing is a man; since, if I were to deny, that I had the representation of the whole in my mind, because I was not conscious of beholding those parts of the head and other parts of the person, I could also not say that I beheld a man, since the whole representation (of the head or the man) is composed of those parts.

It may fill us with admiration of our own nature that the

(i.e. the receptivity) whereby a perception, or empirical intuition, becomes possible, then our self-consciousness can be divided into a consciousness of reflection and of apprehension. The former is a consciousness of the understanding, the latter is the inner sense; the former is the pure, the latter the empirical apperception; for which reason the former is falsely called the inner sense. In psychology we investigate ourselves according to the representations of our inner sense, but in logic we investigate ourselves according to the requirements of our intellectual consciousness. Now, here the ego seems to us to be double, which would be contradictory. It appears to us, firstly, as the *ego as the subject of thinking* (in logic), which signifies pure apperception, the merely reflecting ego, of which nothing further can be said, but which is merely a simple idea; and, secondly, as the *ego as the object of perception*, and hence of the inner sense, which involves a manifoldness of determinations that render possible an inner experience.

The question whether, in consideration of the various inner conditions of his mind (his memory, or his adopted principles), man can still say, although conscious of those changes, that he is one and the same individual in regard to his soul, is an absurd question, since he can become conscious of those changes only by representing himself as one and the same subject in those various conditions, and since the ego of man although dual, to be sure, in regard to its form (the manner of its representation), is not so in regard to its matter, or its content.

field of those sensuous perceptions and feelings in us of which we are not conscious, although we can unquestionably conclude that we have them—i.e. of the *dim* representations in the mind of man (and equally so in that of animals)—should be unmeasurable, whilst, on the contrary, our *clear* representations have only very few points open to consciousness, and that hence the great chart of our mind, as it were, should have only very few illuminated points; for a higher power might only say, "Let there be light!" and, without any other assistance—as, for instance, that of a thoroughly read man with all his knowledge—half a world would lie open to our view. Whatever the eye discovers through the telescope—in the moon, for instance—or through the microscope, say in the infusoria—is seen by our naked eye; for those optical aids do not bring more rays, and hence pictures created by them, into our eye than would have imaged themselves upon our retina without those artificial helps, but they merely expand them further in order to bring them into our consciousness. The same can be said of the feelings of our sense of hearing; when a musician, for instance, plays with ten fingers and two feet a fantasia upon an organ—mayhap even speaking with another person at the same time—and when thus in a moment a number of representations are awakened in the soul, each of which, moreover, requires a special judgment upon its appropriateness in its selection, since a single inharmonious stroke of the finger would be immediately perceived as a discord; whilst, after all, the whole turns out so that the impromptu-playing musician wishes often that many a happily executed fantasia of his, which he does not expect ever to be able to write down as good, had been preserved in notes.

Thus the field of *dim* representations is the largest in man. But, since they show us man only in his passive condition, as a play of his feelings, the theory of them belongs rather to physiological than to pragmatistical* anthropology, with which alone we have to do here.

For we often play with dim representations, and feel an

* Physiological anthropology investigates what Nature makes out of man; pragmatistical anthropology deals with what man, as a free being, makes out of himself.

interest in placing favorite or disagreeable objects in a shade before our imagination; but still more frequently we are ourselves a play of dim representations, and our understanding is powerless to save itself from the absurdities in which their influence places it, although it will recognize them as deceptions.

This is the case, for instance, with sexual love, in so far as it intends not so much the love as the enjoyment of its object. How much wit has been wasted for ever and a day to throw a thin veil over what is certainly liked, but still puts man in the light of such close relationship with the lower animals that it excites shame, and requires language in fine society not to speak openly, though sufficiently transparent to excite a smile. Imagination likes to walk in the dark here, and it always requires more than common art to avoid cynicism and yet not to lapse into a ridiculous purism.

On the other hand, however, we are often enough the play of dim representations that will not vanish even though the understanding illuminates them. It is often an important matter for a dying person to order his grave to be dug in his garden, or under a shady tree in the field, or in dry ground, although in the former case he has no beautiful prospect to hope for, and in the latter not the least cause to fear catching a cold from dampness.

The proverb "The dress makes the man," applies also in a certain degree to intelligent people. It is true that the Russian proverb says, "We receive a guest according to his dress, but accompany him, when he leaves, according to his intelligence"; but intelligence can, after all, not prevent the vague impression of a certain importance which surrounds a well dressed person, and can at the uttermost correct a previous judgment.

Studied darkness is often used, even with the success desired, in order to pass current for profundity and thoroughness, just as objects seen in the dark or through a fog are always seen larger than they are.* The *skotison* (make it

* Whereas in the light of day that which is brighter than surrounding objects seems also to be larger. White stockings, for instance, make the ankles appear larger than black ones; a fire in the night on a high mountain appears to be larger than it is when you measure it. Perhaps this may also explain the apparent size of the moon, and also the apparently greater distance of stars from each

dark) is the motto of all mystics, in order to allure treasure-seekers of wisdom by artificial darkness. As a general rule, however, a certain degree of the mysterious in writings is not unwelcome to the reader, because it makes him feel his own sharp-sightedness to solve the dark into clear conceptions.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[The article herewith printed is extracted from the Notes of Mrs. M. D. Wolcott, taken at the sessions of the Jacksonville (Ills.) Plato Club, and embodies the views presented by Dr. H. K. Jones, the subtle thinker who leads the conversations.—*Editor.*]

I.—*Of the Soul's Habitation.*

The Universe consists of two worlds, the Mental and the Material, the Intelligible and the Sensible; the one Eternal, the other Temporal; the one existing always according to Same, the other always according to Different. The Forms of Intelligible Entities exist as the one world generated, and mutable things as the other: the one is the Substance, the other the Image of it; Nothing is the Mirror, and Nature the Image. The Intelligible world is the essential world that perpetually maintains the Apparent. From the stand-point of the Intelligible we realize, on the one hand, the *outlook* to the Sensible, the Material; on the other, the *insight* toward the Ineffable, the Supreme, the One. The Intelligible or Spiritual consciousness is a valid, the Sensible or Material consciousness alone is an invalid witness. Of the objects of the one world we have Natural sensations by means of their images in the organs of the Physical senses; of the other, we have Psychical sensations by means of the images of the Supernatural or Essential forms in the organs of the Psychical body. The former sensations are the occasion and ground of our perceptions of external objects; the latter sensations are the occasion and ground of our perception of supernatural subjects or true Entities. The images of external things

other close to the horizon; for in both cases shining objects that are seen through a more dimmed strata of air close to the horizon appear to be high in the sky, and that which is dark is also judged to be smaller by the surrounding light. Hence, in target shooting a black target with a white circle in the midst would be more favorable to hitting the mark than the reverse.

are the truths or falsities of those things according as the image is like or distorted; and the images in the corresponding organs in the Psychical body are of Supernatural things the truths or falsities, respectively, according as they are like, or distorted through imperfection, in the recipient organs or the percipient intelligence.

Every subsisting nature is self-subsisting in this, that it makes a return to the fountain from which it proceedeth. The return in the Universe is what we call Nature. *Uni-verse* is the turn or circuit of The One. Every proceeding Spiritual Form, in its return to its fountain, becomes sensibly visible. We come into this sensible world for ends which are within us. The artist may think of his subject for many years before the perfect idea is formed in his mind. This is the essential form. The primary causes have wrought in the spiritual plane; the mind and heart have proceeded to this effect. This is the going forth, the working to an End, the soul energizing. Mind apprehends an End and works to that End. The essential work of the artist is done when the mental form is complete. That which went forth from the mind is imaged back from the stone. It goes out a Spiritual Form, it is imaged back a Sensible Form. The essential status is in the world of Mind, the sensible image in the world of Matter. God, looking upon His Creation, called it good. It returned back to Him in power and life. Nothing is the background which returns the Form. When you look toward the image, you look toward nothing. The stone is nothing as an Essential Idea; it merely reflects the image. There is that which energizes to ends above the Finite, which again returns to its Fountain: this is the Cycle of the One. All that which we call Nature is related to the Invisible, as the Statue to the Essential Form in the mind of the artist. Those who merely see the visible form do not get the artist's idea. The artist himself is more exalted when he has achieved his work: it returns to him in added power. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," says Jesus. This work is the Universe.

The eternal business of the soul is Existence, and this embraces the experiences of the realms of Generation, in which the mutation and change through which the soul passes do not change or affect the identity of the soul itself. That

which has its hyparxis in a mutable source is itself a perishable, mutable form; that which has its hyparxis in the Immutable and Eternal is itself an Eternal Form. If the Cause is forever the same, then the Effect must be forever the same. Mutable Forms have their hyparxis in secondary causes, and must therefore themselves be mutable and destructible. The Form of the Body is not destructible, but in its materialities, in its vital chemistries, it changes; for Material Forms have their hyparxis in the world of mutation, but the Essential Form, as also the world of Essential Forms, has its hyparxis in The One, the First Cause. But the Image (the Physical world) is not the thing imaged (the Spiritual world). It is essentially differenced from it. The worlds of primary and secondary causation are not continuously but discretely differentiated. The Soul is eternally caused, and so is eternally caused alike in the image of its Maker. Since the cause cannot change, so the thing caused cannot be changed. The Universe is the determination, progression, and return of the First Cause.

II.—*Of the Nature of the Soul itself.*

Of the nature of the Soul are two prime predicates, Eternity and Immortality. Of its Eternity, inasmuch as its Form has its hyparxis in the immutable First Cause, we predicate of its nature Eternal Duration, Ever-abiding, Same. The second predicate is its Immortality. The capability of existence in the exclusive consciousness of sensible corporeality, even unto the Grave and Death and Hell of sense, obliterated as to True Being through the experiences of Generation and Regeneration, without forfeiture of its Ever-abiding, Ever-subsisting tenure in life; thus a capability of existing Mortally or in Death, and Immortally or in that which is not Death.

Man is not a Material Being, nor yet a Physical Being. Physics and Matter are his subordinates, his means and instruments in Time; but from these he subsists not at all. He is a plant of Celestial Genus. No physical or material nutrients can ever become components of Mind or of Mental processes. These natures are diverse and not related in continuous degrees, and the lower nature cannot become the higher

nature, nor enter into its sphere. Man appropriates the material elements, forces, and forms, to the subsistence of his corporeal instrumentalities, like to like, and so must feed himself with the knowledges of Divine Truth and the participations of Divine Good. In Nature man finds provision for his gymnastics; in the Heavens, his food.

The Natural mind, or they who put sense before Intelligence, observing only the conversion of the Divine energies from Lasts to Firsts, predicate as the sole order Matter, Form, Psychic Essence, Intelligence; this is Mortal vision in Sublunary light: while the Spiritual mind, or they who are in Dialectic Science, put the Intelligible before the Sensible, observing the progressions of the Divine Energies from on high to the extremities of things, and predicate as the order Intelligence, Psychic Essence, Form, Matter; this is Immortal vision in Supernatural light.

We mortals are trooping through the valley and shadow of Death. We still fight with Achilles and with Plato. We are all immured in the Cave in the Earth, struggling with *shadows* of the true Forms of the world above. We tread the courts of Death and Hell with Dante, and with the Prodigal Son we take leave of our Father's house, with our portion of goods. Descending through natural generation, we squander our goods in riotous living, in sensuous realizations. Here is the soul in a foreign land, most servilely occupied—would fain feed itself upon the husks of Time and Sense-things;—so are we fallen. On the other hand, we all voyage with Ulysses; we are reminiscent and dialectic with Plato unto the light and beauty of True Being. We are all purged, with Dante, through the self-denying, cathartic disciplines. We are all quickened, repentant, and converted, with the Prodigal Son, toward the Father's house, our home. The history of natural Generation and Regeneration is the subject of the Apocalyptic myth of Scripture, of the Epos, and of Philosophy.

Immortality is the conscious existence in the Auras Superas, Plato's world of True Being above the Cave—Ulysses' return to Ithica—Dante's Paradise—the Prodigal's acceptance in the Father's house—the world of Light and Beauty and Good—the Christian Resurrection from the grave of

sense—the raising up of the soul from Natural to Spiritual Consciousness, to walk in newness of life. It is the cognition of Spiritual and Absolute Verity in contradistinction to the phantasies of sense: that which cancels the Mortal in the verification of the Spiritual. In the one consciousness, we are in the belief that death is life; in the other, we are in the science of life, in spiritual verities. To abide eternally and invariably in the spiritual is the capability and prerogative of Divine natures. Continuance forever in the exclusive consciousness and experiences of natural generation is the endless Hell. It may be supposed that finite natures might tire of either. Finite natures must be equipoised between, must find the harmonic reconciliation in the centric revolutions of the circles of Same and Different, between Mortality and Immortality, between Death and Life, between Truth and Falsehood, between Good and Evil, as representatively is the source of Nature's life in the equilibration of Heat and Cold, Light and Darkness, in perpetual correlation and alternation. .

The soul is a microcosmal abyss, in which are the germinals of all it ever was or will become. We cannot define it. In this, it is likened to the Divine. It carries its fortunes within itself. We have taken upon ourselves a material body, and descended into the plane of materiality, to effect a purpose. That which is individualized down into Nature is in an infinitely small part of us. We do not know ourselves in the natural or mortal consciousness. We are exclusively identified and unified with Nature, the Not-Me. We are *individual, not divisible*, in our sensible grounds of cognition. Nature is cognized as the Only, the Absolute. Positivism seeks to verify this. "The natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit, neither can he know them"; but the spiritual man, mind in the light of Life, perceiveth the two, the subjects of the Intelligible world, and also the things of Nature.

Of this contemplation, from this ground of personal, spiritual consciousness and existence therein, we predicate the Immortality of the Soul. From this point of view may be apprehended the idea of the Divine Personality of Jesus, and his affirmation, "I know whence I come, and whither I

go; but ye" (limited to the sense perceptions, Individuality) cannot tell whence I came and whither I go." Also, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Also, "he that is in Christ is a new creature," "is passed from Death unto Life." "This Mortal must put on Immortality" whether *in* or *out of a material carcase*. The immortality that has assumed this mortal guise must again resume the habiliments of its native skies. The soul's capability of existing immortally, and also mortally, is affirmed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures as the first Adam and the second Adam, the natural man and the spiritual man, the earthy man and the heavenly man, as they that are in the graves of existence and they that have attained unto the resurrection of life.

The mortal life of the Soul, apprehended in the universal totalities, is a "Divina Commedia" and not Tragedy as appreciated by the sense-mind in sublunary light. The Divine Love, and Wisdom, and Power, and Presence, are dominant. Dante found written even over the gates of Hell,

"Justice incited my sublime Creator,
Created me (Hell) Divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom, and the Primal Love."

It is profitable to understand the difference between the Individual and the Personal consciousness. In its Individuality the Soul is oblivioned to its great self, divided from it. There are two lives of the Soul, that of its Natural consciousness, and that of its Spiritual consciousness. The soul in its natural consciousness affirms positiveness of natural things and denies spirituality. It is this that Paul affirms: the man is dead to spiritual things, separated from himself, the individual extant only in the divided part of him. We see how a soul is thus narrowed. We were individualized down into this life for certain reasons—one soul for one purpose, another soul for a different purpose. Whether the idiot is personally more or less than ourselves we do not know. Our business, and that of the idiot, is to get down more perfectly into material bodies that which is purposed. There is a Great Personal Self in all which we cannot see. The Divine alone knoweth what is in man. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." *Personal* as contradistinguished from Individual. If we stand in our Spiritual or Personal consciousness, we

are related to the Most High; in our Individual, to the most low; in both consciousnesses, to the All. The soul in its Inmosts is related to the Divine; in its Outmosts, to the outmosts of things. The Personal soul voices all things, from the Most High to the pebble; is pervious to all voices, all harmonies. In this is realized the meeting and reconciliation of extremes, that the soul in its conscious Individuality realizes its differentiation from all other creatures, and, at the same time, in its conscious Personality it is expanded into knowledge of, and alliance with all Forms in Heaven and Earth. We see, then, how small a part of the whole is manifested in our individual consciousness: the Universe cannot sound through us. In this we are allied to the beasts; in our great consciousness, with the world of Intelligible Forms and Entities. There is a Psychic Body and there is a Body Pneumatic. Material corporeality is not philosophically predicable of the nature of man.

THE THEORY OF COGNITION:

ITS IMPORT AND PROBLEM.

Translated from the German of EDWARD ZELLER, by MAX. EBERHARDT.

Logic is the name given, for the past two thousand years, to the entire course of those inquiries which relate to the thinking faculty purely as such, aside from the distinct content of thought. It is to exhibit the forms and laws of thought, without pretending to assert anything concerning the objects cognizable through them. To this Logic of an earlier date is opposed another of a more modern origin, taught by Hegel and his followers. It claims to furnish not only a knowledge of the forms of thought, but also a knowledge of the Real which constitutes the object of thought; it claims that its subject does not simply embrace logic but also metaphysics, and for this reason is known by the name of the Speculative in contradistinction to the ordinary purely Formal logic. In my opinion, this co-ordination of logic and metaphysics, or the ontological part of metaphysics, is improper. It is said, of course, that the form cannot be separated from the substance; mere forms of thought, which may

be applied to any substance equally well, are devoid of truth; the forms of thought can claim objective validity only when the essential properties of Being, which in the shape of objective concepts form the very essence of things, can be known along with them.

This argument, however, is liable to many objections. In the first place, it is always a figure of speech to say that thoughts are the essence of things; for though this essence is an object of our thought, it is not directly thought itself; it is known through thought, but it does not subsist in thought, and is not produced by it. Yet, even aside from this, it follows by no means that the forms of thought, because they are in all instances actually invested with a specific content, cannot become an object of research without this content. We come nearer the truth by saying that it is the problem of a scientific analysis to distinguish the various elements in our representations, to separate that which is involved and blended in the phenomenal, enabling us in this manner to explain the empirical data from their primary elements. In doing this, respecting our thinking consciousness in general,—in considering the general forms of thought by themselves without reference to the particular content, logic is not engaged in anything unreal or untrue. The same objection might be urged against mathematics, because this science investigates the essential properties of numbers without regard to the peculiar qualities of that which forms the subject of calculation—the general relations of an object in space without reference to the physical nature of bodies. But as certain aspects and properties of the Real are in this case taken by themselves as so many subjects of contemplation, formal logic is likewise concerned with something real—with thought as this particular fact in the spiritual life of man; the only qualification being this, that it considers this reality, thought, simply in respect to its form without regard to its content. This separate treatment of the modes of thought is, however, not only proper; it is absolutely essential. For, since the results of every inquiry are dependent upon the method we employ, it is impossible to attempt with anything like a scientific certainty an examination of the Real, in case the conditions and forms of the scientific method we adopt has

not previously been ascertained and established. This forms, however, the very subject of logic. Hence logic must, in the shape of a scientific methodology, precede every empirical investigation of the Real; and this holds good not simply of those branches which concern themselves with the special departments of the Real—Nature and the human mind—but applies with equal force to metaphysics and its most elementary part, to-wit, ontology: this, too, cannot be treated successfully without a previous understanding as to the manner of its treatment,—without, for instance, an antecedent knowledge, whether they are established by an *à priori* or *à posteriori* method, whether by reflection from empirical data or by a dialectical construction. Logic is consequently as little identical with metaphysics as with any other branch of systematized philosophy bearing directly upon a knowledge of the object, but it precedes it. The former has to investigate the most universal determinations of all reality, the latter the forms and laws of human cognition. Yet, how different these two problems are is made evident by the logic of Hegel. By far the greater part of its categories express only determinations of objective Being without any direct reference to the forms of thought; those qualities, on the other hand, which are descriptive of these forms, apply to the objective world in a metaphysical sense. The operations of thought by dint of which we cognize the essence of things are evidently different from that which is known through them; they would be immediately co-ordinated only in case the object were to exist only in thought, or in case it were to leave its impression, absolutely invariable, upon the latter without any aid whatsoever from our own spontaneous activity.

Nevertheless, the fault found with logic, as it was in its earlier stages, for the reason that it was devoid of real foundation, is not without cause, although this foundation is not to be looked for in metaphysics, but in the theory of cognition. It is impossible to establish by a certain view regarding the objective world *that* science which precedes every objective knowledge; but it is certainly possible to base it upon a view respecting the general elements and conditions of the act of cognition whose particular forms it is to de-

scribe, thus establishing at the same time the rules governing their application. Only upon these grounds can logic be successfully defended against the charge of formalism as far as this charge is well founded at all. Logic, of course, is a formal science as well as grammar or pure mathematics; and such it must be, because it treats simply of the general forms of cognition, and not of a specific content. Formalistic, however, it will be only when it uses these forms without understanding their real import, without consequently distinguishing the essential from the unessential. Yet their significance lies in the service they render us in attaining to a knowledge of the Real, and whatever there is in this fact we can only estimate by the relation they sustain to the mind's activity, by which we originally arrive at the idea of the Real. Since this activity of the mind forms, then, the peculiar subject of the Theory of Cognition, it is quite apparent that it is the theory of cognition upon which logic has to fall back if the modes of thought shall be a living element in its operations and lose the appearance of arbitrary formulas.

It is, however, not simply its connection with logic in which we are to find the true meaning of the Philosophical Theory of Cognition. This science rather constitutes the formal groundwork of Philosophy in all its departments; from it must come the final decision as to the right method in Philosophy and in science generally. For, as regards the manner in which we have to proceed in order to secure correct notions, we shall be able to form an opinion only according to the conditions upon which the foundation of our representations, owing to the nature of our mind, depends; these very conditions, however, are to be examined by the theory of cognition which is accordingly to determine whether and by virtue of what hypothesis the human mind is capacitated for the cognition of truth. The necessity of such an inquiry has consequently been urged in philosophy from the time that Socrates put forth the idea of a method which is employed in the manner demanded by a positive conviction as to the nature of human knowledge. But it was not until the last few centuries that its full meaning became apparent and that its subject was more accurately defined. In the founders of modern philosophy, in the minds of Bacon and Descartes, the two

opposite tendencies of scientific thought—that of empiricism and that of rationalism—were already active. Whilst Bacon assumed that all knowledge proceeded from experience, Hobbes endeavored to show more distinctly in what manner our ideas and thoughts arise from sensation; and Locke, openly combatting the theory of innate ideas, proved the subjective and objective experience of man to be the two sources to which the entire content of consciousness had to be traced exclusively. In opposition to him, Leibnitz advocated the Cartesian view of innate ideas, and he was consistent enough to carry this view, in conformity with the postulates of his system, to the point towards which it already had tended unmistakably in the Cartesian school and in the philosophy of Spinoza—to-wit, the assertion that all our representations, without exception, were innate ideas—that all were created within our own minds, and that they of course coincided in time with the external phenomena, but were not directly produced by their action. Leibnitz, however, found at the same time in the distinction between the unconscious and the conscious, between the clear and the confused representations, in the doctrine of the different developmental stages in the sphere of mind, the means of including experience and sensation in this development even, and of explaining the same from his point of view. The Lockean empiricism was further developed by the French philosophers of the eighteenth century into sensationalism and then into materialism; in England, Locke's views gave rise first to Berkeley's idealism and then to David Hume's skepticism, which the Scotch school had virtually no other means of meeting than by appealing to the presumptions and demands of the unphilosophical consciousness. At the same point, however, German philosophy had arrived likewise, after the spiritualism of Leibnitz had been turned into a logical formalism by Wolff, which could find, as a matter of course, its real complement only in experience; and with the French rationalists, and above all with Rousseau, the ultimate standard of truth was equally made up of certain practical convictions, which they took for granted as inevitable corollaries long before entering upon any scientific investigation.

It is Kant's undying merit to have freed philosophy from

this dogmatism; it is he who has not only raised and agitated anew the question concerning the origin and truth of our ideas, but answered it in a more thorough and comprehensive manner than his predecessors. The latter had derived our ideas with a sort of partiality *either* from experience, *or* from the human mind. Kant recognized the fact that they originate from the one source as well as from the other; and he does not assert this in the sense of the eclectic, who would have some of them to be of an empirical, others of an *a priori* origin, but his meaning is this, that there is not a single idea in which both elements are not embraced. All derive their content, as Kant assumes, from sensation, but to all and every one of our ideas, even to those regarding which we seem to be the recipients merely, we are the agents who give them the forms in which they move; our own mind is the power which turns, agreeable to the laws of its own being, the material furnished by sensation into intuitions and concepts. Hence, Kant agrees alike with Empiricism, which claims that all ideas arise from experience, and with Rationalism, which makes them all originate from our ideal self; but he does not concede to either one that its principle is true to the exclusion of that of the other; he knows, in distinguishing the form from the substance of our ideas, how to connect both views, and by this very means to remove the limits which either one seeks to impose upon our understanding; he knows how to comprehend not only part of our ideas but all of them, as being equally the effects of external objects and the products of our self-consciousness.

From these premises Kant has, of course, drawn conclusions which forced German philosophy, in spite of all the grandeur of its development, into a channel leading to one-sided views and not altogether safe in the attainment of truth. If all ideas arise from experience, we cannot form an idea of anything that transcends the domain of possible experience; if our self-activity participates in the production of all ideas,—if a subjective, *a priori* element be attached to them all, they do not represent to our intuition things as they are in themselves, but invariably in the manner they appear to us according to the peculiar nature of our presentative faculty. We perceive everything clothed in the colors of our

own making; and how anything would look different from this, we are absolutely incapable of knowing. It was, above all, this last conclusion from which Kant's successors have started their controversies. "If I cannot know what things are in themselves," says Fichte, "I am likewise incapable of knowing *whether* things are in themselves; to me things exist only in consciousness, and though the ideas we have of things force themselves upon us irresistibly, it does not follow in the least that these ideas originate from without us. The only legitimate conclusion is, that there is something in the nature of our mind which necessarily calls forth the ideas of things external to us, and the problem of philosophy can be no other than to comprehend this whole world alleged to be external to us as a phenomenon of consciousness, as a product of the infinite ego, as a phase of its development." That this is certainly no simple and easy matter, must have become quite evident. Even supposing the contrariety of the ego and non-ego to be at first an abstract notion produced by the infinite ego itself, it is—deny it as you may—present in consciousness; nay, it is a fundamental datum of our consciousness; we are conscious only when perceiving this fact, and cannot abstract from it without abandoning the idea of a conscious and distinct personality. I am but subject whilst distinguishing myself from the object; if I contemplate that which precedes this distinction, I have neither contemplated a subject nor an object, but simply the unity of both, the "subject-object." Fichte even could not deny this, and he therefore distinguished the empirical ego, the subject which is opposed to the object, from the pure or absolute ego which precedes this contrast or opposition, and which is the primordial cause and subject-object alike, these being the forms of its appearance.

"But by what authority," asks Schelling, not without reason, "can this infinite Being still be called 'I'? The ego is this very self-conscious personality, the subject; that which is subject and object alike is for this very reason neither subject nor object; hence it is not ego, it is simply the Absolute as such." Thus Fichte's conception of the absolute ego breaks in two in its very middle: on the one side appears the Absolute, which is neither subject nor object, neither ego

nor non-ego, but only their absolute identity and indifference; on the other side we see Being—arriving at it by way of inference—in the two principal forms of object and subject, of Nature and Mind: it is the business of philosophy to adjust these two elements through the medium of thought, to construe the Derivative by the Original, Nature and Mind by the Absolute.

Ingenuously but with a defective method, with a restless change of system and terminology, Schelling attempted the solution of this problem; Hegel undertook to do the same, through the patient toil of thought, with systematic rigor and completeness. If the absolute Entity manifest itself in Nature and Mind, the necessity of this manifestation must lie in itself; it must belong to the totality of its own being. Hence, Nature and Mind must be phenomenal forms essential to the Absolute, indispensable momenta of its eternal life, and the Absolute itself must be the Entity which is moving through the contrarities of the finite, developing itself through Nature into Mind—the Absolute Spirit. Furthermore, this manifestation must be throughout determined by law by an inherent necessity, for making its activity and existence a matter of chance would militate against the concept of the Absolute. This manifestation being thus determined, it must also be possible to cognize it in its universal conformity to law—to comprehend the world as being born from the Absolute, provided we can find the formula according to which this process takes place. This formula, as far as it is concerned, where could it lie but in the law of development in and through contraries? As the absolute Being must first enter the form of natural existence, of finitude and externality, in order to apprehend itself as mind, every species of development is subject to the same law: whatever is developing must first change from its former state into another in order to return from the latter to itself, and to realize itself by means of self-abnegation. It is the reproduction of this process in thought wherein the dialectical method consists; and by continually applying this dialectical method we must succeed in reproducing in a scientific manner the evolution of the Absolute, the gradatory series of beings as they originate out of the Deity. These are the

most essential ideas which Hegel has followed out in his attempt at a dialectical construction of the universe.

Though we may pay the highest tribute of admiration to the greatness of this attempt,—though we may with perfect freedom acknowledge whatever is true and legitimate in it,—though we may be profoundly convinced of its results, so fruitful in many respects,—we can never fail to perceive, upon an impartial examination, that he has not attained the object upon which his efforts were directed, and that he could not attain it because he loses sight of the conditions of human cognition,—because he wishes to seize with but a single touch from above the ideal of knowledge, which we in reality can approach but gradually from below through the most complicated of intellectual efforts. Yet it is equally apparent that the system of Hegel in all its leading aspects, and especially his dialectico-constructive method, is but the result of the previous development of philosophy, the perfection of that idealism which arose with the most perfect logical sequence from Kant's critique of the faculty of cognition. That, therefore, this system should have exercised for a long time a powerful and controlling influence upon German philosophy is quite natural from a historical point of view, and, though it may not permanently gratify the demands of philosophical thought, its magic spell will not be broken before the fundamental principles which he holds in common with his predecessors are examined over again, and more thoroughly than it has yet been done.

That, for instance, the attempts hitherto made to improve upon Hegel's system, or to displace it by a new one, are indeed highly instructive and furnish many a new and correct observation, but are still far from actually solving the problem, I can here state as a matter of conviction only, without proving it by a closer examination of what has been attempted in this direction. It is equally out of place here for me to mention the principal considerations which induce me to withhold my assent from Herbart's theory, though I freely acknowledge the sagacity with which he carried on his polemics, which in point of time fell in with Hegel's, and which were directed not only against this philosopher, but against the whole tendency of modern German philosophy.

But it hardly requires this critical investigation, highly desirable in itself, in order to put into clear light the conviction we have announced above, which points out the necessity of again entering upon an examination of the premises from which German philosophy has started out since Kant. The present state of this science in Germany is ample proof that it has reached one of those turning-points which lead under the most favorable circumstances to a reconstruction upon a new basis, and under the most adverse conditions to decline and dissolution. In place of those grand and coherent systems which for half a century controlled in rapid succession the philosophy of Germany, philosophical thought presents itself at this moment in an unmistakably languid and unsettled condition, in consequence of which the most meritorious efforts are curbed, the most acute and ingenious inquiries are paralyzed, as far as they bear upon the general scope of philosophic thought; and in the same manner the true relation of philosophy to the special sciences has, with but one exception, been lost sight of to such an extent that philosophy is indeed now more disposed than it was a few decades ago to accept their teachings, whilst the special sciences, on the other hand, have entertained a prejudice against philosophy, as though they were not in need of her assistance, but rather retarded by her, in working out their problems. That this shows no sound condition of things need not be proven. But, upon inquiring how this condition of things can be remedied, we are reminded of the remark made by that ingenious Italian statesman who claims that nations and their governments have to return from time to time to first principles. What holds good of nations and their governments, applies with equal force to every living subject of history. Wherever there is an organic state of development in the world of intellect, there at certain times the necessity is manifested to return to the point from whence it started, to call to mind the original problem, and to essay, though perhaps in a different manner, its solution over again in the spirit in which it was first conceived. Such a time, as far as German philosophy is concerned, seems to have come just now. The origin of this development, however, in which our present philosophy is engaged must be traced back to Kant; and the scientific

achievement by means of which Kant assigned a new path to philosophy is his Theory of Cognition. To the investigation of this subject, first of all, every one who intends to rectify the fundamental principles of philosophy must go back, and, enlightened by present experience, again examine, in the spirit which prevails in Kant's Critique, the questions he raised, in order to avoid the mistakes into which Kant had fallen.

It will be one of the most important objects of this course of lectures to point out the results attainable in this direction, but, the present one being a preliminary discussion merely, we can touch but slightly upon these results without applying the method of a more exact scientific demonstration. The first question is as to the sources from whence our representations flow. The statement made by Kant in this respect I must in the main acknowledge as correct. I cannot admit that in the content of our representations regarding the Real there is anything that does not, directly or indirectly, originate from experience, be it external or internal; for, how could the soul get at this content? and how could we, were we to admit that experience has no part in making up the content of our representations, account for the fact, that, upon all our representations, without exception, if we look at this subject more closely, are impressed the traces of the manifold experiences from whence they originate; and that, on the other hand, we have also no concept whatever of things regarding which we have no experience? What proof, finally, have we regarding the reality of anything, the idea of which, as you suppose, is purely formed by us, and not called forth by the effect an object produces within us? Yet, on the other hand, Kant is perfectly right in denying that any representation is brought about in any other way than by means of our self-activity, and in the forms prescribed by the nature of our cognitive faculty.

What is directly presented to us in experience are always the particular impressions, these particular feelings, as acts of consciousness. The manner even in which we receive the effect of things, the quality and amount of sensation which the effect produces within us, are conditioned by the nature of our sensuous organs and the laws of our perceptive faculty.

Our own activity comes into play in a more obvious manner, if we unite the particular feelings into so many collective images; if we externalize, i.e. place without us, that which is at first given in our consciousness, and contemplate it as an object; if we proceed, by way of abstraction, from perceptions to general concepts; if we reason from the facts of experience to the causes underlying them. It is, of course, not true that in sensation, as Kant says, a merely inferior material is represented to us, and that all forms originate solely within us; for the external impressions must, as these particular ones, necessarily be given in a distinct form and order. But, as the conceptions and combination of what is there given are still determined by the nature of our faculty of intuition, the truth of Kant's statements will not materially be affected by his mistake in regard to the content of our sensations. The essential principle is still this, that all our representations are, without exception and at all stages of their development, the united efflux from two sources—the objective impression and the subjective faculty of representation.

But the question as to the manner in which these two elements work together in producing our representations, and what are the *a priori* laws controlling our presentative faculty, cannot be discussed before we have proceeded farther in our inquiry. Yet, however candidly we must acknowledge that there is in all our representations a subjective element; that the objects are represented to us only in the manner in which the innate form of perception and thinking will have it,—it is impossible for us to escape the question concerning the truth of the representations we secure in this manner. Although there may be at the bottom of our representations something truly objective, how is it possible to cognize this objective something in its pure form, that in which things are *per se*, if the objects are still presented to us in the subjective forms of representation only?

Kant replies that it is impossible; and this impossibility seems so evident to him, that he considers no further proof of it at all necessary. Yet in this the main error of the Kantian Critique lies, the ominous step towards that idealism which all at once was to be developed to the extreme in the philo-

sophy of Fichte. We conceive objects but in the subjective forms of representation, but does it hence follow that we do not conceive them as they are *per se*?

May we not conceive the case to be quite different, namely, that the forms of Representation are, from their very nature, constituted so as to furnish us a correct view of the things without? Indeed, must not this at once impress us with a far greater degree of probability if we consider that in Nature it is the *one* grand totality that encompasses the objects and our own selves—one order, from which the objective phenomena and our representations of these phenomena spring? Or, to look the matter right in the face: experience, of course, gives us in the first place nothing but phenomena, acts of our consciousness, in which the external impressions and the effects of our own presentative faculty are blended without distinction. It is impossible to distinguish both elements with certainty so long as we take any particular phenomenon for itself, since this phenomenon is presented to us only as this very unity of the elements mentioned, and since under none of its aspects the effect of the object enters in a manner different from the subjective form of representation, and this form of representation otherwise than with this definite content, into our consciousness. But what we cannot accomplish by the apprehension of a particular phenomenon as such, may be effected by a comparison of many. If we see how the most discrete objects are apprehended in the same forms of Representation,—how, in turn, the same object may be represented in the most different ways and from the most unlike points of view; if we find that not only the different senses, but also perception and thought, do, in certain respects, assert the same thing about the same subject; if we find that, on the other hand, a number of the most different perceptions force themselves upon the same sense, and if we are careful to observe the conditions under which the one or the other of these cases takes place,—we shall be enabled to ascertain what, in the range of our experience, proceeds from the objects and what proceeds from the mind, and how the latter is related to the former, we shall be enabled to ascertain the objective process and qualities of things, and, farther on, the causes as well, upon which they depend.

If, however, pure observation is apt to fail in this respect, or is not entirely trustworthy, another course is left to us for the purpose of testing and amplifying the results of observation, the same one which natural science has long ago followed with the greatest success. As we proceed by induction from phenomena to the causes which underlie them, we test in like manner the correctness of our suppositions respecting the causes by the standard of actual phenomena. We determine by way of deduction, and, where it is possible, by way of calculation, what phenomena must result from certain premises regarding the nature of things and their efficient causes; if it follow that these phenomena do indeed happen not only in particular instances but regularly, then the correctness of our premises is established; if the contrary takes place, then the necessity of correcting what we have assumed regarding the nature of things is urged upon us. The most frequent and fruitful application of this method is to be met with in case we produce the phenomena by some means of our own in accordance with our presuppositions; in other words, in case we can control our hypothesis by experiments. How unfailing and effectual the results are that can be secured, even where we cannot exercise this control, is shown by the brilliant achievements of astronomy, which has attained its present perfection through this method. Although we consequently cannot obtain a perspective view by means of our theory of cognition upon that absolute knowledge which is claimed by some of the philosophical systems subsequent to Kant's, it still justifies the hope that a persistent and thoughtful inquiry may succeed in approaching, by way of gradual progression, this ideal, in rendering our knowledge of the world and its laws in proportion to its growth more and more certain.

The principal conclusions we may draw from these considerations regarding the form and method of philosophy, I shall briefly point out before closing. Whoever assumes that knowledge is innate and born with the mind of man,—that it develops itself at the furthest *by means* of experience, and does not originate directly from experience, will logically be bound to derive all truth from the ideas that dwell within us, and which on their part can be formed only

by pure thought and an abstract self-contemplation. To him the only true philosophical method will be an *a priori* construction such as has been applied by Fichte, and with the most complete mastery by Hegel.

He, on the other hand, who holds all our ideas to be simply the product of perception, of impressions caused by objects, would have to rely solely upon observation, distrusting the conclusions we draw from observations and the concepts we abstract from them in proportion as they differ from that which is an object of immediate perception. Being convinced, however, that all our ideas are the common product of objective impressions and the subjective activity by which we work up these impressions, we no longer consider it essential to recognize anything given, whether furnished from without or within, as an ultimatum, as an absolute certainty, and to deduce as from this *primordial* substance all that is left; but all that is given we hold, in the first place, to be but a phenomenon of consciousness whose objective grounds we have to examine first, and from which general propositions and concepts can be obtained only by an intellectual process very complicated in its nature.

In a word, our stand-point is not that of dogmatism, whether it be empirical or speculative, but that of criticism. We cannot expect to attain to a knowledge of the Real in any other way than by proceeding from experience; yet we do not forget that there are in experience itself *a priori* elements from the beginning, and that we arrive at the positive data in their purity only after eliminating these elements, and that the general laws and the recondite principles of things are not at all cognized by experience but by thought. Hence, though the most possible, exact, and complete observation is the first step towards knowledge, we still have to proceed two steps farther in case we desire to arrive at positive knowledge. The first consists in discerning the different elements in our experience, and it embraces all the operations whose function is to exhibit the objective matter of fact, freed from subjective ingredients.

The actual phenomena being thus established, the next step is to find out their causes, in order to explain the former by these fundamental principles, and in order to arrive at

the concept of their essence genetically. The method, however, which we have to employ here; the significance which, on the one hand, the inductive, and, on the other hand, the deductive process may claim; the more minute modifications to which both are subject when actually applied; the necessity and the manner of their joint application,—all this forms the subject of Logic when treating of the science of Method.

GOETHE'S TITANISM.

Translated from the German of KARL ROSENKRANZ, by ANNA C. BRACKETT.

I.—*Origin of Faust—Sketch of Mahomet and the Wandering Jew.*

In the Greek mythology the Titans were the sons of Earth, who attempted to take heaven by storm. The expression "Titanism" may be used to denote the struggle of man with God for sovereignty. The infinite significance of this Idealism arose in Goethe out of the abysses of the Nature-worship in *Werther*, and the fullness of his culture, the wonderful consistency of his creative power, so wrought in him that he followed out this struggle through all the principal forms of the historical consciousness of man; and not from a premeditated design, but because the Idea itself led him on from one phase to another. Christianity, Islamism, Judaism, and Ethnicism, one after the other, challenged his genius. Faust, Mahomet, Ahasuerus, and Prometheus, are Goethe's Titanic figures: they are the human Titans.

However superfluous may be the inquiry as to the chronological date of the conception of this theme, because in the mind of a creative genius it must have continuously moved, nevertheless this is known, that the story of *Faust* had already possessed Goethe's imagination in Strasburg, where he prevented Herder from using it. There must have been a rumor that he thought of working at it at that time, for a bookseller, who offered him twenty thalers for *Stella*, said that for *Faust* he would give him more. The idea of *Mahomet* came to him during a journey on the Rhine which he made with Lavater and Basedow, as he observed how the

originally sincere endeavors of eminent men may go astray as soon as, coming in contact with the world, they are obliged to use foreign means and to conform to foreign aims. The *Wandering Jew* was already familiar to him in popular tales. The whole tendency of the age, which was busied with religious thought, already stirred up by Klopstock's *Messiah*, led his mind in this direction. During his whole life he had always had an idea of writing some such revision of sacred history, and about 1808 he said to Riemer that he intended to write a poem with this title: *Maran-atha, der Herr komme*. But the effort of the eighteenth century to inquire into the earliest beginning of History led him to the *Prometheus*.

Faust, the earliest of his Titanic conceptions, was also the last. It constitutes in itself the ideal unity of the others to such a degree as to have put a stop to their execution. In all of them the creative power of Goethe showed itself in the remodelling of the original stories. He took pains to elevate them from the wild caprice of the negative element into the clear and just proportions of the good and beautiful, and, by means of giving them a deeper ideal significance, to moderate the wild daring of the Titanic arrogance without depriving it of its energy. We may speak in this place of *Faust* only in a general manner; for, although it was begun at this period of Goethe's life, it was not fully developed till some time afterwards, and was carried on only at intervals. At first it was written as far as the scene where Margaret falls fainting in the church. In 1806, the first part, as it now exists, was published.

Faust represents the modern Fall of Man. He has studied so much that the whole world lies as a conception within his mind. He knows all. He has even, "alas!" with much effort pursued the study of theology. But he has not lived. The study of the so-called positive sciences has brought him no peace. He has recourse to magic. When the snarling poodle behind the stove swells to the size of an elephant, and finally becomes the devil himself dressed as a travelling scholar, he is not in the least astonished, for he has often in his thought become familiar with evil spirits. Then he experiments with life in order to see whether it has the power of satisfying him. Without doubt this is diabolical; but the

evil in Faust is not vulgar, as we saw it in Clavigo; it does not spring from any low egotism. However strange and paradoxical it may sound, it is a noble evil. Faust falls into evil perfectly conscious of what he is doing. He seeks temptation. He hopes by means of this evil to make a discovery which will relieve the torment of his soul, a torment which has its origin in Idealism itself.

But, as has been said above, we must here limit ourselves to pointing out Faust as the last expression of Goethe's Titanism, and reserve its further exposition for future consideration.

Mahomet was the founder of a religion, who, in the secrecy of his own life and soul, brought forth a truer idea of God as a new revelation. We do not forget that it is not yet a very long time since Mahomet appeared to us in no better aspect than that of an imposter, a despot, and a voluptuary; and that, even after Oelsner's well-known prize essay had appeared, the orientalist Wahl, in his notes on a new edition of a translation of the *Koran*, overwhelmed him with all kinds of disgraceful epithets as a fanatical zealot. When we consider this fact, Goethe's undertaking at that time appears in a still nobler light. He has left us the complete plan of his tragedy. Mahomet was to have advanced in solitude from the adoration of light to the adoration of its Creator, from the visible source of life to that which is invisible, and to proclaim his faith at first among his own family. But when he and his faith attain publicity, there appears the opposition of the old religion. He is forced to flee; but he collects his adherents, attacks his opponents, and purifies the Kaaba from its idols. But from this moment the purity of his actions begins to be disturbed. When he finds force insufficient to establish his faith as the only true faith, he passes over into deceit, and from deceit he falls again into open and undisguised injustice. He condemns unjustly to death the husband of one woman, and she, through revenge, poisons him. This was to be the catastrophe; but Mahomet in the fifth act was to return once more to his original solitude, again to collect his strength in all its greatness, and, after he had once more placed his work on a righteous foundation, to die glorified. It is never enough to be regretted

that of this so excellently planned drama we possess only the hymn known as Mahomet's Song, besides the hymn to Light, in Alcaic metre, which Schöll has communicated, and which Mahomet was to utter under the night sky, looking towards the East. Schöll has also printed some prose scenes. But, instead of the noble performance which we can conceive from these fragments, Goethe afterwards limited his efforts to translating Voltaire's *Mahomet*.

In the *Wandering Jew* he desires to treat not only the founding of a religion, but also its history in the world, so as to show how the relation of true religion to the world remains always the same; how it is always hated and misunderstood, and its representatives cruelly persecuted. If the Saviour were to appear again, he would be again crucified by the Pharisees and priests of every age, as a demagogue and a blasphemer. Undoubtedly, the story of the Wandering Jew dates from the time of the crusades, and has its origin in the stern hatred which the middle ages bore to the Jews. The title which the story took was at first that of *Kartaphilus*, and afterwards that of *Ahasuerus*; but Goethe made the representation of his cruelty to Christ on his last journey simply psychological. He wished, as he tells us in his autobiography, to make of Ahasuerus a kind of Jewish Socrates. He was to be a shoemaker, and, as in Eastern lands, to work at his trade openly in his stall. Christ was to come in contact with him in traffic, and Ahasuerus to take great interest in his projects for reform, but, with short-sighted understanding, to misconceive his deeper designs, and the higher means which Christ intended for attaining them. He wished to have Christ decidedly step forth as the leader of the people, as a ruler. It is the intention of Judas, by an attack upon his personal freedom, to force Christ to declare himself as a despotic ruler. But his treachery goes amiss. Christ allows himself to be taken, and Judas then comes to Ahasuerus to relate the miscarriage of his plan, and then to go away and hang himself. Ahasuerus, beside himself at the failure of his expectations, after the fashion of brave but narrow-minded men, overwhelms Christ with the bitterest reproaches on his way to Calvary, because he sees in his death the end and not the beginning of religious reform. Christ turns upon him a

glance of infinite pain. At this instant Veronica covers his face with her kerchief—takes it off, and shows to the shoemaker the face of Christ glorified in his suffering. Then comes the sentence that he shall wander until he shall again behold him in visible form.

This part of the poem has remained only in the shape of a sketch. Of the second part, we have fragments which were printed after Goethe's death. Christ was, after the space of three thousand years, to revisit the earth in order to see what had become of the religion he had founded. Instead of the religion of love, instead of the joyfulness which it was to inspire, he finds a church-yard of Christianity—a contest for supremacy—hierarchs with an exclusive creed—on the one side, a literal, fossilized ecclesiastical polity; on the other, separatists with suspicious, fiery zeal, in atomistic conventicles. At the last, he was again to be crucified.

The fragments which we have left to us often display, in the handling of this material, the style of Hans Sachs, whose coarseness we do not find at all excellent. For example, as Christ is about to enter a certain city, he is asked at the gate who he is. He replies that he is the Son of Man. Surprised by the answer, they allow him to enter; but when afterwards the time comes for a report to be made to the chief of the watch, they begin to think whether they have not been tricked, until an old half-drunk corporal is so clever as to say,

“ Why any longer bother your brain?
His father's name was *Man* 'tis plain.”

The tone often descends to a coarse joviality and into a kind of good-natured common talk. This is accounted for by the fact that the imitators of Klopstock's *Messiah* often carried the solemn style so far that it became absurdity, and thus Goethe was misled into parody. Klopstock himself often used many inexcusable passages; as, for instance, where he represents Christ as stretching forth his arm into infinity, and swearing to the Father that he will become the Saviour of sinful humanity. In Goethe, the Father summons the Son; and he comes, stumbling over stars, &c. Yet there are in Goethe's work some really grand passages, and in particular those stanzas, so full of infinite sorrow, where Christ on

the mountain on which the devil once tempted him, again treads upon the earth, are among the grandest ever written.

Finally, in *Prometheus* Goethe went back to the beginning of all culture in writing of the Grecians Faust, for the story of Prometheus also connects knowledge and the woman with the first appearance of evil. Prometheus, who is skilful and fertile in invention, has as his companion Pandora, richly endowed by all the gods and goddesses, and therefore also the one who is able to grant. But from the gift which comes with her, the mysterious box, come forth all the sufferings of humanity, spreading confusedly like smoke over the earth. Hope, with her butterfly-wings, remains at the bottom of the box to console us after every loss, after every torment, and, by her elasticity, to lift us over every abyss. But the envious gods kept her back. Goethe has ennobled her as Elpore, who grants to a morning dream every wish. This treatment of the fable of Prometheus seems to fuse into one the different representations given to it by the ancients; for Hesiod's version is very different from that of Æschylus, and this again from that of the later mythologists. It is asserted that even among the Greeks the fable had assumed a milder form, and had advanced from the gloomy dualism between Prometheus and Zeus to the idea of reconciliation. The trilogy of Æschylus represents Prometheus as stealing the fire, as chained to the rock, and as freed. Goethe has divided this into two epochs, the first showing the defiance of the new gods by Prometheus, and the second, his activity in behalf of mankind. I shall here venture to anticipate the order of time and to examine the play of Pandora with that of Prometheus because of their close internal relationship. In the latter the demonic lightning of the struggle of the gods flashes in all its intensity, while in the former the friendly light of culture and civilization has already begun to shine.

II.—*Prometheus and Pandora*.

It was between the years 1773 and 1774 that Goethe wrote the fragments which we possess of the *Prometheus*. From this time forth the fable was always present in his mind, and became, as he expressed it, a fixed idea. *Pandora* was written first in 1807, when two young men in Vienna, Dr. Stoll and

Leo von Seckendorf, were about to publish an Almanac of the Muses under the title of Pandora, and had asked him for a contribution. But he finished only the first part, giving only a sketch of the second, or her return. This, however, was so far completed as to give the plan of the measure in which it was to be written.

Goethe's Prometheus resembled that of *Æschylus* in being an enemy of the gods, and yet there are many differences between the two conceptions. The Prometheus of *Æschylus* was evidently intended to comprehend in itself all the principal elements of the history of the gods of Greece, for the fable of Prometheus is the only one which unites in itself the beginning, middle, and end, of the Grecian divine world. It is true that every god has his history, and there are also adventures in which many gods are involved—adventures in which, as in the Trojan war, all take part, each one according to his stand-point. But it is in the fable of Prometheus alone that the critical points in the whole of mythological history become apparent: the primitive world, the fight of the new and the old gods, the relation of the new gods to men, and the subjection of the father of the new gods to Fate, which is represented as all-powerful. In *Æschylus*, Prometheus is the son of Themis and Uranus. Since he fails in bringing about a peaceful understanding between the Titans and Zeus, who has revolted against his own father Kronos, he comes to the aid of Zeus, and helps to plunge them together with Kronos into Tartarus. The human race then existed as a troop of miserable half-beings, living out a dreamy existence. Prometheus interested himself in them, invented for them all the arts, house-building, agriculture, ship-building, the measurement of time, &c.; and brought to them the gift of fire, because without this, culture were impossible. Thereupon Zeus, who had wished at first to exterminate the race of human worms, is introduced, and has him fettered to a projecting crag of the Caucasus, at which point the middle part of *Æschylus*'s trilogy, entitled *Prometheus Bound*, closes. The Oceanidæ, Oceanus himself, and Io, tortured by the gad-fly into ceaseless wandering, visit him, perceive under what injustice he endures, and earnestly endeavor to comfort him and ease his sufferings. In his utter-

ances of agony, Prometheus discloses the fact that he alone knows the future, in which Zeus himself, through a new marriage, is destined to be cast down from the throne in the same way as he had cast down his father. Zeus sends Hermes down to gain more exactly this fateful knowledge, but Prometheus refuses all information so long as Zeus shall not grant him satisfaction for his maltreatment. To this, Zeus will not consent: he threatens more severe punishment, and carries out his threat so far as to cleave the rock with his lightning, so that the body of Prometheus is wedged in at the middle as it were, while, perched upon the upper part, the murderous vulture daily tears away the liver, which grows again every night in readiness for new torture. Prometheus, the god suffering for the good of man, remains unshaken by the torment, calling upon the all-surrounding air to bear witness to this undeserved outrage.

The third part of the trilogy, *Prometheus Unbound*, paints the reconciliation between Zeus and Prometheus by means of Hercules and Chiron, that is to say, by means of the beings who next to Prometheus had done the most for the humanizing of man; as Hercules, by freeing the earth from the horrible and uncouth giants, and Chiron the centaur, wise in music and medicine, by the instruction of all the Greek heroes from Theseus to Achilles. Zeus, disturbed by the story as to the future, has the ravenous vulture killed by Hercules, his son; and Chiron, accidentally poisoned by one of the arrows of Hercules, offers to go down to Hades as an atonement for the unbound Prometheus. So is brought about the reconciliation of the deathless Titan, who now discloses the secret of destiny, and shows the king of the gods how he, by avoiding the dangerous marriage, can secure to himself the kingdom.

Æschylus has represented Prometheus as defying Zeus in self-conscious might—as full of love for man—as having acted nobly—and as having been thanklessly and selfishly tortured by him. Goethe's Prometheus argues with Zeus about property. He is represented as the improver of the race who have Minerva for their friend. He refuses the offer of the new gods to give him a limited rule under their protection. He will have no second place. He knows that he is of as noble descent as they; that he is under no obliga-

tion to them. He will leave Zeus undisturbed in his own sovereignty, but he demands at the same time that Zeus shall not interfere with his. To all-powerful Time only he owes his being, and he recognizes as superior to himself only Fate, who is his ruler as well as the ruler of the gods. Minerva, who honors the Father, but loves Prometheus, assists him to bring life to his statues from the original source of life.

Among these new creations appears Pandora, whom Æschylus has not mentioned, but whom Goethe represents as endowed by Prometheus with the richest and most beautiful gifts. The human race now swarm over the whole earth. Goethe represents here, as the principle of culture, the right of private property. A man has felled some trees with a sharp stone. Prometheus gives him directions how to build a hut by driving some stakes into the ground and fastening others across them. The former then puts to Prometheus the question whether he must share it with others, or keep it for himself, like the animals and the gods. Two others fight about some goats which one of them captured on the mountains. The hunter refuses to give up one. The other man tries to convince him that he has more than is necessary, and that some other time, when he himself has more than he wants, he will also give some away. But the possessor still persisting in his refusal, the petitioner knocks him down, seizes the goat, and runs away; i.e. theft and robbery have made their appearance. But Prometheus dismisses the complainant by saying that when any one sets himself in opposition to all the rest, he must expect to find himself opposed by all the rest; i.e. he sanctions revenge.

But now Pandora suddenly appears, to describe to the father Prometheus a spectacle which is very mysterious to her. She says that in a neighboring wood there lies a man pale and with failing eyes; and Prometheus tells her that this is death, and that death, which is the transition into its opposite, constitutes the very innermost essence of life.

After this point, where we see mankind emerging from their statue-like repose into conscious existence by means of the battle of life, passing through life and finally fading away again, and where consequently death the master-communist annihilates all the limits which the living individual

has endured, follows the well-known scene where Prometheus, sitting in his work-shop, calls disdainfully upon Zeus to cover his heaven with mist, and to leave to him his earth and his men as a race, who are like him in their capacity for joy and sorrow, and who do not honor Zeus any more than he. At last Minerva again appears, trying to reconcile the two.

In his *Prometheus*, Goethe has represented the beginning of culture as the preceding century had busily collected it from written history. We remember the Italian Vico, the French Voltaire and Condorcet, the Swiss Iselin, the German Herder. Goethe's Prometheus of that time is the arrogance of natural forces which egotistically and regardless of consequences strive to break their own bonds; on the other hand, in Pandora he has made the story express the pure idea of humanity, employing in its development a wealth of allegorical imagination which gives the impression of a genuine mythical creation. The perfection and exactness with which Goethe carried out an idea in a symbolical and allegorical manner, the lofty strain of the richest language which resounded in his utterance, removes his stories far from the cold atmosphere which generally surrounds an allegory. Pandora is one of his most finished productions. In this we hear no more of the defiance which Prometheus hurls at the gods; but we have the modern tendency towards the reconciliation of differences, just as in the *Iphigenia* an idea of the ancient world becomes Christian. The beauty of woman is to be the central point from which shall proceed the advance of the human race out of their original poverty, through the satisfying of their wants, to art and science, and from art to the worship of the gods. The Greeks, preëminently the artistic people of the world, represented woman as the stirrer-up of strife. Aphrodite takes possession of the apple of contention, and it is on account of Helen that the European Greeks fight with the Asiatics. The crowd of lovers contend about Penelope, while Circe and Calypso detain the wandering Ulysses, and the beautiful Nausicaa commiserated his companions. Clytemnestra kills Agamemnon on account of *Ægisthus*, &c. Pandora was an image of earth which Zeus had had made by Hephæstos, and she had been endowed by

all the gods and goddesses with the noblest gifts as a decoy for men. In this myth we discern the effort to make the work of the gods appear more excellent than that of the Titans. According to the story, Prometheus refused the gifted maiden in spite of the fact that Hermes had given her the faculty of crafty speech. But Epimetheus, his brother, took her to himself, and they had two daughters, Metameleia and Prophasis—Repentance and Renunciation—i.e. the reconsideration of a performed deed leads to repentance, and this to improvement. Goethe paints the two brothers in sharp contrast. Prometheus is full of activity, at work betimes in the morning, bustling about with his companions at the forge. His creed is expressed in the words.

"To noble man the deed alone is joy."

On the contrary, Epimetheus, the reflective, wanders about wrapped in morbid memories, and only in the morning sinks into a light slumber.

While Prometheus is surrounded by his crew of sturdy smiths chanting in lusty song the praise of the fire stealer—

"Blow up the blaze again!
Fire is the sovereign:
He is the noblest, then,
Who brought it down,
Taught it to snap and blaze
Till it our word obeys,
Forged by its cunning ways
For head a crown" (&c.)—

Epimetheus alone is wrapped in deepest longing for the divine Pandora:

"He who from beauty, Fate-driven, is turning,
Let his glance never back to her stray!
If he but see her, his fierce heart returning,
She draws him, ah! seizes him back, and for aye."

Their two children are Elpore and Epimeleia. After Epimetheus has lifted the lid of the mysterious casket and the vapory illusive forms within have spread over the earth, the mother returns to Olympus. She gave to her husband the choice between the two children, and he, leaving to her Elpore, who roguishly runs away from him, as uncertain as mercury, selects the quiet Epimeleia with her earnest eyes, and educates her in secret. But his nephew Phileros met

and loved her, and then, on discovering one morning a shepherd in her garden, erroneously supposed her false to himself, slew the shepherd, and would have killed her also in his fit of passionate jealousy. She escapes and comes to Epimetheus, who interposes his cloak between her and the edge of the sword, which only grazes her back. Prometheus hastens to the scene, rebukes his son for trying to kill one who was unarmed, and commands him to precipitate himself from the pinnacle of the cliff into the sea. Phileros obeys, but reminds his father that he cannot by any force of inflexible justice crush out the infinite power of love in his own heart, which plunges him at once into distress.

"What lies here all bleeding in pain at my feet?

My sovereign, whose bidding to me was so sweet.

The hands wild with struggle,

The arms fear abasing.

The arms and hands that erst

Held me embracing.

Coy loitering what masks it? The bold-fronted deed.

The smile and the favor? But treason at need.

The loving glance? Nought but a jest that denies.

The bosom divine? A heart full of lies.

"O tell me I'm lying! O say she is pure!

More welcome than truth shall the falsehood endure.

From frenzy to knowing how blessed to fly!

From knowing to frenzy—who suffers as I?

Now easy to me the stern word thou dost speak.

I hasten to leave thee, death only I seek.

She drew my life out of me into her breath,

And nothing is left me that fears to meet death."

But Epimeleia sadly bewails the transitoriness of happiness:

"Ah, ye gods divine! and wherefore endless

All—yes, all!—and fleeting only gladness?

Glow of stars and moonlight's trembling splendor,

Shadows deep, and leap and roar of water—

All unending! Fleeting only gladness!"

In the *Pandora* Goethe has undertaken to depict the process of civilization, and in the second part, *Pandora's Return*, to show its progress even to the centralization of exchange at a commercial market. At first he shows, in musical verse, the herdsmen, in different bands, seeking from the smiths sharp swords—iron—as a protection against wild beasts and robbers, and arrows with double heads. Afterwards, Epime-

leia, who had disappeared, comes again upon the scene with a cry of sorrow for the conflagration of the forest which the herdsmen had kindled in revenge for their brother who had been surprised near Epimeleia and afterwards pursued and murdered by Phileros. Prometheus goes to restrain them, and then appears Phileros borne by the water-gods and revealed as Dionysios; while Epimeleia, who had leaped into the flames, comes forth likewise transfigured, and the two are united in love. Eos, preceding Helios, illumines these events, and closes with his

“Farewell, thou father of men!”

Notice:—“Far beneath you is the wild desiring;
Far above you is the power of giving.
Nobly born ye, Titans, but the leading
To eternal Good, eternal Beauty,
Is the gods' alone. They, only, grant it.”

In the second part the contradiction of Pandora was to have been fully solved. In this, Pandora sets down a beautifully ornamented casket, which excites the admiration of the smiths, herdsmen, fishermen, and vine-dressers. Part of them desire to break the casket in pieces in order the better to judge of the beautiful workmanship; part desire to open it so that they may see its contents. But Prometheus opposes their purposes, and here in the sketch Goethe has made this note: “The individual may possibly refuse the gift of the gods, but the many will not.” This was to constitute the ethical centre of the second act, and was to mark this by a lofty style of measure. But Pandora was again to come, and, hovering above with Epimetheus, now represented as young, was, as before, to open the casket, and to find therein a content corresponding to its beautiful form, the genii of Art and Science. The solemn excitement which gives occasion for the representation of the return of Pandora and opening of the casket passes over into devotion, whose interpreter is the priesthood. In the second act, Eos, who closed the first, now passes into Helios, by which means the whole atmosphere passes out of the shades of night to a rosy dawn, and from this into the full light of day.

If Prometheus represents the Deed, which, pressing forward into the future, completes the present,—Epimetheus

stands for the Thought, which seeks to comprehend the past. Their identity, the thinking activity or the active Thought, is shown in Pandora, whose children are the too hasty Hope, the morning-star Elpore, and solitary Repentance; for Epimeleia repents that she left unlatched the gate of the garden, by which means the shepherd found a means of ingress and met Phileros. Epimetheus ought to have chosen both the children instead of appropriating to himself only the self-chiding sorrow of Epimeleia. The union of rash, inconsiderate and passionate action, represented by Phileros, the son of the forecasting, action-loving Prometheus, and of Epimeleia, who mourns the limits of all concrete beings,—would then be genuine, prudent forethought [*Besonnenheit*, i.e. discretion]. Not the noisy Elpore, i.e. an unreasonable hope, but an enthusiasm purified by deliberation in all earnestness attains to the Ideal and becomes Beauty, which is not, as Prometheus believed, opposed to Utility. The true discretion (Phileros and Epimeleia in union) is developed through progressive culture, and through Science, Art and Religion attains its highest transfiguration. The whole of this is modern in its tendency, and yet Goethe has spread over it all a truly Grecian atmosphere in the same way as he did later in the classic romantic phantasmagory of *Helen*, the Bad as the Hateful; he has represented Mephisto not as the lord of the witches' sabbath on the Christian-German Blocksberg, but as the toothless, wrinkled beggar Porcyas, thus giving the admirable under-meaning of the Greek way of looking at him.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE *ANDANTE CON MOTO*
OF PIANO *SONATA APPASSIONATA*,

Op. 57, L. v. Beethoven.

By C. W. CHAPMAN.

In dealing with any Art, the first care of the worker should be to know the nature of the material to be used, its peculiarities and capabilities: the problem being to adapt that material to some form of beauty, "express some character" or idea, the doing which is rightly denominated an Art.

The material which the musical artist takes in hand to form his creations is so fleeting and elusive in its nature that one might well be pardoned for doubting *a priori* if much could be done with it.

Sound and its background of silence—it is like the play of flame which the cunning workman in pyrotechny spreads before the curtain of night.

The obscure tone of the most majestic thunder-clap, with its setting of flash and cloud, is gone in a minute; and the drowsy preach of the toad in the summer pool, though not wholly determinate, is not pure noise, but has a pitch and thin tune to it.

Stone, the sculptor's material, if intractable and difficult to work, when it is once formed, abides; but sound, tone, is so fluent and impalpable, that to undertake the formation of any structure from it, one would say, would be building "upon the sand," or even upon water itself.

To liken sound, considered as raw material for art productions, to water because of its extreme mobility, is not new; but let us follow the parallel a little. Any child can play with water—and what a delight it is!—spattering it into sudden flowers by a stone-dash (like the opening thumps of a vulgar player before beginning), or cutting diamond wreaths through it with willow whip-lashes (the arabesques of so many graceful and merely ornate compositions). A spadeful of it slips away and cannot be gathered, and the implement labors through it except edgewise.

Gravitation, however, slides the river's heavy burden on; the east wind lines its forces and, blowing days at a time, makes surf, and both in performing their work make at the same time music.

So genius takes the atmosphere and moulds its trembling into such awful shapes as the Overture to Christ on the Mt. of Olives, the mighty joy-tempest of Handel's "Hallelujah," "For unto us," or into such height and majesty as this *Andante con moto*.

One can see at the outset, therefore, that any work in material like this, to have permanent value, must come by treating it in accordance with the severest canons of Art, matching its fluidity with the firmest hold, and confining its

roving by the greatest repression and resolution. While Dr. Marx has indicated the character of the first and last parts, indeed of the entire Sonata, in a very truthful and delicate manner (see vol. iv. No. 3) an analysis of that portion of the work which he dwells least upon may not be unprofitable.

The relation of this Andante to the great parts preceding and following it, is readily seen to be that of antithesis and contrast. The first and last parts are connected with each other by a tie so direct and close that the Sonata would have a certain completeness without the Andante, its place being in that case supplied by the imagination, or by a supposed interval of growth or rest.

The last part, however, is really the resolution of the first, and is accomplished through the mediation of the middle part. The extent of the contrast will perhaps be better perceived by an examination of the structure of this middle part somewhat at length.

The movement preceding (*Allegro assai*) is well characterized as some terrible struggle of a hero spirit which has wandered into a region where all is strange: where the enemies are unknown, the methods of attack unlooked for, and the resources for defense to be learned during the fight. Without too great particularity, then, the contest may be admitted fierce and protracted, and the victory, if not exactly left undecided, is perhaps such a one as where the assaulting forces retire in good order, and the one retaining the field is too worn to follow, anticipating another attack before long. In the first movement the time is continually broken in upon; in the last it is regular and determined, but still dark and swift. Intermediate between these two gloomy, sober parts, like a vision of heaven, is the major Andante movement. We will look first at its

OUTWARD CONTENT.

This consists of a Theme Aria of thirty-two measures (reckoning repeats), which is followed by three variations, and ends with the Coda. The whole is written in the key of D flat major, and in double (technically $\frac{3}{4}$) time. The variations are each of the same length as the Theme, the third being written out in full, and the Coda consists of sixteen

measures. The whole movement has in all, therefore, $(32 + 4, + 16 =)$ 144 measures.

The Theme begins in the richest part of the scale, the Tenor, midway between the too easily moved feminine portion and the stolid and inactive Bass. It sets out at once without preliminary or leading note from the strong first beat of the measure. The air or Aria is, throughout the Theme, the upper note of every chord. It is written not only in the major scale, but in the most major portion of that: for of the seven triads erected upon each step of the major scale, it is well known that only those triads upon the first, fourth and fifth steps are major triads, the others being minor, including the diminished one upon the last or seventh note. These major chords of the first, fourth and fifth steps are actually the only ones employed in this Theme, and, with the single exception of the seventh accord harmony in the latter part of the 6th measure, make up the sole harmonic means used.

This seventh accord is also a major chord. Furthermore, it begins *piano* or softly, and gradually increases to the 119th measure, where it reaches the *fortissimo* or loudest point. After a lull the wave returns *ff.* in measure 127, subsiding rapidly to the Coda, which is a restatement of the theme, also *piano*.

It is still further noticeable that the movement of the Aria is very compact: for the first four measures it scarcely leaves the fifth degree, *sol*, touching twice the next step, sixth or *la*, and returning; for the second four measures it as strangely repeats the first four upon the eighth degree above, *do*, moving rather less than before, but in both cases having more motion in the bass than in any upper part. A melodic turn in the bass unites both portions of the first half — see 4th and 5th, and 8th and 9th measures — as if the repression of mood in the aria exceeded the natural repression of character of the bass voice upon which it is founded. The voices move in mass or choral style. In the second half of the theme there is more general motion, but the first four chords epitomize the first four, or *sol*, measures as the next three chords do that of the second four, or *do*, measures of the first half of the theme. The next three *sol* chords are answered from the third above, and still a second repetition by a burst

from the octave above, *sol*, terminating in three chords, the last two of which are respectively *sol*, *do* (above).

First Variation.—Following the suggestion of the bass voice, which came in melodically after the upper harmony had ceased (as accorded with its heavy character), the first variation consists of the theme given in short-struck chords, with a clinging but always too late base legato for accompaniment. In the second half, however, halting voices in the alto (the feminine bass) echo the limping of the lowest, and, by the increasing interest awakened, lead to the next or

Second Variation, a complete counterpart of the first. Here the base has full fluency, while the aria is slightly veiled in a figure of the easiest and most flexible glide, which, before the ending, has reached and enlisted the soprano compass. The second variation doubles the rate of motion of the first, and the next or

Third Variation likewise doubles the second in rapidity. The movement has also progressed to a higher point of the scale: the Aria is seated first above and then below the running part, and carries the momentum and spirit of the entire Andante to its climax of velocity and power, returning in a rapid descent to the Coda.

The rendering of the Theme here given, while it is essentially a literal reassertion of it, yet is in the softened hues in which memory and the backward look begin to have a part. The different members of the Theme are disjointed by wider intervals, and send their responses from further and further spaces. The Bass, from greater fluency than at first, sinks into less, and shows its subordination to the Aria by failing (upon the minor 6th accord of the 144th measure) to sustain fully the last note of the Aria. The 145th measure is an intermediate chord, mocking the deceptive final chord of the previous measure in its form, but totally dissevered from the spirit of the movement it leaves, and in spirit quite belonging to the Finale following. Now naturally comes the consideration of its meaning or

INNER CONTENT.

Here, perhaps, should be inserted the item related by Schindler: "Upon one occasion I requested Beethoven to

furnish me with the keys to two Sonatas, that in F minor, Op. 57, and that in D minor, Op. 29 (31 ?). His answer was, 'read Shakespeare's *Tempest*.'

There are several reasons for suspecting it to be a song expressive of great gladness — of that profound Joy which, equally far from either fear or laughter, is at the heart of things. One is, its position between two movements of the dark, gloomy nature spoken of; another is, the contrast of the latter to the first in character. The one, tumultuous and unsettled, like the transition storm between seasons; the other, firm and continuous to the end.

If the strata lie more level and less broken in the last than in the first, may it not be owing to the intervention of some lofty cone up-cutting from a lower foundation to a higher reach, which has pricked its bubble and moderated its storm? But a closer view of the composition itself makes its character clear to a certainty.

The motion is in the strong two-fold metre. The succession of the aria-tones is repressed to a degree indicating the greatest mass and gravity: while it moves, and the swing of the under parts indicates the tension, it moves almost as little as possible. Its first step is towards the solution afterward obtained upon the eighth step above, there being no intervening point untried which was of its cheering quality.

The course of motion is from the strongest opening point to the position of highest security and achievement, the 8th. Note, too, the singular absence of the triple motion, either in the Theme or its elaboration. (This effect continues through the Finale also.)

The second half in its first member (17th and 18th measures, counting repeat)—what can it add to the sublime force already expressed? With equal reticence of intention it *says the same thing*, but emphasizes it by doubling its rate of going. It next repeats the text, and increases the power of the reply by involving agencies further away to add their approval, and, after endeavoring to enforce the same by a third repetition and a yet more distant sanction, sees that the first voice (first 8 measures) was after all strongest, and in two final chords repeats synoptically the argument of the whole first half, and finishes the Theme—*sol, do*.

The last two chords are thus the entire content of the whole preceding theme. Of its peculiar and intentional gladness, the remarkable absence of minor chords, before spoken of, is evidence.

UNITY.

Doubtless, of the logical and essential requisites for the existence of a thing, strength holds the first place in importance, and this whether it be an apple, a diamond, or a comet. It is the same in the higher realms of art and character. Let the coherence of the particles of an entity be overcome, and surrounding attractions at once lay hold of it, dissipate its force, and put it out of existence.

Nowhere is this more true than in an Art-structure, and of the different materials which the artist manipulates for its high purposes, it is clearly not less so in Music. In this tone-poem everywhere appears the intensest elimination of the superfluous, and the utmost restriction of its outlet to the direction accordant with its original character.

The movement being in the major key, is found to be essentially upon the distinctively major chords of that key. It is also more completely determined in this respect by the minor movements between which it is set. Written in two-fold metre, no variation appears in triple time: this is the more noteworthy inasmuch as the change from two to three-fold is one of the first expedients of composers generally.

For no single instant is the dual tramp of the movement relaxed; not a triplet, quintolet, or the disguise of one, shows on its highest ripple's top, or finds place in any side-glint or sparkle. Its chords are struck at the start without preparation and in the firmest precision, and nowhere in it is found an *arpeggio* chord. At the first appearance of one in the last measure, 144th, the part is already finished and disintegration has come.

The divisions herein adopted of Theme, 1st var., 2d var., &c., are only the elemental divisions of analysis or lines of cleavage. They are not marked in the rendering by the slightest break or *ad libitum* stopping, which would destroy its wholeness and be quite inadmissible. This leads to the thought of the conditions for its

REALIZATION.

If we have granted us for its proper rendition the finest grand-piano in perfect tune, the best of players in exceptionally good mood, the hearer in the quietest and fittest condition of receptivity,—we shall yet have to require that preacquaintance with the work which makes its hearing untrammelled by rude surprises. Yet after all we shall probably abandon even these conditions after trial of them, and find in solitude and memory its most perfect representation.

That simultaneous stroke of the members of a chord which although exactly synchronous is still so carefully graded as to result in the absolute clearness of the predominant Aria, ought not to be mentioned but as a matter of course, unless its extreme infrequency among players might justify it. This ability is most necessary for the important works of this composer.

With respect to the *tempo*, it should be preserved rigidly from the beginning to where the Coda is reached, the retrospective summing up of which latter portion rather demands a slackening. The proper rate should be not far from an eighth note to 108 MM. Dr. von Bülow's edition gives it 100 to 108. His edition is much the best published. The force should increase a little to the first note in the 3d measure; then the repeated chords in 3d and 4th measures diminish, but not to a quieter point than the opening. The 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th measures are throughout less *piano*, increasing at first and diminishing again as the first member did. The second half is upward in force to the second beat of the 22d measure, counting repeat of the 1st, and then in the last three chords diminishes, all in strict time. Its summit of force is higher than the first half; in fact, the lesser ebbs and flows in the stress are subject to a continually rising tide of fervor, to agree with the access of rapidity, as far as the 119th measure.

The first variation is somewhat *staccato*, but not enough to dim the detail of the air it carries; the under part is, however, very *legato* and impatient of haste. Not Caliban's hoof ever gave less willing heed to the beat of the magician's wand than this tardy servant to its song-lesson. The se-

cond variation flowing as spring floods, should be drawn out in overlapping tones as much as can be and keep the time, which is of the "*ohne Hast, ohne Rast*" type—increasingly massive—like a stream which has no barrier but the Infinite Ocean. In the third variation the limping bass rhythm has permeated all voices, and they alternately halt with its heavy syncopation. The rapture is never a spasm, but is the rapture of the strong, who do not faint before "the inspiring heavens, but are infilled, at every pore receiving the divine afflatus."

If the *Allegro assai* remind one of the dread lonesomeness of Browning's "Childe Roland to the dark tower came," or the "fury-weather" wherein Lear found endurance possible, this *Andante* may help us wonder what Jove was singing when Prometheus took the fire.

There are few passages in literature of equal force and tone, but a few recur at once as of kindred range and quality:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three lead life to sovereign power."

"Treat every man as if you were the common curator, after God."

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the LORD," etc.

"There is no god but God."

The list is an open one of course.

It is pleasant that in this world, where so much chippering and palaver is, there should also be some speech or song which imports as much to the right hearer as if the low rumble of the earth on its axis could be discerned; and where, besides the sputter and twinkle of parlor fireworks, or the casual in-and-out nothing-something of the marsh *ignis*, we may too see the burn of constant planets holding steady age after age.

It seems as if the matter to be worked upon might be one thing or another thing, for when the master comes the sure intelligence takes what is at hand, using it in the finest way and with the best results.

TRENDELENBURG AND HEGEL.

An excellent notice of "Trendelenburg and his Works" appears in the *New Englander* for April, 1874. Its author, Prof. Morris of Michigan University, was one of Trendelenburg's pupils at Berlin, and treats his theme with something of filial enthusiasm. The glimpses which he gives us of the spiritual biography of Trendelenburg are quite important. For example, we see how true his later attitude towards Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, was to his earlier training. "The ancient languages and the mathematics are the way to the heights of humanity and into the innermost nature of things" is a remark quoted from his address made upon entering his rectorship of the University of Berlin. "The foundations of this opinion," remarks Prof. Morris, "were laid under König, under whose direction the reading of the classics was to him" (as he himself says) "a stimulus leading him to seek for the spirit of the ancients in their writings, to strive to learn how to think after the model of the great thinkers, and to clothe his thoughts in similar beautiful forms." Under the same teacher, also, Trendelenburg enjoyed the advantage of private instruction in Logic and Philosophy, Kant's works being made especially the subject of sympathetic and careful study, while the sentiment towards Fichte was cooler, and Hegel was declared by the instructor to be to him incomprehensible, and his "pure thought" the "*πρῶτον ψεῦδος* of modern Philosophy." Not much wonder that with such preparation Hegel's lectures should "fail to inspire conviction in him," nor is it any wonder that the subjective inability to comprehend a profound writer should come to be considered evidence of the falsity of his system. It seems that his ultimate stand-point in philosophy was reached quite early. Indeed in his graduating theses he took the following positions: "The study of etymology discloses a popular philosophy of Conceptions"; "In philosophy as elsewhere belief precedes knowledge"; "As negation without presupposed affirmation is impossible, so also is pure skepticism"; "Kant's uncognizable 'things in themselves' do not follow even from his demonstrations concerning the nature of space

and time"; "As space and time are pure and primitive forms of intuition, so also is motion such a form."

In the doctrine that motion is a primitive form of intuition, we have the *πρῶτον ψεύδος* of the system of Trendelenburg. Not in that the doctrine does not cover one of the profoundest speculative ideas—for it does—but in that it is ambiguous, we find the source of the negative criticism which he has directed against Hegel, and which has led him to deny Pure Thought or the Logos. If "motion" or "movement" be taken in its concrete sense as involving time and space, and if it be true that the thinking activity of man cannot transcend this category of movement, then it cannot in any adequate manner think eternal essences, *nor indeed think itself, or the mind*, unless the mind is a process in time and space and possessing no infinitude (or return into itself). The skeptical tendencies of such a view have not yet been fully deduced—indeed scarcely opined. If, however, we take "motion" or "movement" in the sense of self-movement" as conceived by Plato—a sense in which Trendelenburg seems at times to conceive it—we have a category transcending the motion or movement in time and space—a sort of primordial motion which is the logical condition of time and space, but not in turn conditioned by the latter. To such a category (*Bewegung*) the English word *activity* is a better name than *motion*. That the category of activity is a fundamental one few will doubt, or, if they do, a short psychological investigation after the style and method of Fichte will convince them. But this primordial category of activity is not only not derivable from time and space, but it is the concept which makes the thought of time and space possible; in fact, it is through analysis of this idea of activity that we conceive space or time. The thinking which thinks Time, Space, or Being, performs an analysis of this primitive thought of activity and seizes its moments or complemental elements. If it reflects upon its act it will discover the other suppressed (or unconscious) phases in its thought, and will see them to be abstractions from the thought of self-activity. The so-called pure thoughts, Being, essence, cause, substance, quality, quantity, &c., are isolated fragments of this total thought of self-activity—sundered by abstracting reflection from the

total concrete Thought. They are called "pure" because they are so universal as to apply to the spatial phase of things and likewise to the time-phase; they apply to things and events in Nature, and to things and events in the spiritual world—hence they are more general than either province; they transcend the conditions of either, or rather they are themselves the archetypes and conditions of all. But if these abstract and partial phases of self-activity transcend the real world of Nature and Spirit, much more does the self-activity itself.

Hegel wrote his *Logic* to prove just this very doctrine that self-movement or self-activity is the primordial Idea. He did not establish it by arguments, but by showing it as the presupposed logical condition of each and every pure (general) thought, and of each and every phase of the real world. In his *Phenomenology of Spirit* he makes the same demonstration in inverse order.

As Trendelenburg seems sometimes to involve this doctrine in his theories, the question arises how he could have rejected Hegel's system of pure thought. We see him through his life fighting unweariedly against the Hegelian conception of Logos or Pure Reason, and the weapon ever in his hands is this doctrine of "motion" as primitive intuition. His *Logical Investigations* follow Hegel's first deductions step by step, pointing out in the predicates applied to the would-be pure thoughts the appearance of the concrete category of movement, and, besides this, still more concrete presuppositions derived from sensation and imagination. Had not "his sentiment toward Fichte been cooler," through the narrow, dogmatic influence of König his tutor, it is quite possible that he might have learned to know the sense in which Hegel used the term *pure thinking*. The wonderful psychological analysis which Fichte carried out exhaustively seizes not only the objects of thought, but the activity which thinks that object. It makes continual synthesis of the form and content of thought, and thus ascends (in the language of Plato) back to the primitive whole presupposed by the fragmentary or partial activity of finite thinking. Pure thinking is *exhaustive thinking*. "It deals with wholes or totalities" is Plato's description of it. Thus in the *Logic* Hegel starts

from the simplest and emptiest abstract thought. It is the most immediate thought: the one that lies directly in the way of the mind when it begins to act. All thinking presupposes in its object at least the *form of being*. For its objectivity implies so much directly. That it implies much else appears in the course of the logical investigation which Hegel makes. He is careful, however, that it shall not borrow from empirical psychology or from dogmatic reflection. The gaze of the mind upon the thought of Being discovers first its presupposition of a complete negation: it is held in the tongs of negation. But further logical investigation discovers that this negativity implied in the thought of Being is moreover a self-related negating; for its activity contradicts its result. In other words, if I attempt to think the simple or abstract Being—to think that which shall be apart from all else and primitive, and have no relations with anything else—and if, for this purpose, I negate in thought its sphere of relation, I have before me an object which is antithetically opposed to another sphere. My thinking, in the act of thinking it, places it in opposition to its predicates. If I predicate of it simplicity or indeterminate-ness, I place it in antithetic relation by that very act, and thus posit it in contradiction to its definition. Its form of predication contradicts its content. I affirm of it indeterminateness; but in the very same act I determine it by giving it a predicate. At this point the Kantian disciple stops and says: "The difficulty is insurmountable: I cannot think the unconditioned because my thought conditions it." But he stops thinking just on the eve of accomplishing something, and deprives himself of the privilege of solving the problem of the genesis of ideas. Let him fix his mental eye firmly on what transpires in his thought or attempted thought of the simple or indeterminate, and he will see that, instead of dead result, a pure nought, or Being, or whatever it may be called, he really thinks a *process*, an activity. He thinks a negative result, and instantaneously joins to it the perception of the act from which it results. He, in fact, perceives an activity instead of a dead result. He attempts to seize a simple (Being), and in his act seizes something else than what he attempted to seize, and thus repels from him the object.

Like Tantalus, he causes the objects to retreat by reaching to seize them. His bringing-near is an act of removal. The thought of a simple is the thought of the negative removal of a simple—its self-repulsion. Its self-repulsion is again the self-repulsion of self-repulsion. Our total thought of a Simple is that of continual withdrawal or evanescence; it is a *ceasing-to-be*. If, in our attempt to reach through the evanescence, we seize the idea of nought, we find it likewise a process. In thinking it we relate it, place it in antithesis, and thus determine it. Our thinking it (or attempt to think it) results in actually thinking a becoming. Such ultimate simples as nought and Being cannot be thought except as terminal points of a process or activity; and what we really think when we attempt to realize them in thought, is an activity of becoming in its phases of ceasing or beginning. So long as we think abstractly, and do not fully perceive our own thought, we may suppose that we think such abstract categories as Being or nought, and fail to see any possibility of the dialectical process. But when we look with clear insight upon the activity of thinking we become aware of what transpires.

But one may ask, why all this waste of words over such abstractions? "Does anybody ever attempt to think Being and nothing except for the purpose of learning Hegel?" To this the reply is that Being and nothing are the categories of all immediate knowledge. Any subject whatever which we begin to think, is thought first under the phases of Being, nought, and becoming. Not only these, but a long series of categories succeed in our thinking activity without distinct notice on our part, except when we turn upon them a trained attention. Fichte's writings furnish the discipline requisite for this work. He shows how the simplest act of cognition of an object in the external world contains in it implicitly a fourfold reflective act wherein the mind has successively united synthetically the form of its knowing with the content of the same. 1st, it *feels*—the activity of its sensory is feeling, hence entirely subjective; 2d, it notes the form of its feeling, which is abstract succession or *time*; 3d, it notes the form in which its feelings, present and remembered as occurring in a time-series, occur, and this form is *space* or

abstract coördinateness; 4th, it notes the form in which it thinks of a succession of points of *feeling* as existing in *time* and *space*, and thus cognizes the form of Causality; 5th, finally, with its fourth act of reflection upon the form of its cognition of this series now in a causal relation, it reaches the form of Substantiality. It recognizes its being affected through the causality of an external body and its own self-determination in the apparent passive relation in which it stands to the object of its perception. A man sees a tree or a house, and all this process goes on in his thinking without his noticing the steps. But he *does* seize the results, and he *may* seize the psychological steps that lead to the results. The results may exist only as a conviction or emotion to which he can give no name, nor of it recognize any genesis, but still it is all there. The mere recognition of self that takes place in the lowest savage who can say "I am," "I feel," presupposes a being capable of eternal progress in culture, and of immortal and independent existence after the death of the animal body; but a knowledge of this implication may be only a dim superstition in his mind derived from the clairvoyant moment of one of his tribe. Or it may, even in a civilized people, exist only as a tradition or a religious faith, and not as the result of insight.

In the description of the psychological process by which the dialectic of being, nought, and becoming, appears, I have used figurative expressions, and even direct metaphors, to convey my thought. Hegel did the same, and through this incurred the criticism of Trendelenburg. If figures of speech were used, we were told exultingly that here was found the concrete content of experience, which furnished the basis of the dialectical movement. It was the concrete idea of movement, or the idea of unity, or something else smuggled in to help out the thought paralyzed in the presence of the inane spectres of Being and Nought.

Now, what are figures of speech and why used? What is their effect when introduced into an exposition of pure thought? First, it is evident that a figure would be no figure unless it was intended to illustrate by one or more of its phases (usually a striking phase) the being or process of something else. It must be identical in some one or

more of its phases, but also different in other phases. Were it identical throughout, it would be no figure but a literal statement. Again, to the person who does not transcend in thought the substance of the figure, it is no figure or illustration of something else. Figures of speech, therefore, contain application or illustration of pure or general thought, but are not adequate statements of pure thought itself. Such illustration for the purpose of conveying thought is no more objectionable in philosophy than in poetry. It endeavors to elevate the thought of the reader to the comprehension of its ideas by seizing something already familiar, and, selecting some one of its phases, pointing it out as in some respect identical with what it wishes him to comprehend. One learns to walk in the first instance by holding on with the hands. But figurative language is only valuable as suggesting and stimulating that activity of thought which transcends it. The reader is to abstract the identity of the figure with the subject illustrated, from its difference, and learn to hold it by itself.

But, after the psychological validity of this process is shown, there still remains the question relative to its objective validity. How are we to conclude that these subjective conditions are laws of reality?

The appeal from thought to reality is in general an appeal from fancy or imagination to experience. It could not be an appeal from what the mind finds to be a rational necessity to a necessity of objective things, because all universal and necessary laws are cognized in one and the same way. *A priori* in geometry it is found that the three angles of all triangles must equal two right angles. No one having seen this to be a law founded in the nature of space, would think for a moment that such necessity was merely subjective, and not as objective as space itself. In a stricter sense, what happens to the categories of pure thought happens in the realm of the conditioning possibilities of things, and what we think as necessary cannot exist otherwise. As an example, take the Pure Being which stands at the beginning of logic. Thinking finds its truth to be that it is only a phase of an idea involving a synthesis of it and the idea of nought. Suppose we were to consider it as a reality, how would it behave? It could not have any relation to aught else without

destroying its nature; it could not be determined in itself; it could not exist either for itself or for anything else. In fine, it could not be identical, nor different from itself or from aught else, nor could aught else be without destroying Pure Being. With such conditions we see at once the falsity of such a supposed Pure Being. It could be only a figment of abstraction, however necessary such abstract thought might be at the beginning of its operations. Were Being real, it would necessarily relate to somewhat, and this involves otherness. That which exists only in relation, necessarily is a process of interaction.

That the accurate statement of the synthesis involved in thinking Being or naught names it "the becoming" there can be no doubt. Activity is there but in its first, most inadequate phase. As such empty activity it is simply the process to and from Being and naught—a vague process, including what is meant under the term Becoming. Here the thinker has not reached any goal, however. He must inquire: Since I cannot find any truth in the repose of Pure Being; since, in fact, the latter is no repose, but the unrest of absolute self-contradiction,—where, then, is the abiding? A dialectical examination of the idea of becoming discovers to him the necessity of *the return into itself* of a form of activity when considered as by itself and unconditioned through any other. It is easy to recognize the objective truth of the result of the dialectical examination of the Becoming, if we apply it to any concrete sphere considered as a whole. Take the cosmological thought of the development of the world. If the world is an evolution from chaos, it must be also a return to chaos; if not, then it is an eternal running down, with no winding up, and this contradicts its relation to time. Supposing that from chaos a definite length of time will allow of a given stage of development: all its future stages of development lie in it potentially on the first day. Only a finite time can separate a potentiality from its realization. If an infinite time were required to realize it, it could never be realized, and were no potentiality or possibility. But to a developing world the time past is more than sufficient to evolve all its possibilities, for time past is greater than any finite time. *Ergo*, the evolution observable in Nature is cy-

clical, or involves return into itself; otherwise it would have exhausted itself an indefinite period before this time. A universal becoming must needs be a circular process, and the synthesis of its counter movements gives us a new category having the form of an abiding, but not such an abiding as was sought in Pure Being. It is the abiding in the form of self-returning process.*

When, therefore, Trendelenburg states Pure Being to be a repose, and pure naught to be a repose also, we see that he takes the first uncritical stand-point of reflection and holds fast to it as the ultimate. He assumes, moreover, that Hegel wishes "to draw out of them the Becoming." "It is not contained in them; and pure thought being unable to draw from them what they cannot yield, nor to add this to them from its own resources, is really compelled tacitly, but surreptitiously, to call in the required idea of motion from the sphere of sensible intuition." "Thus motion, without a word of explanation, is assumed by the dialectic method, which pretends to assume nothing." "This pure thought, presupposing only itself, can, notwithstanding its simplicity, not advance without aid, and it shows itself in its very first step indissolubly joined to an idea in which space and time are perceived to be involved; it is therefore not pure thought, completely unfettered from external or concrete Being." In these sentences is clearly enough indicated the assumption that Hegel's method undertakes to deduce a richer and concrete idea from a poorer and more abstract one: a mistake natural enough to the novice, but altogether absurd to one who has carefully studied *The Phenomenology of Spirit* or the complete edition of Hegel's *Logic*. His method is to discover in an idea what presuppositions it has, and to add to it what it needs to make it possible. Instead of finding becoming *in* Being, it finds Being to presuppose Becoming as the activity of which Being is a mere phase. Becoming in its turn, too, is found to be a phase of a greater synthesis, &c. Instead of finding itself constrained "to call in a required idea" from the sphere of sensible intuition "to help it out of the void of being," it is only by the most persistent

* I have attempted a more adequate statement of this in the *Jour. Spec. Phil.*, vol. vii. pp. 38, 41, 46 and 47.—Ed.

and critical concentration of the attention on the activity of thought in thinking Being that one sees any dialectic. It is by an exhaustive survey of an idea that one finds its necessary presuppositions. This is the reason that Hegel significantly remarked, at the beginning of the *Logic*, that the only presupposition there made was the ability to think. He expected that one would not rely on sensible intuition to help out the thought, but be able to hold each idea by its definition and detect its inadequacy. The dialectic is simply the subsumption of an idea under itself—the application of the test of universality to it. If an idea posits another in order to make itself thinkable, it is clear that the two are one thought.

But it is the most difficult thing to understand how Trendelenburg calls the category of motion, as used in regard to ideas, “external motion,” when he calls motion a “pure and primitive [i.e. not derived from experience] form of intuition” in another place. As before remarked, such a view of motion as makes it always external motion would inevitably lead to the denial of all conception of thought or mind in itself, or indeed of all spiritual activities.

Lacking insight into the method of regressive procedure from the inadequate through its presuppositions to the more adequate, Trendelenburg’s critique of Hegel’s doctrine of the negative is necessarily very unsatisfactory. It exhibits not Hegel’s defects so much as the completely formal nature of his own habits of thinking. His attempt to put Hegel’s doctrine of Being and Naught into the second figure of the syllogism, by using the predicate “immediate” as the middle term, is of the same character. Hegel’s statement, if reduced to syllogistic form, is this:

- A. Whatever is devoid of determinations is identical with Naught [i.e. it has no characteristics wherein it *can* differ];
- B. Pure Being is devoid of all determinations,—and
- C. Hence identical with Naught.

Thus we have the first figure of the syllogism.

If he had said:

- A. Being is absolutely indeterminate;
- B. Naught is absolutely indeterminate;
- C. Therefore Being is Naught.

From the fact that indeterminateness prevents the possibility of difference, the conclusion would have followed, not from the necessity of the figure, but from the fact that the middle term which forms the predicate is not qualitative in the sense that it allows other determinations besides the predicate in the subject. If the comprehension of the major term were entirely distributed in the middle term, and that of the minor term were likewise distributed in the middle term, a positive conclusion could be drawn in the second figure. In fact, this is the most common mathematical syllogism, and is expressed in the axiom: If two quantities are equal to a third, they are equal to each other.

SHAKSPEARE'S "WINTER'S TALE."

By D. J. SNIDER.

This play is characterized by its frequent and direct defiance of the senses. Time and Space, which constitute the basis of the great world of sensation, seem to be entirely given over to the capricious play of the Poet's imagination. Even the so-called truths of the Understanding are laughed at in wanton mockery. History, Chronology, and also Geography, are violated with an audacity which has often called forth the sneers and the ire of pedantic erudition. Christianity consults the Delphic oracle, Pagan customs are mingled with those of the English people, ancient Greece is one of the modern European system of states, Bohemia is made a country bordering on the sea. Indeed the Understanding becomes utterly confused by the disregard of its facts and its laws, and can make nothing out of the play. It is plain to be seen that there is an utter neglect, or rather an intentional defiance, of all external probability. In fact Probability, as a canon of Shakspearian criticism, is wholly meaningless and inapplicable; there is scarcely a play in which it is not violated; the time has come when it ought to be eschewed altogether. The Poet seems to have proceeded thus on purpose: in other dramas, as in *Tempest*, he has

gone to work indirectly by portraying an ideal world removed from the common consciousness; but in *Winter's Tale* he takes pains to give the lie direct to all sensuous and immediate elements. But notwithstanding these contradictions, or indeed by means of these contradictions, the deep purport of the play stands out in bold relief; we are compelled to seek beneath the surface to find its meaning. Our senses are confused with the design of forcing us to turn to its creative thought for the solution of its difficulties. In this realm—that of thought—the drama is all harmony; and here we must seek for its unity, since the sensuous unities of time and place and the abstract laws of the Understanding are everywhere ignored. To develop the formative thought of the work will be the object of the present essay.

There are three grand divisions of the drama. The first portrays the guilt of the King of Sicilia, and ends in his repentance; it is the world of strife, contradiction, and wrong, which necessarily causes a separation, a flight from its iniquities. The second division shows the new world called into existence by the tyrannical conduct of the monarch, which is Bohemia, the simple pastoral realm that is free from the tragic conflicts of Sicilia. But it, too, will ultimately develop a collision within itself which will bring about its own dissolution. The third division is the penitent world, in which the King, having repented of his deeds, sees those who were dispersed brought back, and those who were lost restored to himself. The logical movement, therefore, is that guilt produces the second or pastoral world, and repentance the third or the restoration. If we take general terms to express these different elements, we may name them, the Diremption, the Mediation, and the Return. All the special dramas of Shakspeare, as distinguished from his tragedies and comedies, have three movements of a similar character. For the guilt of man can only be atoned for by repentance, and Art, the representation of man, must employ the same instrumentality.

The starting-point of the action is the friendship between the two kings Leontes and Polixenes. The first scene shows also the good feeling existing among their subordinates. Polixenes, King of Bohemia, has been paying a long visit to

the friend of his youth, King Leontes of Sicilia. Nine months have passed delightfully away, and the royal visitor is about to return to his own country. The harmony between the two kings and their courts is thus indicated; now comes the rupture. The wife of Leontes, Queen Hermione, at the request of the king, urges with great ardor Polixenes to prolong his stay, and, to enforce her appeal, she probably gave a caress and indulged in some familiarities. Her husband Leontes is fired with jealousy at her behavior; from friendship for his guest he changes to deadly enmity, from affection for his wife he turns to the deepest hatred. Jealousy is based upon the complete unity of marriage, and when the unity is disturbed by infidelity that passion is manifested and should be manifested with all its force. But a suspicious nature may imagine a wrong, or draw conclusions from totally insufficient grounds. Such a nature Leontes undoubtedly possesses. The Queen's regard for Polixenes proceeds chiefly from the fact that he is her husband's dearest friend—she loves him only through her husband. This is manifest not only from her conversation with him, but also from her defence in the Third Act; and the very warmth of her conduct toward Polixenes results from the desire of pleasing her husband in the entertainment of the companion of his youth. This consideration, however, does not enter the mind of Leontes; he only views her external behavior in its worst light; the spirit of it he does not, indeed cannot by his nature, comprehend. Perhaps her conduct might be called indiscreet under certain circumstances, but the present case is certainly one in which she ought to abandon all coldness and formality. The King in his soliloquies has stated the principle of his action. He has a vague feeling, an affect, that his wife is false to him; and because he imagines it, therefore it must be true. That is, he entirely yields to his first impulse, and justifies his first fancy. Her former character and life weigh as nothing. He is now fully possessed of his purpose to destroy both his friend and his wife, which he as king can carry out in all its negative consequences.

What are these consequences? They will involve in their sweep the destruction of the entire ethical world, from the merely individual relations of man up to the highest and

holiest institutions of civilization. In his mad passion and stubbornness he assails everything which is considered right and sacred. Let us try to seize these various elements in their gradation. First, he wantonly tramples underfoot the deepest and most honorable personal relations, those of true friendship and honest service: he casts away Polixenes his friend and Camillo his counsellor. Having firmly determined upon his course, he seeks to make Camillo the instrument of murder. The honest servant is shocked and will not believe the charge of infidelity against the Queen; he has independence of character though a subordinate, and will not surrender his conviction in obedience to a master. Still he seems to assent in order to save Polixenes and the Queen; he lays his plan evidently while talking with the King Leontes. Here we have the fundamental traits of Camillo: devotion to the highest ends combined with a secret and deceptive cunning in attaining them. He is the chief mediator for both the kings; he has often "cleansed the bosom" and soothed the excited mind of Leontes, like a priest at the confessional, and the latter now foolishly expects his aid in a scheme of infamy. Hereafter he will stand in the same relation to Polixenes. He unites the loftiest purpose to politic shrewdness; his deception must be justified by the end. The other personal relation which is assailed by the jealous King is his friendship for Polixenes. The life of the latter is to be destroyed under the hospitable roof, but the plan is thwarted by the intervention of the mediator Camillo, who warns him in time and provides means for his flight. But Camillo, too, has to leave Sicilia; he is given the same relative position in the court of Polixenes as in that of Leontes, and so transfers his allegiance to another king and country.

Now let us consider for a moment what is involved in this act of the Sicilian monarch. He has logically destroyed friendship by his jealousy; no man can consistently be a friend to him. He has furthermore driven away honest counsel; for has he not made it impossible by his conduct toward Camillo? No friends, no honest servants, can live with him. They have fled; but whither do they go? They are not lost, but they have a world of their own which receives them. It must be in many respects the opposite of that realm which

they have left. The Poet will portray it hereafter; indeed he must do so to complete his work. We shall watch, then, for the place where Camillo and Polixenes are next found, being assured that it must have some entirely new characteristics.

Leontes has thus destroyed, under the influence of his ferocious passion, the sphere of personal relation in the true friend and in the devoted servant. But he has at the same time assailed something far more important—the Family. He has unjustly and wantonly struck it in the most tender point, namely, in the chastity and fidelity of the wife. The consequences are shown in all their rigor. The wife is a mother, her offspring must be stained with the suspicion of illegitimacy, her high-spirited boy Mamilius perishes from the wound of his name. She is also about to become a mother, her highest maternal hope is turned into dishonor, her innocent child is bastardized. Thus little is left of the Family. But what is the fate of poor Hermione herself? Every wrong and every indignity which the wife can suffer is heaped upon her by the jealous tyrant. At first Leontes tells his suspicion only to Camillo; but, after the flight of Polixenes, he considers all his imaginings to be confirmed, and now he accuses his wife of infidelity in the presence of the whole court. Thus he tries to blast her honor before the world. But several of the courtiers, and particularly Antigonus, are ready to assert her innocence in the most emphatic manner, and it is evident that public opinion is strongly against the King. But, to confirm his suspicion by religious sanction, he sends to the oracle at Delphi,—not so much for his own information as “to give rest to the minds of others.” The Queen is thrown into prison, where to her mental anguish is added the physical suffering and anxiety of a premature delivery of her child. Still, though spirited and asserting her innocence, she is patient and wifely under the atrocious inflictions of her husband.

But Leontes is now to have his deed held up before his eyes; he is to be told in the plainest terms of the nature of his conduct. No courtier was bold enough to tell him this; the most any one of them said was to declare the innocence of the Queen. But to proclaim openly the guilt of the

King was reserved for a woman, one who could best know her suffering and feel her wrong. The Queen with her gentle, loving character could not assume such a part. Hence Paulina appears, certainly a strong-worded, perhaps a strong-minded woman. Her deepest principle of action is devotion to the Queen. She is married, but her love for her husband was evidently not so strong, for she seems to treat him pretty rudely. Her husband is Antigonus, who was the boldest of the courtiers in the defence of Hermione; yet he has submitted to his wife, who must therefore be still bolder than he. This Paulina brings to the King his infant, and holds up before him his actions in language lacking in neither strength nor precision. The King cannot get any of his attendants, and least of all her husband Antigonus, to put her out. But Leontes is not touched with compassion, though he has "no rest nor day nor night": he ascribes it to the wrong cause, to danger from the weak and imprisoned Queen. Paulina leaves the infant with the King, who, after deceiving Antigonus into a pledge to perform any command that he might enjoin, orders the unfortunate man to expose the child in some remote and desert place.

Hence Antigonus falls into guilt and perishes. His promise was not binding, and indeed he does not seem at first to have purposed the exposure of the child. But a dream appears to him; he thought that the ghost of Hermione commanded him to do the deed; in fact he loses his former belief in the innocence of the Queen, and now deems that the child belongs to Polixenes. Finally religious superstition adds its mighty power; he considers it to be the will of Apollo that the babe should be exposed. Excited by his imagination, against his own deepest conviction, he leaves the infant in a desolate spot, where it is picked up by some shepherds; but he receives retribution for his deed in his own destruction. The babe is thus removed from the court and civilized society; it has been cast into an opposite world, among the rude but honest natives of the wilds, where however it obtains nourishment and protection, which it did not find in the civilized court of Sicilia. This is the second separation, the second departure to the new realm, that of Camillo and

Polixenes being the first. We shall also watch with interest for the re-appearance of the little outcast.

Leontes has now committed a new and graver offence against the Family; he has, as far as his will is concerned, destroyed his own offspring. His jealousy has driven him to the point of first branding with infamy and then exposing the child of his loins. Now the grand purpose of the Family is to protect and rear the tender and helpless scions of the race. That end is here annihilated by the King; he has on this side, too, destroyed the Family, as before he destroyed its unity, by assailing the character of his wife. The child is thus sent out of the realm; it must be taken elsewhere that it may be preserved, for here there is no longer any family to guard its infancy. The one to which it belonged has perished: it must find the Family in another place—it must pass to some land in which domestic ties are possible.

But the final wrong is about to be inflicted upon the poor wife Hermione. She has to undergo the ordeal of a public prosecution: the indictment charges her with adultery, and with the intention of murdering her husband, just what she is not guilty of. But the crowning trial of her life manifests only the more clearly the crowning trait of her character. Her defence has one key-note through all its variations—wifeliness. She always has been and always will be true to the Family, true to her function of wife and mother. As to Polixenes, her love towards him was such as Leontes himself commanded,

"Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend."

"It was for your sake that I loved your friend." She is ready to die because the Family, the object of her existence is destroyed; her husband's favor, the crown and comfort of her life, is lost; her children are taken from her; her reputation is publicly blackened with the basest accusations. Not life, but honor, she pleads for, since this descends to her children. It is the most heroic assertion of the Family in spite of the most terrible wrongs that can be perpetrated upon a human being. She is the glory of her sex, nothing can shake her

devotion to the deepest principle of womanhood. The Poet has given to her a will of Titanic strength, yet she is gentle as a dove. Her husband inflicts upon her the sum total of injustice, he pours upon her innocent head all the vials of iniquity, yet she does not cease to love that husband, and in the end forgives him. To bring to the highest possible pitch her heroism, these wrongs fall upon her in the most delicate condition of woman, in the very throes of maternity. Still she is unshaken in her devotion; in comparison with her endurance the old Greek heroes seem pygmies. Hermione is the absolute wife; her character is the apotheosis of wifehood.

The King is inexorable, his jealousy is not yet satiated, the Queen is condemned to death. She receives her sentence not from an impartial tribunal, but from the lips of the King himself. Though he has repeatedly promised a just and open trial, according to the English sense of right, it is the mockery not only of the essence but also of the forms of justice. Herein the King commits a new offence against the ethical order of the world; he destroys the end of the State. For its great object is to secure justice to man; but in the present case the purpose is perverted by the ruler to the grossest injustice. Thus the State can no longer exist in Sicilia; it must logically perish with the annihilation of its end.

But one more institution remains to be destroyed. The messengers return from the Delphic oracle with the response of the God totally adverse to the acts and purposes of Leontes. It simply reflects the existing ethical sentiment of the community, as it ought. What will Leontes now do? He blasphemes, he asserts the falsehood of the oracle, he denies religion. The highest principle of his people he tramples underfoot, the most complete expression of their conviction he ignores, indeed gives to it the lie direct. Farther he cannot go in his destructive tendencies, he has assailed the highest. Now follows speedy retribution; the death of his son is announced to him—Hermione is carried out in a swoon. It ought to be noticed that these incidents, which seem to be a consequence of blaspheming the oracle, are motivated clearly and adequately in other passages. Thus the boy Mamilius has been observed to be pining away on account of the supposed dishonor of his mother; the apparent death of Hermi-

one and the circumstances attending it are unfolded in a later part of the drama. And the oracle itself only tells what everybody knew already, what the Poet had amply motived before. It simply gives in a religious form the universal conviction of the time. Why, then, does the Poet employ the oracle? Because he wishes to portray the negative conduct of Leontes in its completeness, and final culmination. He is made to deny religion, or the profoundest principle of his nation and his age.

Let us now turn back and mark the gradation of guilt through which Leontes has passed. This is the single thread in the first movement. He has destroyed the realm of personal relation in Polixenes and Camillo; he has destroyed the Family in all its elements by the dishonor and legal murder of his wife and by the loss of his children, which loss is but the direct result of his deed; he has logically annihilated the State by perverting its end to the most wanton injustice; and, finally, the religious principle of his people he has trampled underfoot. To sum up his conduct, he has destroyed the entire ethical world as far as his act goes. This world interfered, as it ought always to interfere, in order to prevent wrong and shield the innocent; the result is, he has ruthlessly destroyed it. That is, Sicilia can no longer be the abode of man. For it is just these ethical relations and institutions which society stands on; without them it falls to pieces. The monarch who is to administer, uphold and vivify them has become their destroyer.

Though the King, as the head of the civil tribunal, may condemn Hermione, she has been acquitted by the highest tribunal—Universal Reason—or at least the ethical feeling of the nation which is represented in the oracle. The God has declared the innocence of the Queen; the entire basis of the King's jealousy is thus swept away. All his acts have had the one motive, the infidelity of his wife. But even the highest of all tribunals does not at once change his mind. It is only when retribution is upon him that he begins to see the consequences of his action. His son Mamilius is torn away by death, the cause of which was the unjust accusation of his mother. Leontes now comprehends that his deed is returning upon him, that the destruction of the Family means

the destruction of his child and heir, that all his other iniquities will bring forth the same fruits. He realizes that the annihilation of all will include his own annihilation. It comes like a flash upon his mind; hitherto he has not felt the evil consequences of his wrongs; but the moment they are brought home to his own person he changes, and with him the course of the play must also change.

He is now ready to make his wicked deeds undone; in other words, his soul is ready for Repentance. He recounts his bad actions and seeks forgiveness; first of all he reconciles himself with Apollo, with the highest ethical principle. He confesses in deep contrition his wrongs against his Queen, against Camillo and Polixenes. To all he will make the most ample restitution in his power. But in order that he may still more profoundly realize the enormity of his offence, and in order that his pride and stubbornness may be humbled to the dust, Paulina, whom he had formerly driven away in anger and disdain, now comes to preach her previous sermon with increased vigor, severity, and length—a courageous, strong-worded woman who is a little too free with her tongue over a penitent wrong-doer. A lord has to restrain her; but Leontes even asks for her castigation, a good sign that it is no longer needed. The King declares—

"Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it."

Here we see stated and enforced the great mediatorial principle of the race, namely, Repentance. Man has the power of making his wicked deed undone; he can reverse the wheels of life and can become fully reconciled with himself and the world. Spirit is able to heal its own wounds, is able to master its own negative elements; for its characteristic is to be universal, and hence it is sovereign over all forms of finitude. The doctrine is not merely a religious one but also a philosophical one, and must be recognized and practised by every rational being of whatever creed. But Repentance is to be complete; it involves confession of the wrong, deep contrition, and full restoration of every advantage derived from

guilt. Then the deed is undone, the crime is wiped out, the penitent individual returns to his previous condition of innocence and repose, becomes reconciled with himself and with the world. Such is the general purport of Repentance in the dramas of Shakspeare, which however is more prominent in this play than in any other. It sounds like a Christian sermon, though its dress is Pagan. Its thought belongs to the modern world, though its external form is mainly cast in a Grecian mold. Leontes repents, repents fully, deeply; this repentance involves the restoration of the world which he has lost through his guilt; it will be given back to him in the third division of the action. Thus the work becomes a special or mediated drama whose principle is Repentance; for how is the guilty man to be saved, even in a play, except by a penitent heart? The King, however, has to unmake his disposition, has to reconstruct his entire character, since it is tainted through and through with jealousy. The process of elimination will be as slow as that of growth; day by day the vicious element must be plucked out, till finally the regeneration is complete.

But guilt has done its work—the diremption has taken place—the ethical world has been destroyed—Sicilia, the civilized realm of institutions, now disappears. The King enters upon his penitential life which will be prolonged, but whose exact period is determined by the external requirements of the play. The exposed infant must have time sufficient to grow up to be a young woman. We have accordingly to leave the court of Leontes, and cast our look upon the new realm which has already arisen.

We are now ready to consider the second general division of the play, the pastoral realm or Bohemia. Though it has a king whose act will again call forth a collision similar to one of those in Sicilia, yet its chief tone and character are derived from the life of the shepherds, and the entire action is laid in their rustic abodes. This is the land where all have arrived who were cast off by Leontes. The logical connection of it with the preceding division has been already noticed; it is the product of the tyrannical guilt of the King of Sicilia. These persons can no longer exist in that country; they fly or are brought to a place where it is possible

for them to live. Such a place must be quite the opposite of Sicilia. The latter is portrayed as a wealthy and civilized state, which however is in internal struggle on account of the character of its ruler. Bohemia, therefore, is wholly different; it is a poor, mountainous, uncivilized region, inhabited by shepherds. But it is free from the strife and calamity of Sicilia; its people are simple and humble, yet at the same time they are joyous and humane. We shall here have a continual round of jollity, in contrast to the tragic severity and gloom of the first part, because the country is not harassed with the deep social contradictions of Sicilia. Pastoral life in its full hilarity and freedom from anxiety will be unrolled before our eyes—a primitive condition of man, almost before evil enters and introduces strife, will be depicted.

But such a society is transitory; it must rise to civilization. It developes contradictions within itself by which it is destroyed. Its destiny is to return to Sicilia, which has passed through such difficulties and has harmonized them. There alone it can find peace and reconciliation; hence the entire pastoral world will return to the contrite King Leontes. Bohemia is thus the means whereby those whom Leontes has driven away are restored to him, and whereby the leading diremption of the play is healed. Its function is therefore mediation, since it is the external instrumentality of the return, which however has its necessary logical ground in the repentance of the King.

The threads of this pastoral world are three. The first thread shows the life and occupation of the shepherds, with their sports and merry customs. They give color to this entire part; it is essentially their world. Their kindness and humanity are shown in the rearing of Perdita and in their sympathy for the fate of Antigonus. Their rustic love with its petty jealousy and rude directness, their songs and dances, their manners generally, are portrayed with a broad, comic license; everywhere is seen an honest, hearty merriment; simplicity, honesty, and even stupidity, are the marked traits of these people. It is the idyllic land of primitive innocence. But even here there is contradiction; in the lowest group of this world is found a negative character, Autolycus. The

simplest form of existence would seem not to be without conflict.

Autolycus is, however, not wholly a product of shepherd-life, but apparently of the court also, having been formerly a servant of Prince Florizel. He is, moreover, negative only to the honesty of the pastoral character, while he participates in its free joyousness and sportive nature. He is one of Shakspeare's higher efforts in comic delineation, ranking under the same genus as Sir Toby Belch and Sir John Falstaff. He is a rogue not so much from malice as from pleasure; he takes delight in thievery for its own sake rather than for its gains. He is aware of his misdeeds and laughs at them; his life is folly to be sure, but then he wants to enjoy his own folly. His cunning is the source of a continuous chuckling to himself; the property won is of far less account. He is comic to himself and plays the rôle for his own special amusement. He therefore belongs to the class of consciously comic characters who make fun and enact folly chiefly for themselves. He celebrates his vagabond life and thievish disposition in verse; it is a theme for art with him. Such a person stands in contrast with the simple, honest shepherds; but he is still of them, and harmoniously blends with their world. He is the intrigue and disguise of this little realm, and is hence the source of its comic situations. Under many deceitful forms he appears to the shepherds, picking pockets, peddling worthless trifles, extorting money by threats and lying; a cunning rogue on a small scale, whose function it is to make a ripple in the tranquil life around him. He will assist in breaking up the pastoral world and transferring it to Sicilia, where he will repent.

The second thread is the love of Florizel, son of Polixenes, and of Perdita, the supposed daughter of an old shepherd who is the chief figure here, but in reality the daughter of Leontes. The exposed infant has grown up and belongs to this world, for Sicilia has cast her off. She has inherited the chief trait in the character of her mother, devotion to Family. But she is mother as a young maiden; the relation therefore in which she appears will not be that of wife but of lover. With the quiet strength and deep ethical feeling of Hermione, she combines

all the warmth and simplicity of youthful love. In her modesty, she thinks herself unworthy of Florizel, and has a presentiment of the collision which will interfere with their union. She distributes flowers to the company, the most beautiful emblem of virgin purity; they are also her language. Only the natural bloom she will have; no flower artificially streaked will be allowed to remain in her garden; no deception, no artifice, is her meaning, and such is also her character. The abstract reasoning of Polixenes on Nature she does not understand, though she assents; she is herself the simple flower, unconscious of its own beauty.

Florizel, who had accidentally met her when he was engaged in the chase, has the same intensity and devotion; the King's son descends to a rural maiden. He acknowledges love to be the highest and strongest principle; it has even subdued the Gods. His conduct is in accord with his declaration; he is ready to sacrifice all to his affection. This pair must be logically connected with the first part. In Sicilia the Family has been destroyed by the act of the King, who has condemned to death Hermione his wife, though the deepest principle of her nature was domestic fidelity and devotion. Here now the Family in general, and that of Leontes in particular, must be built up anew through the child of Hermione and the heiress of her character. Hence it is necessary that in this pastoral realm as the mediatorial world there should be a restoration of the Family destroyed by Leontes. This thread has a highly poetical coloring as distinguished from the vulgar, prosaic style of the rude shepherds. Still the love is idyllic; Perdita is a shepherdess, and is thus the connecting link between the two main groups.

The third thread shows the doings of Polixenes and Camillo. Both were driven off by the wrong of Leontes, both have evidently found in Bohemia what they did not obtain in Sicilia. Polixenes, it is true, was king of this country before he visited the court of Leontes; he therefore only returned to his own kingdom. It is not the purely pastoral realm such as we see in *As you like it*, but it has a monarch, though its institutions and its court do not appear. Camillo has made himself indispensable to the ruler; again we behold in him the faithful minister: having been compelled to

flee for his honest service, he has found it possible here. But he longs to return and lay his bones in his native land; he has, moreover, heard of the repentance of Leontes, and the deep desire of the latter for reconciliation and forgiveness. It is manifest that the strongest wish of Camillo's heart is to be restored to his country, especially since that which separated him from it has been wholly removed. He is the great manager—he will find some means of accomplishing his end. It must be observed that he expressly declares that the repentance of the King of Sicilia is what motives his return.

Both Camillo and Polixenes have heard of the strange love of Prince Florizel, who has of late quite abandoned the court and is seldom absent from the house of a lowly shepherd, the fame of whose daughter has also reached their ears. The father is naturally anxious; his plan is laid: Camillo and himself, disguised in a strange garb, are to go to the house of the shepherd and take observations. Here we have the comic disguise so often used by Shakspeare in various forms: it is the element of intrigue which he commonly employs in the more refined and courtly part of the dialogue. Camillo and Polixenes carry out their scheme; they converse with the maiden and are charmed with her pretty ways; they talk with the old shepherd, who tells them concerning the love of the pair: finally Florizel himself is examined by the disguised father, and declares in the most absolute manner his passion for the fair shepherdess; he protests that all, even the greatest empire of the world, would be nought without her love. Now comes the conflict: the father asks his son, "Does your father know of your choice?" The Prince says, "No; nor shall not." At this point the knot is untied—the parent throws off his disguise—in his kingly wrath he condemns the old shepherd and the maiden—he threatens to bar his son from succession to the throne if he does not at once return to court. Thus the pastoral world is destroyed by the harsh judgment of the monarch, the aged shepherd laments his wretched fate, Perdita weeps and tells Florizel to follow the command of his father. But the Prince has before emphatically stated his principle: everything, even the kingly dignity is subordinate to love. He therefore determines at once to flee with Perdita—but whither? Now comes

Camillo, who is himself anxious to return to his native country, and he at once suggests Sicilia. The whole matter is easily arranged; a little deception indeed is practised upon Leontes, but a mediator cannot be a severe moralist, and Camillo is no exception to the rule. Scruples must be passed over to some extent in all reconciliation and mediation; rigid obstinacy, even to principle, is not going to produce harmony.

The lovers hasten to a ship conveniently at hand and take passage for Sicilia. In that country the Family is now possible since Leontes has repented of his wrong against it, while Polixenes in his turn has here assailed its existence. Camillo will follow them in company with Polixenes, who is seeking to bring back his son. Even the two shepherds, together with the rogue Autolycus—who, true to his negative character, has brought about this departure—are carried away in the ship to Sicilia. Thus the pastoral world is quite depopulated and now disappears; the same contradiction essentially has overwhelmed Bohemia which formerly destroyed Sicilia. Bohemia, however, has now performed its function, that of mediating a restoration to Sicilia of all those who had been driven away; it is the external instrumentality of the Return. But the internal movement is, that as it was called into existence by the guilt of Leontes, so it must necessarily cease with his repentance. Pastoral life is at best a transitional stage of society; it must pass into a higher principle.

This second division has quite all the elements of a Shakspearian comedy. It has the low group of characters speaking in prose, and it has the genteel group speaking in verse. It has also a double comic disguise, that of Autolycus on the one hand and that of Polixenes on the other. As the first part is weighed down with a tragic severity, so the second part moves with a frolicsome lightness. This change has been generally condemned or misunderstood; it has been said that it divided the play into two disconnected and irreconcilable portions. But I hope that I have shown the intimate logical relation of the two parts—that the second is directly derived from the first. Besides, Shakspeare has certainly as great transitions in other dramas. In *Midsummer Night's Dream* we at once pass from the real world into the fairy realm, and in *As you like it* there is a sudden leap into

a comic pastoral existence very similar to that of the present play. The only means of solving these difficulties is to have recourse to the logical movement of the thought which creates the work.

The third and last movement is now prepared for, whose theme will be the Return, which, as before stated, was involved in the repentance of Leontes. We are at once transported back to Sicilia, and there we find the same personages whom we left sixteen years before. The King is still full of deep contrition for his former conduct; the character of the court seems entirely changed—it is like a house of mourning—on all sides we behold the world of penitence and sorrow. One of the courtiers thinks that the wrongs done by Leontes have been sufficiently atoned for, and is urging him to take a wife for reasons of State. Paulina opposes, and extorts a promise from the King never to marry without her consent. Here begins the little intrigue of this part, which will be solved by the re-appearance of Hermione. The King's devotion to his wife, supposed by him to be dead, as well as the fulness and sincerity of his repentance, are seen in every act and word. The widower's conflict between duty to the living and affection for the dead has arisen; the latter is shown to be the more powerful. We are thus forced to conclude that Leontes has made his wicked deeds undone to the extent of his power, and has completely remolded his character.

While they are still conversing news is brought of a strange arrival, and shortly afterwards the son of Polixenes with Perdita appear before the King. Here again the penitential sorrow of Leontes breaks forth; he is full of confession for the wrong done by him to the Prince's father and to his own children. But upon this fair scene a thunderbolt suddenly falls; a messenger comes in announcing that the pair are runaways, and that Polixenes has arrived in pursuit of them. That is, the conflict of the pastoral world is transferred to Sicilia, where alone it can be reconciled. The lovers beseech the King to intercede for them and to maintain the right of the Family, which of course he must now do since he has repented of his own sins against the Family. Leontes has thus changed from being the cause of conflict and guilt to

being their mediator, a trait which is the necessary consequence of his repentance. He is the more ready to act on account of a strange instinctive affection for the maiden, who has recalled to his mind the image of Hermione.

The scene of recognition and forgiveness follows, which however is not brought upon the stage, but is narrated by eye-witnesses in order that the re-appearance of the Queen may form the climax of the drama. Before the King come Polixenes and Camillo, with whom there is at once reconciliation. The friend and the honest servant are restored, from whom he parted company in the First Act. But also Perdita is discovered by the most certain evidence to be his lost daughter, who is thus restored to him together with a son-in-law in place of the deceased Mamilius. But, to complete the influence of this realm, Autolycus, the rogue of the pastoral world, sees and confesses the mistake of his former life, repents, and asks the intercession of the two shepherds who have been rewarded for their humanity and honesty, and are now in high favor with the rulers. Thus the negative character of the humble class is transformed in this atmosphere of repentance, and both the collisions of the pastoral world are here harmonized.

But the final and grandest restoration is yet to be accomplished. The entire company, at the earnest request of Perdita, who longs to behold her mother, go to see the statue of Hermione in possession of Paulina, the fame of which has been artfully noised abroad. The theatrical effects and beautiful motives of this scene need not be given in detail: the statue moves, descends, and embraces Leontes—it is his living wife Hermione. Her existence has been prolonged only in hope of the return of her daughter, though her son was dead and her husband alienated. That hope is now fulfilled in Perdita, who kneels and receives her mother's blessing. Thus the original diremption between husband and wife, which caused the play, has been overcome—the action is ended. If we turn back to the first part, we find that every violated principle has been made good—Personal Relation, the Family, the State, and also Religion, which has been satisfied by the Repentance. Two persons, however, do not return: Prince Mamilius, whose loss is partly at least compensated by the

gain of a son-in-law, and Antigonus, the husband of Paulina. But she, too, obtains her reward in a new husband, one whom we may suppose to be more congenial to her nature than Antigonus. Camillo, at the request of the King, is united to her; the male and the female mediatorial characters of the play belong together.

If we now bring before the mind the various elements of the drama, we observe that there is first portrayed the civilized State in which a diremption takes place, being produced by the guilt of its king. This guilt causes a flight to a primitive condition, to a pastoral world, which in its turn develops contradictions which bring about its dissolution. But the monarch repents of his guilt which called forth the diremption; he undoes his deed without, and reconstructs his character within. Hence there results a third part, whose theme is the restoration of the separated members, and the resulting unity and harmony of the two previous contradictory spheres. Guilt produces the division, repentance produces the reconciliation. Repentance is therefore the pivotal principle of the entire drama, but it has not generally received that prominence from critics which its importance requires.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

Rosenkranz's Summary of Logic.

[The following brief summary of Logic is translated from Karl Rosenkranz's *Wissenschaft der Logischen Idee*, p. 194 et sqq. It will prove suggestive to those who seek a genetic order in the sequence of the parts of Logic. Upon reflection, one will see that these parts are so arranged that the abstract or simplest comes first, and is followed by a part which seems to be the very thing to correct the deficiency of the first, and this by a third which combines the two former synthetically. From the beginning on to the last there is a struggle for fit and adequate *expression* of truth in its universal and necessary form; and when this is not exhaustive, the subsequent forms try to make it so. For a more expanded treatment of this, the reader is referred to *Hegel's First Principle*, vol. iii. of the *Jour. Spec. Phil.*, and, for a genial and less abstract exposition, to C. C. Everett's *Science of Thought*, Boston, 1869.—EDITOR.]

The Notion is the unity of the Universal, the Particular, and the Individual—*A* is *a*, *b*, *c*. Each of these moments may be referred to the other—Judgment. The moment that is determined is the Subject; that which

determines, the Predicate. The Determination has or has not existence in the Subject. The Inherence or Non-inherence is fortuitous: Affirmative Judgment—*a* is *b*; or Negative Judgment—*a* is not *b*. The Inherence or Non-inherence of a determination—*a* is not *b*, Limitative Judgment. Not generally, therefore, is *a*, *b*; but only this *a* is *b*, Singular Judgment. But not only this *a*, but also this, and this, and this, &c.; i.e. some or many *a*'s are *b*: Particular Judgment. Hence all those *a*'s, in so far as, taken individually, they can be summed, are *b*: Universal Judgment. Not merely through the common possession of some determination, but as being identical in their essence, all *a*'s are necessarily *b*: Categorical Judgment. If, then, *a* is, *b* must be; because *a* cannot exist without being *b*—Hypothetical Judgment. The Distinction of the Universal from itself is the Particular—*a* is either *b* or *c*: Disjunctive Judgment. In its immediate actuality the subject has some determination—*a* is *b*: Assertive Judgment. Whether this determination is one corresponding to its essence, or (only) a possible one, depends upon the actuality of the notion of the essence—if *a* is, then *b* is: *c* may be *a*; then *c* will also be *b*; but whether *c* be *a* is a question—Problematical Judgment. If the Reality corresponds to the Notion, then *a*, as *c*, is *b*—Apodeictic Judgment. The Subject corresponds to its Notion because its Reality is so determined. The Actuality, as so determined, cannot be otherwise: it is necessary. All subjects, so determined, are, in this point, necessarily identical—*a* is *b*; *c* is *a*; therefore *c* is *b*. Because the Individual is a Particular it is a Universal. By this mediation of one moment of the Notion through the others, the Judgment becomes the Syllogism. The Individual, as such, is the sum of manifold determinations, which may relate themselves variously. Such determinations, therefore, occupy the position of particulars, and these particulars, in themselves, belong to a circle which includes them in it as its universality. *a* is *b*; *c* is *a*; therefore *c* is *b*. *a* exists actually in *c*: the conclusion is affirmative. But it might as well be true that *a* did not exist in *c*, although its actuality in it were possible; then *c* would exclude *a* from it, and the conclusion would be negative: *a* is *b*; *c* is not *a*; therefore *c* is not *b*. The determination, as being a mere inherence, is consequently only a fortuitously actual one, and the conclusion therefore must limit itself to the singularity of the subject. All *a*'s are *b*; this *c* is *a*; therefore *c* is *b*. But the actuality of inherence is evidently possible not merely for *c*, but also for other subjects; *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *k*, &c., are also *b*; if these many *a*'s, viz. *d*—*k*, be *b*, then all other *a*'s, viz. *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, &c., will also be *b*—the Inductive Conclusion. If *a* is *b*, and *c* is *a*, then *c* is *b*. The determinateness of a subject includes the same, through its identity with that of another in other predicates besides this one—the Analogical Conclusion. The true basis, however, of the identity of all individual subjects in the totality of their predicates is the unity of their essence. The individuals, then, coincide, because they must coincide. The relativity of the coincidence of more or fewer subjects in more or fewer points is eliminated in the absoluteness of the identical Notion, whose necessity is the universal necessity of all the subjects in its sphere; or, as we may also say, the inherence of the subsumption raises itself to the immanence of the organic division of the Notion into Universality, Parti-

cularity, and Individuality, as the distinction of genus, species, and individual. All individuals of a kind or genus are in their essence indentical; all *a*'s are essentially *b*; *c* is *a*; therefore *c* is *b*—Categorical Inference. If, therefore, all *a*'s are essentially *b*, and *c* is *a*, then *c* must be *b*—Hypothetical Inference. The universal notion distinguishes itself in its particularity. *A* is *a*, *b*; *c* is *A*; therefore it is either *a* or *b*—Disjunctive Inference. The inherence-inference is assertive, because it is fortuitous that this determinateness belongs just to this subject. The subsumption-inference is problematical, because this individual subject may be an exception from the rest; because, besides these subjects, even though they be many and may pass as all, there are others possible; finally, because, from the existence of this predicate in two subjects, it does not follow that a predicate which is found with the one, must therefore necessarily exist with the other. The immanence-inference is apodeictic; for the essence of the genus is that of the species, and that of the species that of the individuals. The individual is what it is only as its species, and the species is what it is only as its genus. The connection of the individual, through the particular, with the universal is one that cannot be severed; for the universal posits itself, through the particular, in the individual, or, more correctly speaking, as the individual. The disjunctive judgment is the developed Notion, and the disjunctive inference is the inference of the all-sided mediation of necessity, in which the Reality compares itself with its Notion, and the extension is therefore bounded by the content itself. The Notion presents to us, at first, the yet ideal, simple unity of its moments. These divide up, first in fortuitous determinations, then in different numbers, and finally in the necessity of their essential connection. From these different relations they return, through the mediation of the individual moments, back to the unity of the Notion.

Translated by THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Professor Vera on Strauss.

Professor Vera writes from Naples that the second edition of his French Translation of Hegel's *Logic* (vol. i. of the "Encyclopædia") has lately been published in Paris. It appears in two volumes, and is very much enlarged by the addition of notes and reviews of recent systems hostile to the Hegelian. His translation of the *Philosophy of Religion*, which has been promised so long, is now actually going through the press in Paris. We anticipate a very favorable reception of this treatment of the work wherein Hegel has expounded with great clearness the ideas of the various religions, and especially those of Christianity. An English translation would make an epoch in Theology.

Professor Vera animadverts on the communication of Professor Davidson in the July number regarding his volume on *Strauss et l'ancienne et la nouvelle foi*. In reply to the first point, "He who knows only one philosophy knows none," he says: "What should we think of a man who would come forward and say, 'Plato, Aristotle, Schelling, and Hegel, did not know a jot about philosophy, because they considered their philosophy as the only true philosophy?'" It belongs to the philosopher to regard his

system as the only true one; for truth is one, and philosophy can be only one system.

In respect to the point made that "Strauss was an eminent writer, a profound logician, and a man of very great learning, &c.," he suggests that the only point in question here is the one concerning Dr. Strauss as he appears in his last book. "Now Mr. D. says that Dr. Strauss is not bound to accept the principles of the Hegelian philosophy, and that I have no right to criticise him from the Hegelian point of view and with arguments founded on the Hegelian doctrine. But what are we to understand by *not being bound*? Of course, a madman is not bound as a madman to admit reason, or an obdurate criminal is not bound as an obdurate criminal to listen to the judge's arguments. But in our case the contest is between reason and reason, so that I as Hegelian not only have a right but *am bound* to demonstrate to Strauss, on the strength of the Hegelian philosophy, that he is in error, and that his doctrine is false and untenable; and Strauss is bound to submit to the demonstration if the demonstration be a rational one." Hence the point at issue is whether Professor Vera has made out his case against Strauss or not. Hence he appeals to his book as the witness on this point. He turns next to the question of Christianity and remarks: "It is well known that one of the tenets of Hegelianism is that the Christian religion is the absolute religion. The problem is certainly most difficult, as difficult as the problem of philosophy itself; and this Hegelian theory, its meaning and purport, cannot be rightly understood but by going deeply into the system of Spirit. I need hardly add that I fully admit the theory, which I have endeavored, as far as lies in me, to explain and elucidate both in the chair and in my writings."

Here are Mr. Davidson's words:

"Although we are among those who do not deny all validity to religion (religion has of course its value and its special place in the hearts of those who cannot raise their mind to the philosophical point of view), yet we affirm that religion as such can never be absolute either virtually or otherwise, and that even as it is becoming more and more philosophical, i.e. is drawing nearer to the absolute, ceases to be religion and becomes philosophy. Thus on this point we quite agree with Dr. Strauss, who, in our opinion, does only strive against a religion which is become an obstacle to progress, and consequently worse than useless. It does not follow that we admit the philosophy which Strauss would substitute for christianity; far from it."

Professor Vera thinks that if Strauss's philosophy is not to be admitted as good in itself and as better than Christianity, that he has no right to reject Christianity. "For, scientifically and rationally speaking, no one has a right to reject a doctrine unless he is prepared to show that he is in possession of a better and more rational one. Or, if religion has only a value for those who cannot become philosophers, then it has no objective value, no value in itself, and consequently no value at all. On the contrary, if it have a value, it must have a value for the philosopher also: and I would say more for the philosopher than for others; for the philosopher, if he be really so, will understand the reason of its value—i.e. its rational principle—and necessity, and consequently its beneficial influence on the man's whole being and existence. In other words, the special

business of philosophy is to know and love truth, and whatever truth there is in the various spheres of Being and Thought. Now, if religion rests on no principle, on no necessity, on no truth, it has no value whatever either for the philosopher or for any one else, and the most urgent duty for mankind would be to get rid of it as a useless, obstructive, and baneful institution. But if it rest on truth, this must be an absolute truth, as a truth which is not absolute is no truth—a remark which applies to truth in general, but more particularly to religion, whose object is God, the absolute truth. Now Mr. D. says that there is no such a thing as an absolute religion either virtually or otherwise; adding, as a proof, I suppose, that religion as it draws nearer to the absolute ceases to be religion and becomes philosophy. Well, I say that if there be no absolute religion there is no absolute at all, not even the Absolute as the special object of philosophy, and that the universe is made up of fortuitous elements, of accidents. Then the doctrine of Strauss, that doctrine which seems so unpalatable to Mr. Davidson, namely, that chaos is the absolute principle of the universe, would, be the right one. For it is clear that the argument, if admitted as holding good for religion, must be equally admitted as holding good for all things. If there be nothing absolute in religion, or, which comes to the same, if religion be not founded on absolute principle, there is no reason why political and social life, art, science itself—in one word, the whole system of Nature and Spirit—should be founded on such a principle.

According to Mr. Davidson, religion by drawing nearer and nearer to philosophy ceases to be religion and becomes philosophy. Here too we have an argument or a statement which we can apply to anything else. So we can say: the polygon by a successive addition of sides and angles is drawing nearer and nearer to a circle, until it ceases to be a polygon and becomes a circle; or inorganic matter, by developing itself and going through various forms and combinations, becomes organic matter. But what are we to understand by *this ceasing* and *this becoming*? Are we to understand that the polygon and the inorganic matter as such are not possessed of a specific nature, and that they can become circle and organic matter in such a way as to disappear from the whole as a polygon and inorganic matter? But this would be simply absurd. And so it would be with regard to religion. Thus, however near religion may approach philosophy, religion will remain religion and philosophy will remain philosophy. And it is in this sense that we Hegelians say that there is an absolute religion. We do not say that religion is the absolute, but that there is an absolute religion, and that this religion is the Christian religion. We say and demonstrate it as philosophers, and philosophy in this sense may be considered as the demonstration of the absolute truth, which is the principle of Christianity; not of Christianity as it is in history or in any limited or transient form, but in its universal, eternal, and absolute idea. This is our teaching and our *credo* in religion.

Professor Vera thinks, therefore, that whatever learning and logical skill Strauss may have exhibited in his earlier works, it does not suffice to shield him from severe animadversion for his illogical negative attitude toward Christianity in his latest book. It will be remembered that Strauss in his

first great work, although skeptical to the last degree as to the historical accessories of Christianity, yet ascribed a profound significance to the "Dogmatic Import of the Life of Christ." Yet even in his earlier "Life of Jesus" he sets up the abstract idea of "Humanity" in place of the concrete individual person of Christ. This is equivalent in Theology to denying the Trinity, and such denial carried out to its logical results is a denial of individual immortality to men. Hence the failure on Strauss's part to seize the principle of *Personality* as he found it in Hegel's system, left him with the merely negative or abstract universal as his highest principle, and with this only Pantheism is possible. There can be no individual which is essentially generic, i.e. individual and species in one—from the latter standpoint. The Concrete Universal, which Hegel proved to be the highest principle—agreeing in this respect with Plato, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Leibnitz, Spinoza (*in finitum actu* whose relation is Love, Ethics: Part V., Propp. xvi., xxxii. Cor., xxxiii., xxxvii., xxxix. Schol.) and very many other speculative thinkers—is not abstract identity but identity in difference, as it is found in self-activity or self-determination, or as it appears in conscious being.

Krause's Philosophy.

Frédéric de Rougemont, in his *La Philosophie de l'histoire aux différentes ages de l'humanité* (Paris, 1874), in speaking of Krause's philosophy, takes occasion to say: "Krause is not less great through his private virtues than through his philosophical genius. His original and profound philosophy is in the form of Theism. Krause re-discovered the living God of revelation. On that very account the fashionable philosophers of the day tried to kill him by silence. The Germans closed their ears against this severe voice arousing them to virtue, and thereby disturbing their charming dreams of science and poetry. The ethical doctrines of Kant and Fichte were not more severe than those of Krause. Krause has founded the Science of Living, or the science of the development of human nature in regard to both the individual and mankind. He has discovered the Law of History; this makes him immortal as a philosopher of history. He has re-formed the philosophy of history into a practical and prophetic art, the Art of Living; that is, the art of walking in, and leading others by the right path to the final destination of mankind. We are thankful to Krause for his personal God, and for the infinite value which he attributes to each individual man, and which he understands how to harmonize with man's duties towards the world as a whole. We are thankful to him also for his reverence for the past, for his faith in the power of truth to effect the highest development of our race without having recourse to violence, and for the love-union of the soul with God, which he pronounces the highest object of the individual and of mankind in general. The philosophy of history, which he has raised to the rank of the first of all sciences, owes to him the philosophical formulation of four periods, which have been indicated already in the Old Testament, it is true, but which Krause discovered independently, namely:

"1. Progress, through development, from germinal unity to unfolded unity.

"2. The series of successive and each-other-relieving ideals which the divine authority permits temporary establishments to work out.

"3. The great phenomena of creation, and new life in the divers epochs and ages of Nature and mankind.

"4. The comprehension of the ultimate ideal of mankind as an organism."

A. E. KROEGER.

BOOK NOTICES.

Lecture on Buddhist Nihilism, by F. Max Müller, M.A., Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. Delivered before the general meeting of the Association of German Philologists at Kiel, 28th September, 1889. Translated from the German by Alex. Loos. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co., 36 Dey street. Price 10 cts.

The following passages settle the dispute as to whether "Nirvana" means annihilation, or elevation above the senses and passions:

"No person who reads with attention the metaphysical speculations on the Nirvana, contained in the Buddhist Canon, can arrive at any other conviction than that expressed by Burnouf, viz.: That Nirvana, the highest aim, the *summum bonum* of Buddhism, is the absolute nothing.

"Burnouf adds, however, that this doctrine, in its crude form, appears only in the third part of the Canon, the so-called Abhidharma, but not in the first and second parts, in the Sutras, the sermons, and the Vinaya, the ethics, which together bear the name of Dharma or Law. He next points out that, according to some ancient authorities, this entire part of the Canon was designated as 'not pronounced by Buddha.' These are, at once, two important limitations. I add a third, and maintain that sayings of the Buddha occur in the first and second parts of the Canon which are in open contradiction to this metaphysical Nihilism.

"Now as regards the soul, or the self, the existence of which, according to the orthodox metaphysics, is purely phenomenal, a sentence attributed to the Buddha says, 'Self is the Lord of Self, who else could be the Lord?' And again, 'A man who controls himself enters the untrodden land through his own self-controlled self.' And this untrodden land is the Nirvana.

"Nirvana certainly means extinction, whatever its later arbitrary interpretations may have been, and seems therefore to imply, even etymologically, a real blowing out or passing away. But Nirvana occurs also in the Brahmanic writings as synonymous with Moksha, Nivritti, and other words, all designating the highest stage of spiritual liberty and bliss, but not annihilation. Nirvana may mean the extinction of many things — of selfishness, desire, and sin — without going so far as the extinction of subjective consciousness. Further, if we consider that Buddha himself, after he had already seen Nirvana, still remains on earth until his body falls a prey to death; that Buddha appears, in the legends, to his disciples even after his death, — it seems to me that all these circumstances are hardly reconcilable with the orthodox metaphysical doctrine of Nirvana.

"What does it mean when Buddha calls reflection the path of immortality, and thoughtlessness the path of death? Buddhaghosha, a learned man of the fifth century, here explains immortality by Nirvana, and that this also was Buddha's thought is clearly established by a passage following immediately after:

'These wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong powers, attain to Nirvana, the highest happiness.' Can this be annihilation? and would such expressions have been used by the founder of this new religion, if what he called immortality had, in his own idea, been annihilation?

"I could quote many more such passages did I not fear to tire you. Nirvana occurs even in the purely moral sense of quietness and absence of passion. 'When a man can bear everything without uttering a sound,' says Buddha, 'he has attained Nirvana.' Quiet long-suffering he calls the highest Nirvana; he who has conquered passion and hatred is said to enter into Nirvana.

"In other passages, Nirvana is described as the result of just knowledge. There we read: 'Hunger or desire is the worst ailment, the body the greatest of all evils; where this is properly known, there is Nirvana, the greatest happiness.'

"When it is said in one passage that Rest (*Santi*) is the highest bliss, it is said in another that Nirvana is the highest bliss.

"Buddha says: 'The sages who injure nobody, and who always control their body, they will go to the unchangeable place (Nirvana), where, if they have gone, they will suffer no more.

"Nirvana is called the quiet place, the immortal place, even simply that which is immortal; and the expression occurs, that the wise dived into this immortal. As, according to Buddha, everything that was made, everything that was put together, passes away again and resolves itself into its component parts, he calls in contradistinction that which is not made, i.e. the uncreated and eternal, Nirvana. He says: 'When you have understood the destruction of all that was made, you will understand that which was not made.' Whence it appears that even for him a certain something exists which is not made, which is eternal and imperishable.

"On considering such sayings, to which many more might be added, one recognizes in them a conception of Nirvana altogether irreconcilable with the Nihilism of the third part of the Buddhist Canon. The question in such matters is not a more or less, but an *aut-aut*. If these sayings have maintained themselves in spite of their contradiction to orthodox metaphysics, the only explanation, in my opinion, is, that they were too firmly fixed in the tradition which went back to Buddha and his disciples. What Bishop Bigandet and others represent as the popular view of the Nirvana, in contradistinction to that of the Buddhist divines, was, if I am not mistaken, the conception of Buddha and his disciples. It represented the entrance of the soul into rest, a subduing of all wishes and desires, indifference to joy and pain, to good and evil, an absorption of the soul in itself, and a freedom from the circle of existences from birth to death, and from death to a new birth. This is still the meaning which educated people attach to it, whilst to the minds of the larger masses Nirvana suggests rather the idea of a Mohammedan paradise or of blissful Elysian fields."

Hamlet's Insanity. By Horatio R. Bigelow, M.D., of Boston, Mass. Reprinted from the "Chicago Medical Journal" for September, 1873.

Dr. Mandsley defines insanity to be

"a morbid derangement, generally chronic, of the supreme cerebral centres—the gray matter of the cerebral convolutions, or the intellectorium commune, giving rise to perverted freedom, defective or erroneous ideation, and discordant conduct, conjointly or separately; and more or less incapacitating the individual for his due social relations."

The question how a character in a work of fiction could be pronounced

insane in accordance with this definition, might be supposed difficult to answer for the reason that the fictitious character lives not in a brain of his own, but in that of the poet or his reader. Dr. Bigelow remarks in the course of a brief discussion and analysis of the play:

"Then he is informed by the ghost of the manner in which his father had died. This was the only stimulus needed to create that disruption of the ideational centres in respect to their anastomoses for which they had already been paved, and which resulted in that melancholic condition which ceased only with death. Is it not easy of comprehension how an overwrought mind, congenitally unreliable, could be turned aside from a normal condition by a series of such life-long shocks? Notice too the manner in which such information is given! The ghost, first seen by Horatio and others, then by Hamlet, what was it but an ideal creation—a hallucination arising out of the overstrained cell in which had festered the dominant idea of the recently buried king; the residual force of the impression which had been formed during the life of the king, and which, acted on powerfully by the emotions, thus spent itself externally?"

Die Philosophie des Bewusstseins, in Bezug auf das Böse und das Uebel. von Dr. M. Franz Bicking. Von Dr. Franz Hoffmann. Leipzig: Oswald Mutze.

This is a review of a posthumous work of Dr. Bicking, written by Dr. Hoffmann of Halle for the "*Spiritische-rationalisch Zeitschrift*" and printed separately. He first makes an exposition of the work and then criticises it.

"The author seems to have taken his way through Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, Spinoza, Schelling, and Hegel. The absolute substance is for him the Knowing activity which determines itself as Willing and Capacity, and thus becomes Self-consciousness. The original self-consciousness is the absolute personality which embraces the efficient and final causes of all, and constitutes its freedom and necessity. The unconditioned consciousness is truly known through this alone, that it creates the world and thereby exhibits its entire nature in itself. Hence the immanent God is transcendental. The world is necessary and eternal. Development presupposes something already complete. Development is a becoming and its presupposition is something eternal. The struggle of the internal for its external manifestation is the struggle toward manifoldness. The manifold in juxtaposition is space; in succession, time. Space and time are the most general ideas for what exists; their content is matter, the abstract unity of the two, &c. &c."

"Since the author makes the unconditioned Being that lies at the bottom of all appearance to be original consciousness, absolute personality, one could have hoped that he would have avoided semi-panteism as well as full panteism. But he has fallen into the former, since according to him the unconditioned consciousness attains to true consciousness in its objectivity and person only in the act of procession from its all-embracing Essence, and in the creation of externality enters itself into true actuality. Were God truly conscious of Himself only through His creation of the world, then He would not be self-sufficing without the world, not perfect apart from it, but only with it, through it, and in it. But since God's perfection cannot be something reached through evolution in time, but must transcend time, the creation of the world must be an eternal act, and the world in its totality be co-eternal with God and one and the same in Essence. But were the world co-eternal with God, one in Essence with Him and perfect in Him, His own actualized perfection, then it could no more fall out of this perfection than God could fall out of His own perfection. Whoever assumes the possibility of the lapse of a world the same in essence as God, must suppose at

the same time the lapse of God Himself as possible; or, more definitely, the lapse of His self-actualizing, of His immanent Position, from the unity, from the centre of God."

It seems somewhat strange that the attribution of self-consciousness to the Absolute should not be considered "semi-panteistic" by Dr. Hoffmann, since the act of self-consciousness is the act of objectifying one's self, and hence the act of externalizing one's self—the act of sundering the unity of self into antitheses and thus of making the one finite or imperfect. This act of self-knowing in the Absolute is viewed as the eternal creation of the world by Hegel, whom Dr. Hoffmann charges with absurdity in his criticism. Let one consider only two points: what the effect of cognition which sunders into subject and object would have upon the idea of the Absolute, and remember that this idea is inseparable from that of consciousness. Secondly, let him inquire whether such objectivity as would adhere to the object of the divine thought would not be sufficiently objective for all phases of temporal existence that we are acquainted with. We apprehend that it will not be called Pantheism justly when its (the world's) every phase (positive and negative) is seen to be posited through the divine Will.

The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Blanc's *Grammaire des art et du dessin*, by Kate Newell Doggett. With the Original Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1874.

The French have a most happy faculty for popular exposition. Matters above the ordinary comprehension may be translated by a Frenchman in such a way as to prove very entertaining. In this elegant translation we have the technics of Painting and Engraving made so intelligible and interesting that the common reader who has never heard of these things may approach them without tedium or perplexity. This is the best of all books for the general reader who desires to know the standards and rules of criticism of works of Art in this sphere.

The principles of composition and the devices invented by the genial artists to portray their subjects, the drawing, the attitude, the gesture, the laws of complementary colors, the principles of chiaroscuro, the correspondence of moral expression to light and color,—all these things are discussed comprehensively and clearly. Certain conventionalities of Painting vary, and must vary, according to the character of the work and the nature of the surface the artist has to cover. Thus there are the special fields of Painting to be discussed: fresco painting, wax painting, painting in distemper, ceilings and cupolas, oil painting, pastel painting, enamel painting, &c. &c., all of which are characterized and distinguished in a happy manner. Then the different kinds of painting belong to the lower or higher method according as imitation or style plays in them the principal rôle, and here he distinguishes the painting of landscapes, animals, battles and hunting scenes, and portraits.

Under the head of Engraving there comes quite naturally the consideration of the proper manner of transferring the effects of the colors of the painting to the simple light and shade of the engraving.

Engraving on copper, aquafortis engraving, mezzotint, aquatint, wood engraving, and engraving in cameo, are successively discussed, and a chapter on Lithography completes the subject. The remarks scattered throughout the volume on the celebrated works of Art by Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, Holbein, Raphael, Claude Lorraine, Michael Angelo, and others, are very suggestive, especially where they are illustrated by engravings, of which there are about fifty in the book.

Studies in Poetry and Philosophy. By J. C. Shairp, Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, author of "Culture and Religion." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The four essays included in this volume are: I. Wordsworth; II. Coleridge; III. Keble; IV. The Moral Motive Power. The essay on Coleridge is perhaps the most valuable, as offering a coherent account of the growth and development of that influential thinker. It traces him through his career as follower of Hartley; then as student of the mystics, Tauler, Boehme, George Fox, William Law; next as disciple of Kant, whom he adopted substantially as his master for the rest of his life. Mr. Shairp omits allusion to Schelling's influence upon Coleridge, which was certainly quite considerable.

A Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge. By George Berkeley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne. With Prolegomena, and with Annotations, select, translated and original. By Charles P. Krauth, D.D., Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

This work is one of a series of "Philosophical Classics" projected by the publishers, and its excellence will cause philosophical students to look with interest for subsequent volumes of the series. The most important portion of the book is the critical apparatus accompanying the treatise of Berkeley and occupying upwards of 300 out of the 400 pages of the entire work. In the Prolegomena Dr. Krauth treats exhaustively of the precursors of Berkeley and of his opponents and of the nature of Idealism, then also of the followers of Berkeley and of the chief philosophers who have represented Idealism. He treats Hume as the "skeptical idealist," Kant as the "critical idealist," Fichte as the "subjective idealist," Schelling as the "objective," Hegel as the "absolute," and Schopenhauer as the "theoretical" idealist. Professor Fraser's Preface is inserted and the Annotations of Ueberweg. Under the head of "Summaries of Berkeley's System," Dr. Krauth has industriously collected the opinions on Berkeley given by Reid, Kant, Platner, Hillebrand, Tennemann, Hegel, Krug, Rothenflue, Nichol, Brockhaus, Schwegler, Fraser, Scholten, Ueberweg, and Vogel. He traces its influence upon Jonathan Edwards, Ferrier, Grote, Mansel, Mill, and others. He gives the objections urged against the system by Samuel Clarke, Andrew Baxter, Reid, Voltaire, Diderot, Beattie, Oswald, Dugald Stewart, Buhle, Tennemann, Hegel, Erdmann, Thomas Brown, McCosh, and others.

In the same style we have "Estimates of Berkeley," compiled from numerous sources, followed by definitions of idealism collected in the same way. The original expositions of the several systems by Dr. Krauth are of permanent value, especially that of Schopenhauer. To the classification of different species of idealism as skeptical, subjective, objective, absolute, theoretical, &c. &c., we note that "theological" is applied to the idealism of Berkeley and "problematical" to that of Descartes. Perhaps that of Jacobi should be called "sentimental." The classification by means of descriptive adjectives is, however, rather cheap, and conducive to superficiality in philosophy. It leads to a conceited manner of dealing with great thinkers on the part of young men. With a good supply of labels obtained from his professor at college, the youth sallies forth, and finds it far more convenient to label the thinkers of the world than to master their systems by patient thought. Having mastered Cousin's distinctions of idealism, materialism, skepticism, and mysticism, the student found it his chief business to classify philosophers like minerals in a cabinet, and, being an eclectic, he believed in no one of them.

The work of Dr. Krauth is a credit to American scholarship and philosophic study.

Supplement to the Calculus of Operations. By John Paterson, A.M. Read before the Albany Institute, Nov. 3, 1874.

The author gives in this pamphlet his theory of the origin of motion, sound, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and lastly life itself, both vegetable and animal, from one single principle—emanation or repulsion.

Cavour et l'Eglise libre dans l'Etat libre. Par A. Vera. Professeur de Philosophie à l'Université de Naples, Ancien Professeur de Philosophie à l'Université de France. Edition française, avec un préface et des notes. Paris: Germer Baillière. 1874.

In an extended preface (88 pages) Professor Vera considers the criticism of Treitschke upon his book. This preface, and the notes scattered throughout the volume, have been added since the Italian edition in 1871 (announced in this journal in January, 1872). He combats the idea of an utter separation of Church and State in the sense that the State should have nothing to do with Religion. He would not endorse the first amendment of the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." He quotes Professor Tayler Lewis of Union College, who says in a letter on the unity of Italy: "The day of church and state is gone * * * but an absolute divorce between the state and religion, that is another and very different matter. It is an experiment yet to be tried. * * * There may be a state without a bishop, without a priesthood, without a church; but there cannot be a State without a God—a God acknowledged. The opposite idea is not simply anti-religious; it is anti-social, anti-national, suicidal. To express it all in a single, most significant term, it is utterly and hopelessly disorganizing. There is danger in both directions, and that, too, not merely of moral disorder, but as directly threatening our cherished idea of American nationality."

Professor Vera remarks on this statement quoted: "What is the thought uppermost in these words—a thought expressed, indeed, in a vague, indefinite, and even contradictory fashion, but nevertheless a just thought and one which gives to these words sense and importance? It is this, that the doctrine of separation is a doctrine which disorganizes society. And, in fact, it does disorganize society, because it breaks the unity of Spirit. The writer says that a state may exist even without bishops or church, but that it cannot exist as an atheistical state, or, using his words, 'without God, and without an acknowledged God.' It is a contradiction, or rather an *inconsequence*, and one of those inconsequences into which one falls when he does not consider truth in its concrete and systematic nature. A religion without a church is, as I have shown, an abstraction, a religious atomism. Now, what is meant by a God recognized and 'acknowledged by the state'? It is evidently a religion recognized and acknowledged by the state." He continues to comment on Professor Lewis's position, and his fear that the state is menaced by Catholicism, and points out that this danger is supposed to come precisely from the separation of the state and church, as Cavour recommended, and as actually exists in America. He thinks that the Catholic Church, in its ability to use the separation of church and state to its own advantage, proves its sagacity, or even more—its greatness and its truth. "Its truth consists in the fact that Catholicism does not recognize the separation of church and state, nor liberty in the separation, and accordingly that it does not admit the subordination of the church to the state."

In subsequent chapters Professor Vera discusses: true and false conciliation; liberty; inseparability of force, right, and liberty; can there be a religion without a church? can one reduce religious instruction to moral, and discard the mystical portion? the idea of religion and of the state, and their mutual re-

lation; the reasons for their conflict; Catholicism and Protestantism; relation of philosophy to religion; doctrine of the Trinity according to the church, and the idea of philosophy. He makes out Protestantism to be an advance on Catholicism, notwithstanding he defends the unity of church and state.

Der Pessimismus und seine Gegner. Von A. Taubert. Berlin: Carl Duncker's Verlag. 1873.

Mr. Taubert considers in this book — (a) The value of life and its true estimate; (b) Private property and labor; (c) Love; (d) Sympathy; (e) Natural happiness; (f) Happiness as æsthetic view of the world; (g) Happiness as virtue; (h) Happiness in view of the next world; (i) Happiness as historic perspective of the future; Pessimism and Life. He finally concludes with a critique of Ludwig Weis's three volumes published under the title of *Anti-Materialism*.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism, and the Pathology and Treatment of Mediomania. Two Lectures. By Frederic R. Marvin, M.D., Professor of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the New York Free Medical College for Women. Read before the New York Liberal Club, March 20 and 27, 1874. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co. 1874. Price \$1 cloth and 50 cts. paper.

Dr. Marvin is firmly convinced that all spiritual phenomena, not conscious legerdemain, are produced by physically diseased organisms, which can be abated by a dose of assafœtida and spirits of ammonia. He is disposed to explain even the nightly trances of St. Theresa and St. Catharine de Siene by physical derangement. "Buddha, Confucius and Mahommed could never have founded their immortal religions in England or America, for we are too cold-blooded and slow in our development and too thoughtful in our culture to seize very suddenly the revelations of the heart." "The religious and sexual instincts are very closely united—so closely united as to be inseparable." Dr. Marvin explains soul to be the liberation of force at nervous centres. "The utilization of force by the brain is thought—this utilization is the function of that part of the brain which we call the cerebrum." "Away from our little brains into the forever of space float waves of motion. Ceasing to be waves of nervous motion, they reach the air and become waves of atmospheric motion. The thought you think may vibrate the other side of the universe in the trembling of a flower or the majestic sweep of a planet." "The soul, like the body, is neither fixed nor changeless. You have not the same soul you had yesterday. No, nor the same soul with which you entered this room. Forces are using you and you are using them—reaching your brain, they serve its purpose and are your soul." "The soul is immortal in its own nature, and in history, and in the race." Such immortality—which is identical with the correlation of forces, a quantitative but no qualitative identity—is not very desirable or consoling to the individual. To know that his thoughts are forces impinging upon his brain *ab extra*, and that, "having served its purpose they cease to exist as thoughts, change their form and go on other missions," is to know that he is only a transient phase in a vast correlated activity which is no conscious individuality as a whole. His consciousness once quenched will never kindle again, although its elements, scattered through the universe, may enter the transient manifestations of other conscious beings.

With such results in the name of Science, no wonder that there is great activity of Magic—or the immediateness of Spirit—in our age, in the form of "spiritualism." The materialistic denial of the soul is correlated with the materialistic manifestation of it.

A Lecture on the Protestant Faith. By Dwight H. Olmstead. New York. 1874.

The writer takes ground against ecclesiastical authority.

My Visit to the Sun; or Critical Essays on Physics, Metaphysics, and Ethics. By Lawrence S. Benson, author of "Benson's Geometry." Vol. I. Physics. New York: James S. Burnton. 1874.

Our philosopher seems to have visited the Sun to hear the "man of the Sun" echo the new mathematical discovery of his Geometry, to wit: that the area of the circle is exactly equal to three-fourths of the circumscribed square. Such a voyage would seem necessary on account of the difficulty in finding any "man of the Earth" who could echo the doctrine.

Philosophic Reviews. Darwin Answered; or Evolution a Myth—Geometrical Dissertation—Notes on Definitions. By Lawrence S. Benson, &c. &c. New York: James S. Burnton. 1875.

"Synopsis of the following argument: I. Herbert Spencer, by ignoring all system or order in Nature, self-inflicts a fatal blow to his 'philosophy of evolution.' II. Charles Darwin, to prove a gradual evolution among organisms, uses the *petitio principii* reasoning," &c. &c. Mr. Benson apparently attacks Spencer and Darwin in order to attract attention to his Geometry, from which he boasts that he has excluded the *reductio ad absurdum* and substituted the "Direct Method." What this "Direct Method" may be we learn by reading his chapter "On the Circle." It seems that he concludes by Analogy that because "Archimedes discovered, by revolving surfaces around an axis, that the cone, sphere, and cylinder are to one another as 1, 2, 3; and the same procedure gives the proportion between the solidities and surfaces of the sphere and cylinder as 2 to 3," &c. &c., "we have consequently an agreement with them of the area for the circle, obtained by revolution;—for instance, the area of the circle being proved by this method equivalent to three-fourths of the square of its diameter, we get the proportion of 1, 2, 3, 4, for the cone, sphere, cylinder, and cube, thus agreeing with Archimedes' proportion." Thus it seems that we thrust out "Indirect Method" from Geometry in order to admit proof by Analogy. It is clear that Mr. Benson, in making the area of the circle equal to $3R^2$ by analogy, finds that the *reductio ad absurdum* must be ignored, for he comes straightway upon the result that the circle is equal to its inscribed hexagon, which would be absurd—unless he had been already careful to exclude the sense of absurdity from his geometrical tests.

Strauss as a Philosophical Thinker. A Review of his book, "The Old and the New Faith," and a Confutation of its Materialistic Views. By Hermann Ulrici. Translated, with an Introduction, by Charles P. Krauth, D.D., Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. 1874.

In the Introduction Dr. Krauth discusses the materialism of our day, and gives some account of the recent discussions and the appearance of Strauss's book. He quotes copiously from Strauss's reviewers, giving some excellent paragraphs from Fichte, Philippson, Hausrath, Dove, Frenzel, Froschammer, Moritz Carriere, Bauwenhoff, Huber, Lang, Spörri, and others. As in his work on the Prolegomena to Berkeley, Dr. Krauth has collected for us in a small space the opinions of the great authorities on the subject, then on the author's treatment of it, and finally on Ulrici's criticism of it. Thus we have the various phases of reflection upon the theme. Ulrici's criticism, to use the words of Nippold, "cuts with an almost unsurpassable acuteness."

"Science," says Dr. Krauth, "moves ever toward the proof how supernatural is the natural; religion moves toward the proof how natural is the supernatural." The fact that Strauss was habituated to the use of the philosophical technique of Hegel rendered it impossible for him to write a consistent system of

materialism, or to entirely break with the "old Faith" as embodied in institutions and "ideal strivings." This fact gives Ulrich his opportunity, and he makes good use of it to show everywhere in the work implications and acknowledgments of ideas which are entirely incompatible with the coarse materialism expressed in the same connections.

Memories: A Story of German Love. Translated from the German, by George P. Upton. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1875.

In this tastefully printed volume we have a unique piece of romance and mysticism such as only Germany can produce. Simple and naïve as the innocence of childhood, and at the same time tinged with subtle psychological insights like the writings of Tauler and Meister Eckhart, the work seems to have been composed by one who had learned Jean Paul by heart in youth, and later had taken up Wordsworth and Carlyle, and who now for years had found consolation in Thomas-a-Kempis and that serene soul, the author of *Theologia Germanica*. It has a faint suggestion of Auerbach's "On the Heights," but perhaps this is not owing so much to the Spinozan Repose of the latter as its use of the little poem of Goethe, *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh*, for its overture. The Chicago translator has succeeded remarkably in his rendering of this poem:

"On every mountain-height
Is rest,
O'er each summit white
Thou feelest
Scarcely a breath;
The bird-songs are still from each bough,
Only wait, soon shalt thou
Rest, too, in death."

Here is Longfellow's more literal version, which we prefer:

"O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees;
Wait: soon like these
Thou too shalt rest."

The translator, Mr. Upton, has judiciously called in the aid of specialists to enable him to reproduce the above poem and the extracts from the *Theologia Germanica*. Speaking of the unknown author of the latter work, the principal character in the book says:

"For a suffering and dying life like mine, much consolation and strength may be derived from his book. I thank him much, for it disclosed to me for the first time the true secret of Christian doctrine in all its simplicity. I felt that I was free to believe or disbelieve the old teacher, whoever he may have been, for his doctrines had no external constraint upon me; at last it seized upon me with such power that it seemed to me I knew for the first time what revelation was. It is precisely this fact that bars so many out from true Christianity, namely: that its doctrines confront us as revelation before revelation takes place in ourselves. This has often given me much anxiety; not that I had ever doubted the truth and divinity of our religion, but I felt I had no right to a belief which others had given me, and that what I had learned and received when a child, without comprehending, did not belong to me. One can believe for us as little as one can live and die for us."

Tinnitus Aurium, or Noises in the Ears. By Lawrence Turnbull, M.D. Reprinted from the Philadelphia Medical Times for June, 1874.

THE JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Vol. IX.

April, 1875.

No. 2.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER'S PHILOSOPHY.

Translated from the German of FRIEDRICH HARMS by Mrs. ELLA S. MORGAN.

The Philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer has experienced a singular fate. During a long series of years almost unnoticed, it has suddenly become known and recognized even in circles which are not generally occupied with philosophy. In one respect only its position is unchanged. At the present time, after having become popular, it has still not obtained recognition in the German universities. Neither its originator nor its followers have succeeded in elevating it to the place of a subject of academical lectures, or introducing it into the circle of sciences which are taught in the German universities. There must be something lacking in this philosophy which caused even its talented founder (after a weak and unsuccessful attempt to have it recognized at the University of Berlin) to give up trying to make it an academical study. Its followers were still less successful. Single doctrines and ideas of this philosophy have indeed been accepted and applied in particular sciences, but the Philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer as a whole—in the beginning almost unnoticed—has only been taught and recognized in those circles which are unacquainted with scientific culture.

The form of Schopenhauer's philosophy has been no small part of its power of attraction. And in its form it is, since

the time of Kant, a contrast to German philosophy. Its scientific form belongs to its character. No question has occupied German Philosophy more than the logical inquiry after the true methods of scientific knowledge. Kant found this scientific method in the critical procedure by investigation of the *possibility* of scientific knowledge to come to a decision about its *truth*. Instead of the critique of scientific knowledge, Fichte wants to develop the system of Philosophy by a method of logical thinking which derives everything necessarily from a highest unity. Hegel wished to reach the same end by the dialectical phase of thought. Herbart sees in the method of the relations, discovered by him, the only way of obtaining a knowledge of the essence of things. Science is Philosophy, and Science is a proceeding according to the rules of Art—methodical, systematic thinking.

There is only a faint reminder of this tendency in German philosophy since the time of Kant, in the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Although he may accept single results of Kant's philosophy, he is still far from using Kant's critical method of investigation; he proceeds dogmatically, and the fundamental tenets of his philosophy, from their assertion, are as certain as tenets of belief. Fichte, Schelling and Hegel he calls the three German sophists. He hates them all cordially, because their philosophy contains too much of the *artifice* of thinking. He (Schopenhauer) does not derive his ideas one from another, but establishes their connection, when there is one, by a collection of interesting pictures. He finds the writings and discussions of Herbart and Schleiermacher unenjoyable and tedious, although he borrows arguments from Schleiermacher to oppose the notion of the "categorical imperative," moral necessity. In this point Schopenhauer forms a decided contrast to German philosophy since the time of Kant. As regards the form of his system, he is rather a believer in "sound common sense," or, as he says, "sound reason," which excels in the correct cognition of particulars for the purposes of practical life.

The founder of the philosophy of "sound common sense" was John Locke. Voltaire brought it to Paris when he recrossed the channel, where, agreeing with French taste, it became fashionable in the polite world. Everybody be-

lieved he could philosophize after this manner. Intellectual women studied this philosophy of "common sense." The philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer takes just the same position in Germany. He possesses the great talent of presenting his doctrine with the clearness of pictures, of illustrating it by a rich selection of examples comprehensible by the common sense, thereby winning his readers over to his opinions. In this respect Schopenhauer has justly been called an eminent literary man. No wonder then, when philosophy was divested of its so-called scholastic form, and spoke the language of life, that it found approval with those to whom philosophy was difficult because of its methodical procedure.

Moreover, at the time when Schopenhauer's philosophy found a favorable reception with the public, there was diffused a great dislike to the so-called absolute philosophy, and in consequence the judgments which Schopenhauer, in his immoderate polemic, passed on Fichte, Schelling and Hegel were accepted without due consideration; and many imagined that philosophy consisted only of several of Kant's doctrines which Schopenhauer selected as admissible, and of this modern philosophy in the form of "sound common sense."

"Common sense" in German philosophy had been treated with contempt, especially by Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Common sense, which considers only the particular incidents in life without any connection, is by the absolute philosophy esteemed as outside of the truth, which itself alone recognizes and comprehends. Likewise experience and its method, induction, was not rightly judged or its use properly valued in German philosophy, neither in the critical philosophy of Kant nor the speculative philosophy of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. When Schopenhauer transplanted to German soil the stand-point of the philosophy of common sense of the English and French—which asserted empiricism to be the source of all knowledge, and all knowledge to be in the service of the will—he at least caused a half-justifiable reaction against German philosophy as it has advanced from Kant to Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. It has developed itself in sharp polemic with the empiricism and sens-ism of the English and French philosophies, but at the same time it

has failed in this polemic to recognize the element of truth which these philosophies contained.

By the application of the inductive method—which Bacon first recommended with success for the cultivation of science, and which he almost alone recognized in its essential and leading ideas—the empirical sciences have made themselves a second power by the side of philosophy. But in Philosophy itself this method is always one-sided, and has been only half applied in the collection of observations, perceptions and intuitions, and that with the presupposition that all cognitions are already conditioned by it, and that thought has no other power in cognizing than that of putting into another form that which the senses have already acquired. In this conception of thought—namely, that it creates nothing in cognition, and that all ideas are only abstracted from the sense-perceptions which cognize everything—consists the essence of sens-ism, which was founded by Locke, but most consistently carried out by Hume, and more especially by the French sensationalists.

In like manner Arthur Schopenhauer asserts that sense-perception furnishes all cognitions, and that thought—or reason, as he says—only puts these cognitions into another form, but itself creates no cognitions. Hence he sees himself obliged, like all sensationalist philosophers, to ascribe magical powers of knowledge to sense-perception, which, if they inhered in sense-perception, would abolish and make superfluous all thinking and cultivation of science. Schopenhauer protests that all sense-perception is intellectual and already has the understanding included in itself, which understanding is its immediate effect, whence it (sense-perception) not only apprehends the existing phenomena, but also sees immediately their causes, and is therefore the source of all objectivity of knowledge. Therefore perception, he says, is sufficient. According to him, it apprehends the thing in itself without mediation, and knows that it is the thing in itself which it apprehends. According to this, sense-perception would possess as a gift of Nature what science strives to recognize by means of the mediation of thought, by investigation into the appearance of things. All cultivation of science and all thinking would indeed be superfluous if there were such in-

tellectual perception which is able to see immediately the causes of things and the things in themselves.

But from this view of the power of cognition possessed by sense-perception arises the lack of systematic evolution of ideas and the deficiency of demonstration in Schopenhauer's philosophy. A collection of interesting facts from all departments of science (in which Schopenhauer is an expert) cannot, in philosophy, be substituted for the necessary systematic evolution of ideas and of demonstration, because in fact our sense-perceptions do not possess this magical power which Schopenhauer ascribes to them.

Contrary to the position of this philosophy of perception, which is only a counterpart of Schelling's "Intuition of the Absolute," our philosophy is only to be advanced by a continuation of the critical method of Kant and the speculative method of Fichte; but it will be necessary to estimate the empirical method according to its content which it shows for itself, and according to its method, differently and more correctly than the critical and speculative philosophies have done. The world, the including totality of all experience, Schopenhauer would comprehend from itself through experience. He apprehends it as Will and theoretical representation. All is will and theoretical representation, and nothing is known beside. Two facts of consciousness—namely, that I will, and I represent to myself—he makes the basis of the interpretation of the world—he expands anthropology into cosmology. From man he wishes to explain the world, which in his view is the expansion of man into the universal essence of all things. Sensational psychology is considered the foundation of philosophy; with Schopenhauer it also serves for the construction of the Universal. In his hands, the problem of comprehending the world from itself is transformed into the other problem of interpreting the world from man, which constitutes the peculiarity of Schopenhauer's view of the world.

This anthropological tendency, in which he makes anthropology the beginning of cosmology, stands opposed to all sciences. The naturalists wish to comprehend man from the world and his place in it. Theology wishes to comprehend the world from God. The historical and ethical sci-

ences may indeed occupy themselves with the life of man, but when they wish to comprehend it they assume that this life is governed as by a higher law to which it is subject and under obligations. All sciences aim to comprehend man from something higher than himself. He himself (they say) is only a fact, and only sens-ism takes the mere facts of consciousness—in which are present both “I will” and “I represent”—for principles by which to interpret the world. The anthropological tendency, Schopenhauer's undertaking, is an inversion of the principles of all scientific system.

“The world is my theoretical representation,” says Schopenhauer, “for that which is represented is only in the representation, and all our representations are dependent on the forms of space, time, and causality,” to which, like Fichte, he reduces Kant's categories—without which we should not be able to represent anything. He makes the world a mere phenomenon of human consciousness. This phenomenal world exists only in its producers, the knowing subjects; it arises, continues, and disappears, with the theoretical representation of the subject. To Schopenhauer it is self-evident that everything which becomes the object of cognition is only our theoretical representation, and that the Forms of theoretical representation magically produce their content. Hence everything which consciousness represents to itself is only a delusion.

According to Kant, the idea of the world is a thought which we cannot complete in any sense-perception, a thought to which there is nothing corresponding in our experience, but which we nevertheless necessarily think for the limitation of our experience in order that we may not make the mistake of supposing that the world is only our theoretical representation. Schopenhauer's theory does not come from Kant, although it has made use of some theories of his philosophy in order to present itself. It has quite a different origin.

According to Fichte, every finite ego has a non-ego, through which it knows itself limited in the theoretical and practical. Our theoretical representation is closed within limits, which indeed are incomprehensible in their origin but not in their significance, as through them our place in the real world is

determined. According to Fichte, the absolute ego alone posits the non-ego, but the finite ego knows itself thereby limited in its theoretical and practical activity. But where the ideal of cognition—as conceived in the absolute ego, the first principle of the science of knowledge—is confounded with the actual fact of scientific knowledge in us according to the third principle of the science of knowledge, as in Schopenhauer, then the original critical idealism of Kant and the ethical idealism of Fichte are on the point of being transformed into a sophistical idealism.

But Schopenhauer sees himself compelled to revoke his assertion. The world is not the mere shadow-world of my theoretical representation, but is something in itself beside the representation. This view of the world begins with an untrue statement which it cannot carry out, and therefore transforms into its opposite. But in the course of the treatment one statement destroys the possibility of the other.

Dilettanti in philosophy, who in their inconsiderate haste allow their reason to be taken captive by some system or other, generally protest that idealism is not repulsive. It is not as bad as they think. He (Schopenhauer) contradicts himself when he teaches that "the world is not merely my theoretical representation, but is something of itself outside of the representation." His statement, "there is nothing but representation," annihilates the other, "there is something beside the representation." Any connection between them is unthinkable without a contradiction.

It is not always possible to conclude from the representation whether that which we conceive is really within or without the representation. This is dependent on the content of the representation, and can only be decided by an investigation of this content. The idealistic procedure, which makes everything mere theoretical representation in order thereby to explain it, is the cheapest that can be found, for nothing is explained by showing that something exists in the form of a representation.

The reality outside of the representation, that which is in and for itself, which manifests itself in the representation—that reality, according to Schopenhauer, is the Will. He is of the opinion that we should conceive the world to be merely

our representation if we ourselves were mere representing subjects, and nothing more. But we are not mere intelligences. Each one recognizes himself to be a *willing* being, and (thinks Schopenhauer) the essence of all things is the same as we ourselves. We ourselves will, hence everything is a Will.

Meanwhile the way in which Schopenhauer introduces the Will deserves our special attention. To the subject knowing (which manifests itself as an individual by reason of its identity with the body) this body is given in two entirely different ways: one as the theoretical representation, perceived by the intelligent—intellectual—perceptive faculty as an object among other objects and subject to their laws; but this body is also given in a very different way, namely, as that which he designates by the word Will, which is known to each one without mediation. Every act of the will (he says) is continually and unfailingly a motion of the body. We cannot really will the act without at the same time perceiving that the act only appears as a motion of the body. Both are identical, the body being only the visible will.

The will here appears in a mysterious manner as given by the body which makes it visible, but in fact also obscures it. And by analogy Schopenhauer conceives the whole material world as a representation and manifestation of the will. As the will manifests itself in my body, so it manifests itself in all the material phenomena of the universe. The world is the exhibition of the will, made visible.

Long ago Augustine had said, "We are nothing but wills; only our acts of willing can rightly be imputed to us." Duns Scotus considered the absolute will of God as the foundation of the world, which the world reveals, and therefore includes not only rational truths, but actually existing truths, which may indeed be experienced but cannot be excogitated. According to Kant, it is not the will, but the ethical will, which constitutes the essence of man. Fichte taught that a rational being perceives himself immediately only in willing; that he would not perceive himself, nor consequently the world, and of course would not be an Intelligence if he were not also a practical (volitional) being. The

independence of the free-will is the destination of man, which he is to attain through his life and deeds. Schelling says more universally: There is, ultimately, no other being than willing. Willing is primal being, and of it alone are predicable unfathomableness, eternity, independence of time, self-affirmation. All philosophy struggles to find this expression. It is in these views and explanations, from Augustine to Schelling, that Schleiermacher finds the difference between ancient and modern philosophy. For the former was predominatingly the consciousness of reason in the form of the idea, the latter in the form of the will. Hence in ancient philosophy man generally perceives himself as a natural being; but in modern philosophy, before everything else, comes the problem of the freedom of the will, a problem which most profoundly occupied all philosophical minds from the time of Augustine to Schelling.

It might seem that Schopenhauer would join these men and agree with them in his views, as he also finds the essence of man and of all things to be the will. But this is not the case, and for the reason that his conception of the will is altogether of a different kind.

He conceives the soul to be divided into two elements, the will and consciousness, and considers each to be entirely distinct from the other: the will alone, without consciousness, as a blind force; and consciousness alone, without will, as an unproductive energy. The will is the primary, consciousness the secondary: the one, the substance; the other, only an accident which manifests itself only under certain circumstances conditioned by the formation of a nervous system. Hence he concludes that the two elements of the soul have a different origin; the will comes from the father, the intelligence from the mother; and he knows not how to explain the miracle—the unity of will and consciousness in the ego—because he himself has already separated them by forcible abstraction. The ego is only *pro tempore* the identical subject of consciousness and of the will, and is therefore, according to Schopenhauer, a composite somewhat.

This conception of the blind will, which produces everything, and the lame consciousness, in which the world becomes a mere appearance,—this conception is not European,

nor Greek, nor modern, but it is Indian. It agrees essentially with the Indian system, and has resulted from the study of Indian Philosophy. The Idealism of Schopenhauer, as well as the positive part of his view of the world, is a revival of Indian Philosophy. Schopenhauer's view agrees only in word, not in fact, with the doctrines of the men who have been cited from Augustine to Schelling, as no one of them has conceived consciousness as in itself impotent, something merely secondary and accidental in contrast with the blind all-creative will.

According to Schopenhauer, the world and everything in it proceeds out of the will. He remarks, and rightly, that the natural sciences, while referring all phenomena to the forces and laws of nature, still give no knowledge of the conditions of all natural phenomena themselves. Schopenhauer aims to give this knowledge; finds it in a free, all-powerful will, whose objectivations or manifestations are the forces and laws of nature in inorganic as well as organic nature. This one will manifests itself in space and time by different causal manifestations, which manifestations we see as mechanical causes, excitants, and motives, according to their differing effects in the realms of nature.

Schopenhauer rightly distinguishes between the physical explanation of natural appearances and the metaphysical interpretation by the will which originates no physical explanation. The natural sciences have been formed by their separation from metaphysics and theology. Their separation, however, rests upon the relative independence of both parts of the will and theoretic cognition. At present, only those who dabble in philosophy confound the two, and thereby bring the natural sciences and philosophy into discredit.

But if we conceived Nature as Schopenhauer does, what he thinks would not follow. For if nature is conceived as conditioned by a free and all-powerful will, it is conceived as a creation. For creation means nothing more than to think the will as a cause of all being which appears to us; and only a will can be a first cause, in comparison with which all other causes ordinarily called such are only occasions for effects—which Schopenhauer himself concedes, in contradiction to his views on causality elsewhere.

The notion of creation has excited Schopenhauer's violent anger far more than it has engaged his reflection. His polemic only proves, as is often the case in these things, that he is contending against something which on the whole he accepts, but of which he has only a confused notion.

Of course there is still a difference remaining in this idea of the Will which Schopenhauer lays down as fundamental principle; for he considers the will as in itself blind and only afterwards coming to consciousness, which consciousness nevertheless it (the will) produces. But he cannot carry out this idea. For, according to him, all nature shows in itself the character of something intelligent, made evident in the astonishing conformity to law of its phenomena, which occur with certainty, and in conformity to the plan of its organisms. But, as often as it has been attempted, there is no explanation of how there can be a something intelligent without an Intelligence, except by presumptions which are more problematical and enigmatical than that which they attempt to explain. Schopenhauer helps himself with the word "will," the use of which always brings with it the idea of an intelligence which is afterwards discarded.

It is playing with ideas to accept a something intelligent without an intelligence. There is no something intelligent without an intelligence, be it within or without us. In one case the something intelligent is within us, in the other it is also exterior to us as an actuality, manifesting itself through the conformity to law and plan in the phenomena of nature. Nor does Kant recognize a something intelligent without an intelligence, "for the idea of a design in nature is only possible to us" by the acceptance of an *intellectus archetypus*, which alone makes it possible to comprehend the peculiarity of our understanding. Especially Will, which produces something intelligent, cannot be without intelligence, if this intelligence is not at the same time our consciousness.

Schopenhauer in considering Nature as a manifestation of the Will, which will is at the same time the essence of man, rightly believes that he has attained a universal foundation for an ethical view of the world,—a view which is not added as a mere supplement, a mere improvement on metaphysics. Ethics acquires universality in its conceptions, in that the

Will, that which becomes the object of its cognition in particular, conditions the essence and phenomena of all things. The whole world can be comprehended from the ethical stand-point. Schopenhauer of course believes that this universality is only possible in his philosophy. In that he is mistaken. We must except at least two men whose views of the world are thoroughly ethical—Plato in ancient and Fichte in modern philosophy. But very essential differences appear in the conception of the will, its attitude toward consciousness and the ethical design, and how this will is to be attained in life and action.

Schopenhauer explains, that, according to his notion, the will is will to live; he defines it through a part of its extent and limits it at the outset to one case of its application, as if "willing" signified only the willing to live, and not also the willing to know and act, and the will to found church and state. The idea of the will has a far more universal extent than Schopenhauer concedes, for he limits it to the mere desire to live.

Schopenhauer thinks that this will to live goes through the whole world—the world is its manifestation. It wills to exist and to manifest itself in existence. Its infinite striving appears in gravity, by virtue of which all bodies tend infinitely toward one centre. Chemistry, crystallization, vegetation, and organization, are only different presentations of this one will to live. The essence of every organism is its own will. The teeth, throat, and intestinal canal, are only hunger objectified. But it first becomes conscious in man and animals through the formation of a nervous system. Hence Schopenhauer considers the arising of consciousness to be conditioned by the organization of animals and man; this organization itself, however, proceeds from the will, which creates everything. Hence matter is the bond between the will and consciousness. The body (says Schopenhauer) is the function of the will, but intellect is the function of the body. In consciousness, then, everything again becomes the shadow-world of the theoretic representation, where no one knows where his head is—"which exists only in space, which itself exists only in his head."

According to this doctrine, man is not distinguished from

animals by his will, but this will is one and the same in all things—man, animal, and vegetable—viz. the will to live. He is only distinguished from animals by the capacity for forming abstract conceptions from perceptions, which capacity Schopenhauer arbitrarily calls reason.

But, since the abstract conceptions do not, like perceptions, refer solely to the individual and the present, but also to the universal and to the past and future; and since the abstract conceptions serve as grounds of determination for the will,—the will in man acquires a larger extent: in man spring up a multitude of necessities, a multiplicity of desires, which distinguish him from animals; but in the direction of will, in its quality and constitution, there appears no difference. The will, which is the will to live, wills the same thing in all animal beings, viz. its own preservation and the enjoyment of life. All contrivances of life, all conceptions, cognitions, and sciences, which only investigate the principles of phenomena, are in the service of this life which wills to preserve and enjoy itself. The blind will brings forth consciousness only for its own ends.

In this conception of man—that man has a multitude of wants as a consequence of reason, which can do nought but form abstract conceptions from perceptions, and that all cognitions and sciences are but the means for the satisfaction of these wants—Schopenhauer agrees perfectly with the tendency of the French school, and therein gives documentary proof of the stand-point of the philosophy of common sense. Like the French school, Schopenhauer has made the will as it is in its empirical existence, the will as manifested in desire, the essence of man; and has degraded reason by denying it its practical (volitional) character, which Kant and Fichte vindicated above everything else. According to Schopenhauer, reason only produces multiplicity of desires and cognitions for its own satisfaction, but possesses through its thoughts and ideas no law-giving power over this life of wants and necessities. Therefore these views of Schopenhauer have no point of connection in common with German philosophy, since the time of Kant, when it has been characterized by the ethical tendency—a tendency given to German philosophy by Kant with all the sternness of his

character, and in contrast to the French and English schools, which Schopenhauer, as we shall see, approached in one point.

In man sense-perceptions and thoughts can become motives for the will. Now, how far the will may be considered free, depends upon its relation to consciousness and the manner in which thoughts and sense-perceptions can become motives for the will, as the will can be directly determined by nothing else. As we have said, the question of Freedom forms the greatest problem of modern philosophy from Augustine to Schelling and down to the present time. The science of physics as well as ethics is dependent on the theory of Freedom, for the idea of freedom is the measure of the limits of the idea of the ethical world.

Schopenhauer's doctrine is a sort of fore-ordination. He teaches that, before all consciousness, before the beginning of the individual life by the birth of man, the will is determined in its direction, in that which it wills and how it wills, and that accordingly no theoretic representations or cognitions have any power over the will. Hence, in the life and actions of man, he considers everything a necessary consequence of this original determination of the will. In this determination consists the inborn character of man, which he cannot change, and which necessarily realizes itself in his life and actions. His cognitions, of whatever kind they may be, sense-perceptions or ideas, personal experiences or general convictions, have no power over the will in this its original determination. "Why one person is wicked and another good," says Schopenhauer, "does not depend on motives or outside influences, or teaching or preaching, and in this sense is simply inexplicable. But whether the wicked person manifests his wickedness in trifling wrongs, cowardly tricks, and low rascality; or whether, as conqueror of the world, he subdues nations, plunges a world into misery, and sheds the blood of millions,—this is the outward form of his phenomenal existence, its non-essential part, and depends on the circumstances in which fate places him, on his surroundings, on outside influences, on motives: but his determination is never explicable from them; that proceeds from the will whose manifestation this man is." Motives can only modify

the will in its original determination by its circumstances and relations in space and time, but, according to this doctrine, can never direct the will itself or determine its direction. Consequently repentance would consist only of vexation over a mistake of cognition which accompanies but cannot change the will. According to this theory, all freedom of action is annihilated in consequence of the impotency of consciousness.

But, in order not at the same time to blot out all responsibility, this fore-ordination theory accepts a freedom of being; meaning to say that the will, determined in its direction from the beginning, is man himself in his essence. The will in itself is perfectly free and omnipotent, and man is only a manifestation of this free and omnipotent will, is himself this will. The act of will which originates the world is our own act, we are assured by Schopenhauer.

This theory denies freedom where we look for it and where alone it is valuable to man, viz. in his life, in the freedom to act; and it assumes a freedom of being in and previous to all actual living, as if man originally gave to himself his own character—his being. This freedom of being seems to us only a misuse of the idea of freedom, which we can comprehend only as a possible predicate of an act. Moreover, all accountability refers to single deeds, not to existence as a whole. Freedom may lie in the idea or in the faculty and vocation of man, and this may be its original character, but it does not become real and valuable to man until its completion when realized through deeds.

But, however it may be, if we assume this freedom of being, it necessarily follows that if there is no freedom of action then all spiritual and ethical life can be comprehended only as a physical process. The great fact of the doctrine of ethics according to Fichte is: "the idea is the basis of the world, with the absolute consciousness that it is it." An ethical world is possible only when consciousness itself is productive; and the productivity of consciousness, I think, is freedom. But when consciousness itself is powerless—only observes, always follows, and at the most only accompanies action—then spiritual life can manifest itself only as a necessary physical process. And to Schopenhauer

it does seem to be such a physical process, in consequence of his doctrine of freedom. Hence he rejects the idea of the right, of duty, of moral necessity, which is only admissible with the presupposition that there is a freedom of action as well as of being. Nothing is moral, but everything is physically necessary, if there is no action resulting from consciousness and if consciousness only follows action.

Since in man the will to live becomes conscious and is accompanied by thoughts and cognitions, then man can occupy a double position in reference to the will; that is, in the affirmation and negation of the will, as Schopenhauer calls it. Man can say "yes" and "no" to his will. The negation is the end, the affirmation, the beginning, of spiritual life.

Originally the will is founded on self-preservation and the enjoyment of life. Egoism results by physical necessity from the affirmation of this will. Necessarily every one who affirms the will to live is an egotist. Egoism is the form of the willing to live. He does not consider it merely as a widespread fact in the world of humanity, but as a physical necessity in all animal beings, because life exists only in the individual. But in each individual is contained the whole will to live, the potentiality of the world, as each individual is but the empty form of this will. And moreover, since each is the subject of cognitions, the whole world and all other individuals are only its (the will's) representations. Hence every individual strives, at the cost of all others, at any price, to preserve his own existence and his enjoyment of existence; the result of which is a general struggle of all animal beings for matter, space, and time, like Hobbes's "war of all against all." According to this, each individual willing is necessarily egoism.

But now Arthur Schopenhauer, with unwearied perseverance, using all the experience at his command, has allowed himself to demonstrate that this life, though grounded in the essence of things and a result of necessity, is nevertheless a failure in every respect.

These individuals miss their end, for they are only instruments of the species, and serve only for the preservation of the species. They live in delusion, for they think themselves something, and for some purpose; but they are only transient,

empty forms of life. Schopenhauer takes pleasure in trying to prove in the most circumstantial manner, that all love of the sexes rests only on such an illusion, under which Nature veils it in order to preserve the race.

These individuals miss their end; for all happiness, all enjoyment, all pleasure of the desiring will, is only negative, only the cancelling of a *dis*-pleasure, since it arises only from a want, a wish, a painful need. Hence it (happiness) vanishes with the release from pain, while the desiring will continues unsatisfied in every desire. Therefore pain and suffering are essential to life and unavoidable. All means to abolish the suffering and misery of life, and to remove its pain and torment, are in vain: they accomplish nothing, and but change the form of the suffering. For the misery of the world lies in the nature of life and struggle. The will itself is this endless struggle, from which all the unhappiness proceeds. Every human life is tossed backwards and forwards between wretchedness and weariness. Therefore the world is absolutely bad, unavoidably bad, of all possible things the worst.

This is the so-called Pessimism of Arthur Schopenhauer—an East Indian doctrine which he has revived. Pessimism is not the recognition of the fact that evil, want and misery are in the world, nor their extension by an arbitrary interpretation, as Schopenhauer has attempted; but it is the assertion that this fact, which no one disputes, is a certain consequence of the will in itself; whence all remedies are useless, as they can alter the shape but not the magnitude of the suffering.

But Pessimism is itself only the consequence of a life of failure. A life is an utter failure which wills that which cannot be willed. Enjoyment and life in order to live cannot be willed.

We can will the means for pleasure, but not pleasure; for we cannot produce it in ourselves or others. But we cannot will that for which we have no capacity. Only fools will what they cannot do. Willing itself means power to do. Enjoyment is always a present, a gift. It is only the result of an activity attaining its end, but is itself no end. A life which leads to Pessimism is a fundamental failure, because it wills that which cannot be willed. It is not as a result that the life

which courts happiness is a failure and leads to Pessimism, but it is a failure through its will, which wills what no one can will. Life in order to live is a failure from its very basis, because it wills what one cannot will—a life without purpose; for, as willing means fixing an end, an activity which determines no end is not willing. Life in order to live is an empty will, which wills in order to will—that is to say, a will which wills nothing. To live in order to live is “to vegetate.”

“There is a conviction,” says Fichte, “in all unbiassed minds that life is not for itself but for an ethical purpose, which is to be realized by life and in life. Where this conviction is lacking, life is a failure and its result is Pessimism.”

Pessimism does not recognize life in vocation, in work, in business—where all labor at a common work in the community of the family, state, church, art, and science—which destroys egoism. Pessimismus is a consequence of this lack. It does not recognize this middle of life from which comes the purification and invigoration of the will, but it recognizes only the beginning, which it calls affirmation, and the end, which it calls negation.

Hence all history seems empty and meaningless, an eternal sameness, to Schopenhauer. He says, “what history relates is only the long, heavy, confused dream of humanity.” A different conviction has governed German philosophy since the time of Kant, because it is penetrated by the ethical spirit. From Lessing and Herder, and ever since, all philosophers have been occupied with the problem of a world-history, because they recognize a middle ground in life between its beginning and end. But Egoism, with Pessimismus in its train, and its negation of the will to live, annuls all history and makes it a confused dream.

According to Schopenhauer, the affirmation of the will is the beginning and its negation the end of spiritual life. He thinks sympathy is the moral motive from which spring the virtues of justice and love. In this doctrine Schopenhauer approaches the English school, especially David Hume, who also derives justice and natural benevolence from sympathy. Schopenhauer only conceives justice negatively, as not to injure any one; whereas it is positive in its nature,

and demands that we treat all men as equals: *surum cuique*. The will of justice is not, as Schopenhauer declares, to leave each one his own, but it is to give to each his own. He says, "love is essentially sympathy — the feeling another's sorrow as my own; for really the sorrow cannot be removed, its form can only be altered."

But the peculiarity of Schopenhauer is the metaphysical basis of this Anglican doctrine. For, since all men are egoists in their nature and essence, the question is how I feel a sorrow as my own which is not mine and does not concern me. "This rests on a higher knowledge," says Schopenhauer, "upon my penetration of the principle of individuality; on my recognition intuitively and immediately that all individuals (considering themselves to be somewhat) are only empty forms of one and the same will, which manifests itself as various individuals scattered through time and space. Thus the difference between my own and another's ego vanishes, all are but identical representations of the same will, and I feel another's sorrow as my own through this penetration of empty individualization." All genuine virtue (thinks Schopenhauer) arises from the immediate and intuitive cognition of the metaphysical identity of all beings.

Meanwhile this metaphysical cognition, which is the origin of all genuine virtue, is itself something difficult of comprehension. Egoists can only mutually fear each other, since they are forever contesting and warring with each other about everything. Each is to himself the all, and every other only a mental image. But how these egoists are suddenly to transform themselves into mutual lovers because they penetrate the principle of individualization and mutually sympathize in their negatoriness, is hard to understand. It might be, in consequence of this immediate and intuitive perception of the metaphysical identity of all things, that they mutually pity, but they cannot love each other. For love involves not only the substantial unity of persons, but rests on the recognition and respect of the persons in their concrete existence, and upon the belief that they are not mere empty forms. It is inconceivable in a doctrine of contempt of the world, in accordance with which Schopenhauer calls ordinary men the manufactured wares of Nature, how love and justice are pos-

sible. If ethical ideas rest on metaphysics, it is not on the metaphysics of this transformation doctrine.

But love and justice are to be only preparations, small attempts toward the goal of spiritual life, the negation of the will, whereby egoism finally gains its full annulment. According to Hobbes, the selfishness of man is governable only by absolute state authority. According to Schopenhauer, egoism (with its life of failure leading to Pessimism) is finally abolished by the negation of the will, the affirmation of which produced it. That will necessarily negates itself which in the beginning wills that which cannot be willed, namely, life in order to live and to enjoy.

The negation of the will takes place when all individualization of life is seen as an empty, perishable, illusive form. This negation transcends all knowledge and description, is an ecstasy, a rapture. It produces the aversion to life, the mortification and destruction of life by castigation and self-torture, the mortification of the will, which is the source of all pain and sorrow.

He considers the errors of a religious life examples of this negation of the will, especially the East Indian religions. This doctrine only half verifies Christianity, which is too much alloyed with Judaism, which Schopenhauer condemns. Religions, he says, are a national metaphysics and necessary for life. But among them all he mostly honors Buddhism.

The final result of the negation of the will is release from sorrow, resignation, perfect absence of will, complete holiness and blessedness, but only by the cancelling of the living being into the nothingness of eternity. This Indian completion is the annihilation of the will which the completion experiences. But the nothing is not to be altogether nothing, only the nothing of the negation of this world of anguish, the nothing which is "no will, no theoretic representation, no world"—what it may be, positively no one knows.

According to Oken, the world is produced from zero. According to Schopenhauer, it passes away into an incomprehensible nothing. He wishes to comprehend the world from itself, but cannot without adding in thought that incomprehensible nothing which he imagines as the end of the world—which it does not possess, but which nevertheless

conditions its existence. The assurance that the world can be comprehended in and by itself is empty talk.

Moreover, the greatest secret of this philosophy is the negation of the will—a secret which it has betrayed to no one. On one hand reality would become nothing through the negation of the will, since the will is the only reality; and on the other hand a negation of the will is only possible by an act of will—from which, therefore, the whole sorrowful world would be created anew in endless transformations. At all events, the endless transformation theory is contained in the logical consequence of this Indian view of the world.

But, even consistently with this doctrine, the negation of the will is only possible by want of logical sequence. It (the negation) is the single free act of the will which becomes phenomenal. Finally, even if too late, it is possible—although considered impossible in Schopenhauer's view of the freedom of the will—it still is possible for consciousness to acquire a power over the will, and a free act takes place in life, even if in an exceptional and enigmatical way. But this possibility proves that the world is not absolutely bad, but contains something good in it—which only comes too late, and not at the right time to intercede and turn the will in another direction, so that it may not finally destroy the world. In spite of itself, Pessimism testifies against itself.

According to Schopenhauer, the world is absolutely bad. But not in the negation of the will, nor before the positing of the will to live, which produces egoism, selfishness, and pleasure-seeking; and a life of failure, in want, misery, unhappiness, and sorrow of all kinds. For before the positing of the will to live, in its existence in elementary and cosmical nature, all the ideas of Pessimism are inapplicable. The absolutely bad world does not proceed from the will to live, but only from its positing. Hence it is only a becoming in the world, which neither corresponds in the beginning or end to the ideas of Pessimism. It is a doctrine not thoroughly thought out. "The absolutely bad world" is only the world which originates from a bad use of the affirmation and negation of the will.

What Schopenhauer calls the will to live, Fichte calls instinct. According to Fichte, instinct must be negated before

it can be realized in deeds, and the higher instinct in the rational being—the Ego—must be affirmed, whence the moral life in the community of man and history arises. This Schopenhauer has inverted. According to him, the instinct or will to live must first be posited, whence after this unsuccessful attempt nothing remains to be done but finally to negate it. Not without reason has Schopenhauer been called “a Fichte standing on his head.”

In India, Pessimism with its negation of the will was an actual life; in Germany, it is only an idle speculation which no one has attempted or dared to realize in life. This idle speculation was rife in Germany when many despaired of the political destiny and moral power of the German nation. That this idle speculation is not yet blown away, now that after great successes the German empire is founded and a hopeful life animates the German people, is only a proof that plants once rooted are difficult of extermination, and need a long time to die out.

Besides the negation of the will, Schopenhauer recognizes but one means within this, in his opinion, absolutely bad world, which though not enduring is at least temporary, and though it frees not all men, still it saves the preferred men of genius from the sorrows of the world and vouchsafes a remedy for them. This remedy is art, the work of genius—the art-view of the world. It frees from the sorrows of life; it is of a kind which gives only happiness, a pure happiness free from all disgust, a will-less perception, a pure enjoyment not preceded by sorrow or want, nor followed by repentance, grief, emptiness or satiety. But this happiness cannot fill the whole of life—only moments of it.

Schopenhauer thus recognizes a world which would be still worse than that which he calls the worst possible. For the world which is worse than the worst possible as he conceives it, would be the world without negation of the will and without art. One who uses relative terms, like “the worst” and “the best,” in an absolute sense, runs into constant danger of making assertions which negate themselves from their inner inconsistency. So, in comparison with the still worse world which lacks negation of the will and art, we may call Schopenhauer's world a better among possible

worlds. Pessimism is not so far off from optimism—the doctrine that the world is the best possible—as they imagine who are in the habit of conceiving everything in the world with these vague, relative ideas. These two ideas have a very narrow application. They have none at all in the theory of Spinoza, according to which the infinite proceeds infinitely out of the infinite: from God necessarily proceeds a divine world, perfect or infinite like Him—a world which can neither be better nor worse than it is, since it cannot be other than it is on account of its origin from God. According to Spinoza, it is not the *best* possible, but the *only* possible, and is therefore infinite like God. It is not infinite in itself, but only for us, or in becoming.

According to Schopenhauer, the recognition of art arises in this way: the recognizing subject suddenly breaks away from the service of the will, in whose service all knowledges and sciences originally are which investigate *ad infinitum* the causes of things, but never find them. The will-less subject of recognition is hereby elevated from the individual and narrow to the universal and only objective and true perception and consideration of things.

But here is evidently a miracle: the subject of the recognition breaks suddenly away from the root of the world, will and its slavery; yes, and more, consciousness; the intellect, an accident, masters and subordinates the will, the substance—although but for a short time, as Schopenhauer adds. With the disappearance of the will in consciousness all sorrow and want would be abolished. What is otherwise not possible yet happens to the genial lover of art: he is freed from will and sorrow, and enjoys the happiness of æsthetic contemplation. Like the romanticists, Schopenhauer prizes the enjoyment of art as the consolation of life,—which men of genius reach through a mystery which is in contradiction to all the ideas of this pessimistic view of the world.

From the height of this æsthetic contemplation the man of genius sees the world from a stand-point quite different from that of the ordinary man. To the latter his capacity for knowledge is only a lantern that lights his way, but to the man of genius it is a sun that reveals the world. He no longer questions “whence?” “whither?” and “why?” Free

from this commonplace, he sees intuitively the true essence of things—the continuing, unchanging form, independent of the temporal existence of the individual. Platonic ideas should be the objects of art, but are only to consist in degrees of objectivation of the will, seen in their purity and essence.

Without doubt this part of Arthur Schopenhauer's writings, "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*," which is full of ingenious conceptions on the works of fine art, and diffuses a pleasing light in his otherwise gloomy and comfortless view of the world, has created a large circle of admirers and followers for him.

Art, which they call the intuitive cognition of ideas, seems both to Schopenhauer and Schelling to be the true science, and all true science to be genial æsthetic appreciation.

But should, in fact, true science (according to the Platonic notions), be the cognition of ideas—apart from the question whether art and science are the same, a view which leads to the confounding of the characteristic with the beautiful, and bases science on personal perceptions—then Schopenhauer's whole view of the world needs a total revision; for this science, the cognition of ideas, is lacking in it. His view only asks the whence and where of things in every-day life, and only says that everything comes from the will to live, which posits and negates itself; but it does not tell us what really is. For the will is only a predicate, which, without a subject, a something-being, we are not able to understand—it may be the will of man, the will of nature, or God's will—and the determination as well as the meaning of the predicate is dependent on the subject, on the something, of which it is declared. The will differs according to the subject whose will it is. The idea of the will, the so-called will in and for itself, is nothing, and cannot create anything. Thinking in mere predicate concepts always causes an unhealthy condition in the life of philosophy, and the only remedy is to give up the habit, because all predicates receive their life and determination from the subjects of which they are declared. From the stand-point of science—which has its necessary form, without which there is no truth—we cannot accept or understand the world-view of Arthur Schopenhau-

er, no matter how much of interest it contains, and all the less since it is based upon a will which wills what it cannot will and does what it should not, and then in despair torments and negates itself.

A will may be the world; but Schopenhauer himself says that he knows not whence he is, and thinks there may be a higher existence which has freedom to be the will to live or not; and thinks, too, the world may not include the whole possibility of being, especially that incomprehensible nothing which is the completion of the world. But this completed state of being, which is freedom to be the will to live or not, is God, without whom we cannot comprehend the world, as Schopenhauer proves in spite of himself. "He who will comprehend the world," says Kant's transcendental *Dialektik* (a part of the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*), "must necessarily think God as the cause of the world, although he cannot comprehend God's existence." This necessity is not obvious to those who do not understand the world, but only wish to live and act.

If the "insatiable will" of Schopenhauer's world-view (which wills only to will) is not from itself, but is only the last refuge of despair, it of course presupposes an absolute being, a God who, if the will of the world is from Him, has so created it that it wills what it can will and does not will what it cannot, that it may do what it ought and not despair, but hope that its work may succeed, since He knows that everything which is created has an eternal destiny and is of imperishable essence.

We have said that in the form of its theoretical cognition the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer stands in decided contrast to German philosophy since the time of Kant. In its form, too, is to be found the foundation of the inconsistencies and the one-sidedness of his view of the world. No isolated proposition can be philosophic; it only becomes so in connection with the whole. Philosophy, says Fichte, is science as a systematic whole; it is logical, consistent, thinking. But he who begins with contradictions ends with absurdities. We are right in rejecting a principle on account of its absurdity. But at the present time Philosophy seems to

have made this principle a maxim, if it thinks that the more absurd its thought, the more truth must be contained in it.

“IDEA IN ITSELF AND WITHOUT ITSELF.”

By THEON GRAY.

In view of the very suggestive essay of Professor Vera upon this subject, I offer you a brief expression from the point of observation which I occupy. Not that I am so desirous to controvert any special view of the theme, as to suggest a commanding view upon comprehensive grounds.

It is doubtless the final object of all ideas that they may become *fully embodied*, or formed outwardly, and permanent in experience or use. It will hardly do to overlook this final objective as a worthy formal equivalent of idea, whatever may be the vitiating conditions that supervene in the formative process. There is necessarily an unfolding process “in Nature” wherein idea or thought as first *mentally* formed does not directly but only inversely appear. It does not thus appear in its own sufficient form determined *through* productive action, but is for the time veiled in the form that does appear and misrepresent it. But all of this is in strict accordance with laws of development; and development takes place in order that what *is* “in itself” (metaphysically) may *become* and clearly subsist in that which is not itself (physically or phenomenally). The necessary mutability and failure premised for the “idea without itself” are simply incidents of the laws of production, wherein that which is planted and that which shall surely be produced in proper form are inverted and obscured for the time being.

To deny that idea or thought can ever become and remain in outward form as in itself is to deny *creative end*, and prostitute all action by denying its true objective vitality. The requisite to a full, comprehensive grasp in the idea, and a result precisely equivalent in ultimate achievement or embodiment, is a proper conception of the full scale of elementary law in creation, and of expression in form accordingly. In such a conception, it will be seen that all the verities in

human experience are subject to laws of development upon the elementary principle of *trinity-in-unity*. Not even "idea in itself" can be exempt from this rule. I mean by this that every special form, whether mental or otherwise, (1) shall have birth in an element of simple unity, indefinite one-ness, chaotic indifference, in which there can be only the form of community of force; (2) shall have an element of duplicity as a dispersive, specializing, and defining form, in which must occur the utmost diversity and complicity of individual forces; (3) shall have a trine—or composing, associating, harmonizing—element, in which, consummated, can occur nothing but such a scientific adjustment and *relation of the manifold in the one* that there can remain no possible want unfulfilled: whereupon come to be actualized thenceforth the most vital activities upon the only satisfactory and enduring principles, *precisely as involved by the one*, as "idea in itself."

Not even this idea or thought in the mind can become composed, whole, comprehensive, globular, in mental fulness, excepting through the operation of the same law of development under the principle of the unal, the dual, and trine, as three discrete forms of one vital verity. And this triunity in the mental evolution of the idea is strictly accordant with a previous law of mental constitution of the same nature. The mind is *constituted*—in relation with its furniture in the outward world—(1) in the principle of the common, indefinite, or communal, at first experienced; (2) by the principle of the special, definite, or isolated, afterward experienced; (3) by the principle of the composite, organic, or associated, as consummating its highest faculties. These elements being essentially inherent, it must be built up and matured accordingly. When thus matured it is prepared to operate all its activities in strict accordance with this principle of triunity, as the coherent principle of all thought and all things, and thus to work (or rather to play and sport mentally) with a power impossible to realize otherwise.

Furthermore, the *formal action*, under what is conceived as the "idea without itself," comes under the same law; and *final action*—the action of life in divine order, when all elements and forces are truly composed and accordant under

the sublime rule of universal science duly embodied—embraces and operates all the elements of *Being* and *Existence*, under the same law of triunity, in eternal *Subsistence*.

In the varied realms I have tried to define, I for the present behold nearly related and equivalent value and character. Mind, thought, action, and ultimate vital uses, all fall far below the divinely constituted pattern which revealed the infinite perfection of the *Divine Natural Humanity* and assured the earthly hopes of mankind. Till the affections become constantly centered on goodness in supreme love thereof, and the intellect yearns worshipfully for eternal truth for the sake of the matchless light thence radiating, there is wanting *the element* of mental wholeness which only can achieve *whole* thought or idea. Wherefore mental conceptions are vitiated, ideas deformed and partial, formative action thence proceeding is at best proportionally infirm, and the result formed is by no possibility better conditioned. With such flawed chains who can look for judgments absolutely binding, or sabbatic repose of thought and action in the repose of true life? In all human experience are strife and commotion. Formation, deformation, and re-formation, are constant; not because "idea in itself" is perfect and "without itself" is a failure," but because mind, thought, action, and result, are all more or less immature and partial—not yet centered upon and coördinated by the eternal Way, Truth, and Life. Let them become thus poised and qualified by infinite mind and thought thus outwardly realized in divinely perfect form, as destined to do in the pending heavens and earth of "the new creation," and we shall hear nothing of the essential difference of "idea in itself and without itself."

The creative idea—in the tranquil realms of infinite Being—is perfectly composed and serene. In the realm of human experience, where that thought goes forth in requisite processes of formative action, it is necessarily obscured by all the imperfections essential to form and fix human character and power to proper human consciousness. God (creative "idea in itself") here *disappears* in order that man may *appear* in his own proper form, as Mr. Henry James so forcibly shows in discussing these important themes. But while the Divine

is apparently supplanted and extinguished in human affairs, it is simply in obedience to that matchless thought of creative love and wisdom, which, comprehending and providing for the whole situation, finds it impossible to raise the human form to its destined power and glory without first planting it in the abyss of impotence and infamy inseparable from a growth in conscious selfhood. Hence human development in the realm of history (creative "idea without itself") is not an end in itself, but a means to a blessed fruition as the destined creative fulness—the Divine consciously in Man and Man consciously in the Divine, both in their own proper form. This order is more or less definitely typified in all special things of our experience. Hence in the generation of a human thought—the affections being right—an idea is first delivered in the mind as a general indefinite conception, arrayed in the light of most intense emotions, charming in proportion as the soul is warmed with the infinite good, and the theme is one of vital importance. In this general first flash the delivery is perfect, and the delight of the soul is equally complete; yet the intellect can by no means thereupon *specifically* delineate and deliver such a conception. It can surely affirm that the truth *is*, and declare its general form; but it cannot elaborately define *how* it is. Because, when a conception is *well formed* in the affections and *planted* in the intellect, it must then be *formed in the intellect* before the intellect can properly deliver it in all its beauty of proportions and power in use.

Now, in order to so adequately form in the intellect, the conception must be recommitted to a new degree of affectional nurture—must be openly held and nursed—while the intellect mostly loses its general hold and begins a new endeavor, that of unfolding the *special* elements involved in the *general* conception.

During this process the intellectual darkness is at times overwhelmingly dense and distressing, which distress is proof of true vitality in the affections, and a promise of intellectual attainment, ultimately, in comprehensive lumen through general and specials made duly one.

I cite this process in the law of thought development (not stopping now for formal scientific delineation) in order to

show how the exhilarating light of the "idea in itself" becomes necessarily distressing darkness in the process of due formation even in the realms of thought; showing, furthermore, that true estimates must take cognizance of *development* and make strict distinction of subjective and objective—point of departure and point of attainment—in order to duly comprehend and become assured of all the essential elements in true place and power.

On some future occasion I hope to clearly formulate and define the laws that dictate this brief expression, as a reliable *science of mind, thought, productive action, and final order in ultimate forms and uses*; whence are easily derived reliable methods of educating mind, vitalizing and assuring thought, directing and regulating productive action, and, finally, of permanently organizing the new sphere of supreme Life and Light.

THE NIOBE GROUP.

By THOMAS DAVIDSON.

O Niobe, con che occhi dolenti
 Vedevo io te segnata in su la strada
 Fra sette e sette tuoi figliuoli spenti!
Dante, Purg. xli. 37-39.

INTRODUCTORY.

Of all the works of plastic art that have descended to us from antiquity, there is perhaps not one that is so difficult to treat as the Niobe Group. The following paper lays no claim either to exhaustiveness or originality; but, as there does not exist in English any comprehensive account of the Group, it may serve to increase the interest now beginning to be felt in many quarters for the great, earnest products of Greek art.

The writer has seen and examined casts, photographs, and many engravings of all that remains of the group. Of the antiques, he has seen only those in Munich, Berlin, London, and Paris. The chief authorities consulted by him are the following:

1. *Dr. K. B. Stark.* Niobe und die Niobiden in ihrer literarischen künstlerischen und mythologischen Bedeutung. Leipzig, 1863.
2. *Dr. K. B. Stark.* Nach dem griechischen Orient. Heidelberg, 1874.
3. *Dr. Carl Friedrichs.* Bausteine zur Geschichte der griechisch-römischen Plastik, oder Berlin's antike Bildwerke. Düsseldorf, 1868.
4. *Adolf Trendelenburg.* Niobe. Betrachtungen über das Schöne und Erhabene. Kleine Schriften. Leipzig, 1871.
5. *Joh. Overbeck.* Geschichte der griechischen Plastik für Künstler und Kunstfreunde. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1869.

The subject is treated under the following heads :

- 1°. The Niobe Myth.
- 2°. The Condition of Artistic Thought at the Time when the Original of the Niobe Group was produced.
- 3°. The Niobe Group, its History and present Condition.
- 4°. The Original Aspect and Purpose of the Group.
- 5°. Motives of the Group and Description of the separate Statues.

I. THE NIOBE MYTH.

The first mention made of Niobe in Greek literature occurs in the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, lines 602-617. Achilles, addressing Priamos, who has come to beg the body of the slain Hector, says :

“Behold, thy son is ransomed, aged man,
As thou hast begged, and lies in state. At rise
Of Morn thou shalt behold and bear him hence.
But now let us bethink ourselves to sup;
For even the fair-haired Niobe bethought
Herself of food, though children twelve lay dead
Within her halls, six daughters and six sons
In youthful prime. The sons Apollo slew
With arrows from his silver bow, incensed
At Niobe; the daughters, Artemis
The archer-queen, because she made herself
The peer of Lêtô of the beauteous cheeks,
Whom she reproached as mother of but twain,
While she herself had given to many birth.
But they, though only two, slew all of hers.
And these for nine days' space lay stretched in blood,
And there was none to give them burial,
For Kronos' son had made the people stones.
But on the tenth the gods Uranian
Interred them. Yet did Niobe bethink
Herself of food, though worn with waste of tears.
And now among the rocks and lonely hills,
On Sipylos, where Ile, tradition says,
The resting-places of the goddess nymphs

That lightly tript on Achelôos' banks,
 Although a stone, she broods upon the woes
 Inflicted by the gods."

This, as far as the consciousness of the Greeks was concerned, is the kernel of the story, which it would be easy enough to connect with dawn-myths, as is the custom at present, or with a mystic philosophy, as was the custom half a century ago. We shall do neither, but shall give the myth in its fully developed form, as it was known to the tragedians Æschylos and Sophoklês, who made it the theme of tragedies in the century before the date of the Niobe Group.

In the burg or castle of her father Tantalos, situated on a bend of Mt. Sipylos, a little to the north of Smyrna in Lydia, Niobe was born. Already her father had given evidence of that *ὕbris*, or insolence, which characterized and destroyed himself and all his race. The youthful Niobe, however, seems to have led as innocent and idyllic a life as her hardly more fortunate counterpart, the Krimhild of the *Nibelungenlied*. Sappho tells us that "Lêtô and Niobe were very loving companions," and a picture at Herculaneum represents the two playing together. More fortunate had it been for Niobe had she not been so intimate with the divine Lêtô. In this, as in many other cases, familiarity bred contempt, albeit Lêtô was a goddess.

When Niobe grew up to womanhood, she was wooed and won by Amphion, son of Zeus and Antiope, twin-brother of Zethus, and king of Thebes in Bœotia, the same who, by the music of his lyre, induced the stones to come and build themselves into walls around his powerful capital. Thus Niobe, herself the grand-daughter of the father of the gods, married a son of Zeus, a man in every way worthy of her. In her married life, she met with everything that could make her happy and develop in her that insolence, or forgetfulness of her human limitations, which the Greeks believed to be the inseparable nemesis of incessant good fortune. Besides the high birth, the personal beauty, and the unbounded wealth, which she had inherited, she had now sovereign power, a husband whom she adored, and, what appealed more than all else to her womanly nature, a family of blooming children, each fit to

have been the direct offspring of a divinity. The number of these children is variously given by different poets. Homer, as we have seen, gives her six sons and six daughters, and that was probably the uniform number in the yet older forms of the myth. Hesiod apparently gave her ten sons and ten daughters, and in this he was followed by Mimnermos, Pindar, and Bacchylidês. Sappho gave her nine sons and nine daughters, while Alkman reduced the number to five sons and five daughters. The number most generally assigned to her, however, and the number assumed by the tragedians who may be supposed to have specially influenced the artist of the Niobe Group, was seven sons and seven daughters. There are special reasons connected with the worship of Apollo for fixing upon the double of seven, rather than the double of six, as the number of Niobe's children.

When the worship of Apollo and Artemis, the divine offspring of her old divine playmate Lêtô, or rather, when the worship of Lêtô herself, was introduced into Thebes, and when the Theban women, warned by Mantô the daughter of Teiresias the prophet, went in procession to the altar of the goddess, to perform the rightful acts of sacrifice and worship, the beautiful and haughty queen drove after them in her chariot, and with indignation commanded them to desist and leave the altars of Lêtô, reminding them that she, their visible queen, the daughter of Tantalos, the grand-daughter of Atlas and of Zeus himself—she, the wife of Amphion—she, the possessor of uncounted wealth—she, the divinely fair—she, the mother of seven sons and seven daughters,—far better deserved their worship than Lêtô, whose only recommendation was that she was the mother of two children, and whom the earth had almost refused a spot to give these birth in. With such haughty language, she drove the Theban women from the altars of Lêtô. The latter, indignant at the insult done to her divinity, laid her complaint before her two children, Apollo and Artemis, and entreated them to take vengeance for her. Her entreaties met with a ready response, and the god of the silver bow and the archer-queen, descending, slew in one day, the former all the sons of Niobe, the latter all the daughters, and left their mother childless. In the bereaved Niobe, the heavenly descended

queen and the human mother now struggle for mastery. Unrelenting to the last, and disdaining to utter a complaint or an entreaty or to shed a tear, she, nevertheless, suffers such pain, that Zeus, seeing it to have reached the limit beyond which the human cannot pass, is himself moved to pity, turns her into stone, and, in a whirlwind, carries her off back to her native Sipylos, the scene of her innocent youth, where, say the poets, she still sits in stone and weeps.

It will be observed that in many, though in no very essential points, this form of the myth differs from that given in Homer. In Homer, for example, Zeus turns the people of the country into stone, so that they cannot bury the dead: in the developed myth, he turns Niobe herself into stone, which weeps and shows more feeling than she.

In its oldest, Homeric form, the myth of Niobe has already almost forgotten its origin in natural phenomena and passed into the moral sphere. But even here it still bears some traces of its origin, and these are even more numerous and more distinctly pronounced in later poetry. Even were we not aided by the etymology of the word *Niobe*, which undoubtedly means *snow*, or *snow-cloud*, or *snow-goddess*, we should hardly find any difficulty in tracing the myth to its origin. (See Max Müller, *Zeitschrift für vergl. Sprachforschung*, vol. xix., pp. 42-3.) Niobe is the snow-cloud which covers and conceals the lofty mountain peak, and whose offspring are the lower snowy summits. Niobe aspires to be the equal of the skyey powers, and seems for a time to be all-prevailing. But the spring-time comes, and the warm sun smites and destroys the children of Niobe, which disappear under the teeming earth. The snow-cloud is wafted by the swift, warm wind of Zeus from the towering peak, which now stands out bare and rocky, and seems to weep the rivulets that flow down to water the vales below.

How conscious the poets of the best days of Greece were of the natural origin of the myth may be seen from a passage in Sophoklês (*Antigonê*, lines 823 sqq.), in which the fearless daughter of Œdipous, doomed to be buried alive, compares herself to Niobe, in words which baffle all translation:

“ Yea, I have heard speak of the Phrygian
Stranger, Tantalos' child, and her
Dismal death upon Sipylos' height.

Like stubborn ivy, about her grew up
Strong stone; and, as she melts in tears,—
(Such is the legend,)—
Tempestuous rains and snows never forsake her,
But bathe the breast of her 'neath brows all tears."

The myth appears in various places both in Greece proper and in Asia Minor, and almost wherever there are lofty, cloud-compelling mountain-peaks. It was finally located on Mount Sipylus, in the neighborhood of Smyrna. When this took place, it is impossible to say; but there can hardly be any doubt that the passage in Homer which records the location is a late interpolation. As we have seen, the connection with Sipylus must have been familiar before the time of Sophoklês. Anakreôn, or whoever wrote the odes attributed to him, tells us that "the daughter of Tantalos once stood a stone on the Phrygian hills," and there are other allusions of a similar kind. The cause which led to the bringing of Niobe into connection with Mount Sipylus we can perhaps trace out.

Pausanias, speaking of the theatre of Dionysos at Athens, says of a cave connected with it, "There are in it an Apollo and an Artemis destroying the children of Niobe. This Niobe I myself saw when I ascended Mount Sipylus. When closely approached, it seems merely a mass of unhewn stone, without any resemblance at all to a woman, weeping or otherwise; whereas, if viewed from a distance, it strikes one at once as representing a woman weeping and bowed down." From this and other allusions it is quite plain that the ancients were acquainted with a rude statue, hewn in high relief out of the rocky side of Mount Sipylus, and representing a woman sitting bowed down in the attitude of weeping. This statue, which was originally perhaps intended to represent Kybelê, the mother of the gods, was — not improbably at the time of the Ionian migration — mistaken for Niobe. The Niobe-myth was ever afterwards connected with Mount Sipylus.

The statue in question has been re-discovered in modern times, and still corresponds accurately to the description given of it by Pausanias. It is hewn out of the solid rock, and is about four times life-size. The face of the rock has been made even to the height of about fifty feet. In this

even surface has been sunk an arched niche of about thirty-five feet in height, and therein is hewn the figure of Niobe. At a short distance the motive of the relief can easily be made out. From a small cleft in the almost perpendicular rocks above there runs a stream of water, which, trickling down over the statue, makes it seem to weep. Thus, what is perhaps the oldest existing monument of Greek art represents the unhappy Niobe weeping for her children.

II. THE CONDITION OF ARTISTIC THOUGHT AT THE TIME WHEN THE ORIGINAL OF THE NIOBE GROUP WAS PRODUCED.

In the thirty-sixth book of his *Natural History*, Pliny, speaking of the doubts entertained concerning the authorship of a statue of Janus, tells us that there was a similar uncertainty as to whether Skopas or Praxitelês sculptured the group of the dying children of Niobe in the temple of Apollo Sosianus. Here he unquestionably refers to our group. Authors less cautious than Pliny unhesitatingly attributed it to Praxitelês. There is an epigram in the Greek Anthology, which says, speaking in the person of Niobe (iv. 181, 298):

"From life to stone the gods transformed me once:
From stone to life Praxitelês recalled."

In the same spirit one of Ausonius's epigrams (28):

"I lived, I turned to stone, which, carved by
Praxitelês, rewoke as Niobe.
The artist's hands restored me all save sense,
And that I had not when I spurned the gods."

Whichever of the great artists, Skopas or Praxitelês, was the author of the Niobe Group—and the views of modern critics are largely divided upon the point—there can be no reasonable doubt that it was the work of either the one or the other, and therefore there can be no difficulty in assigning the period at which it was produced. Skopas was born in the island of Paros about the year 420 B.C., and Praxitelês at Athens about 392. This would place the period of the artistic activity of the former between 390 and 340, that of the latter between 370 and 320, allowing a slight margin for uncertainty of reckoning. Speaking roughly then, their artistic lives, taken together, extended from the termination of the Peloponnesian war and the humiliation of Athens to

the establishment of the Macedonian monarchy of Alexander.

It is barely possible to give an adequate account of the events and aspects of this stormy period; still less to bring into view the changes of thought and conviction to which it gave birth. They are found reflected not only in the historical writings of the time, but also in the philosophy, the religion, and the art of it. We can trace them not only in Thukydidês and Xenophôn, but also in Plato and Aristotle, in the later tragedy and comedy, and perhaps, more than all, in the sculpture and the painting. The Peloponnesian war, of whose importance its historian Thukydidês was well aware, not only broke the political and financial power of the Greek States, making them an easy prey to the first bold adventurer who might choose to attack them, but it likewise wrought a complete change in the views and convictions of the Greeks themselves, and especially of the Athenians, who had been most grievously affected by it. The change had indeed been preparing even before that—from the very rise of Athenian democracy; but it did not find its full expression till after the fall of Athens. Then the Athenians, in their hour of adversity, were brought face to face with their own principles in their results, and all their past suddenly came up in their consciousness in bold relief against their present. From that hour, the naïveté, the unconscious genius of the Athenians is gone. All that they do henceforth is conscious. Their poets and artists are now philosophers. Some reject altogether the principles of democracy, because they have been found, in a great crisis, to lead to ruin: others hold on to them, thinking that their end is not yet, and that after night will come the dawn. Plato, in despair of finding any form of government that will be satisfactory, invents an Utopia, in which philosophers are to be the kings, and lays the basis of Greek Romanticism. Aristotle, in whom, more than in any other man, all that Greece represented became conscious and found adequate expression, tries to find the rational in that which has been, and thereupon to rear an edifice for the future, thus placing himself in direct opposition to Romanticism. In the midst of all these divisions and antitheses, this utter break-

ing down of the old political consciousness of the Greeks, there arose, more and more, the consciousness of individuality, a consciousness which especially affected Athens, and, among the forms of her activity, her art in particular. Art now retired from public into private life, and represented individuals instead of types, particular affections and states of the soul instead of the divine calm of unruffled self-command. Athens, no longer rich and powerful, was unable as a state to patronize art, as she had done in the days of Pheidias, so that art was now obliged either to emigrate or to look about for support from private enterprise. It thus ceased to represent the ideals of a great people, or the types of national divinities, and followed the subjective taste of the artist or the wealthy purchaser. Artists began to sculpture and expose their works for sale.

All these changes place an immense gulf between the sculpture of the days of Periklês and that of the time of which we are speaking. This appears both in the choice of subject and in the manner of treating it. The subjects are no longer religious as of yore, but mythological. No longer statues of Zeus and Hêra enthroned in divine repose, whose power needed no exhibition to render it visible, but representations of divinities holding relations with human beings, performing some special action, or influenced by some desire or passion. Thus, while the older Pheidian art had aimed at producing forms of matchless beauty, and cared little about expression, as far at least as the passions and feelings were concerned, the later art of Skopas and Praxitelês did its best to combine the expression of feeling with beauty of form. We might say that, while the art of Pheidias and his time expresses character in repose, that of Skopas and Praxitelês represents feeling in action. The former strives to express an essence, the latter an action. There is all this distinction between the divine calm of the Zeus of Pheidias and the immortal pain of Niobe.

In a certain sense, the art of the later period, to which the Niobe belongs, is superior to the art of Pheidias, as well as to all subsequent Greek art. Taken all in all, it is perhaps the most perfect of all art. It holds the golden mean between two extremes. While it neither reaches the typical forms of

beauty realized by Pheidias, nor expresses the extremes of feeling, such as we find in the contortions of Laokoön, it combines expression of feeling with perfection of form in a manner which has never again been imitated. From this time onward, Greek art, in its attempt to express feeling, or to appeal to low desires, departs more and more from the principle of beauty, its true life and essence.

There was another circumstance which contributed very greatly to place a distinction between the national Athenian art of Pheidias and the art of the following century, and that was the development of tragic poetry, which reached its height under Periklês, but did not affect plastic art until later. While Pheidias had drawn his ideals of the gods from the Homeric epics, the later sculptors drew theirs from the tragedies of Æschylos, Sophoklês, and Euripidês. Sophoklês, the longest-lived of these poets, died in B.C. 406, and Skopas, as we have seen, was born 14 years before, and Praxitelês 14 years after, that date. In the hands of these artists, sculpture ceased to be epic and became tragic, so much so, that most of their works, and the Niobe Group among the rest, are based upon particular tragedies, having particular plots and motives. This accounts for the prevalence of groups in this period, and leads us to conclude that, whatever is true in regard to the principles, motives, and underlying thought of Greek tragedy in its best days, is true, as far as the nature of sculpture will admit, of the tragic sculpture of Skopas and Praxitelês. Aristotle, who was the somewhat younger contemporary of these artists, and who may very well have seen the original of the Niobe Group, gives, in his own terse way, a definition of tragedy which will apply, *mutatis mutandis*, equally well to the *sculpture* of the period of which we are speaking. When we omit all that refers to the language of tragedy, that definition runs as follows:

“Tragedy is an ideal representation of an earnest fact in the world of action, a fact complete in itself, and accomplishes through pity and fear the purgation of these emotions.”

This is no mere whimsical, subjective definition of what tragedy ought to be; it is an inductive definition of what the tragedy of Greece had been, and, consciously or unconsciously-

ly, it was the creative principle of the plastic art of the century following. "Pity and fear," says the definition. What else are these but the elements of the sublime? And is not the art of Skopas and Praxitelês the art of the sublime, in contra-distinction to the art of Pheidias, which is that of the divinely beautiful?

This distinction may be made a little more apparent. Go out on a windless morning in June and stand on a rocky shore, just after sunrise, when the mist is lifting from the blue, unruffled water, and you will have before you one of the most purely beautiful sights that the physical world has to present. If your mind is not out of tune, you can stand there an hour, and gaze, in satisfied, dreamy repose, feeling the "rapture of the lonely shore." When you turn away, you will say to yourself that you have been unutterably blest, and that this world is passing fair. You will be inclined, moreover, to rest and dream for the rest of that day.

If, on the other hand, you will visit the same spot on a morning in September, when the equinoctial winds are high, stand there, while the morning air freshens into a breeze, and the breeze into a gale, and the gale into a storm; watch how the slight ripples swell into waves, the waves into billows and the billows into surges, and how these writhe and struggle and fling themselves in their fury against the rocks at your feet; and fill your whole soul with the grandeur of the spectacle—you will have no inclination to turn away until it is over. If you wait until the wind subsides, you will see the surges gradually decrease in size and force, until they become first billows, then waves, and then again ripples. Nature has again resumed the quiet tenor of her way, and you have been with the sublime. If, in turning away, you cast a last look at the ripples, they will mean more to you than they did when you first looked at them. Though merely beautiful now, they will suggest to you all the terrific grandeur of the storm, and you will have in one thought the terrible and the beautiful. This constitutes the sublime in Nature. It is not, however, the highest form of the sublime. There is yet wanting a powerful element, which is found only in the world of Spirit.

If now, instead of going to the ocean's brim to look, you

turn your eye to the ocean of Spirit, as manifested in human existence, you will, perchance, be able to discover this higher form. It is not necessary to find in human life a particular counterpart to the waveless sea of the June morning. We all know lives that "glide on like a summer's dream," and how beautiful they are. When we are weary and worn in our toils, or baffled and disappointed in our purposes, our thoughts turn to such lives, and dwell upon them with lingering fondness. They are not great lives, we know, and in our hours of vigor we should not envy them; but, after all, they are beautiful, and we love them. They have been drawn, over and over again, by artists and poets who could do all but the highest. That highest was reserved for the grand old masters,

" Whose mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor."

And that highest is the sublime in life, or, otherwise, the tragic, whose elements are not alone beauty and fear, but beauty, fear, and pity. While the sublime in the pitiless world of nature is made up of two elements, the sublime in the spiritual world has three. Spirit alone calls forth pity.

Let us look at the ocean of Spirit as it lies mirrored in the tragic myths of the Greeks—in that of Niobe, for example, which will illustrate our meaning better, perhaps, than any other. In the young Niobe, as she plays, on the hills of Lydia, with the divine Lêtô, you have the beautiful, calm ocean of the June morning—a picture as idyllic as the life of Adam and Eve in paradise. You can dwell upon it for hours with ever new satisfaction. A landscape painter would delight to paint it. Watch Niobe as she grows up, and you will see the breath of ambition (the Greeks called it *ὕβρις*, or insolence,) which is in the blood of the children of Tantalos, gradually freshening into a wind, the wind into a gale, the gale into a storm, forcing her at last to dash herself against the immovable rocks of divine purpose, upon which not only she, but all the lives that she has borne upon her bosom, are broken and tossed like spray. After the storm, the calm. Niobe is restored to the scenes of her innocent youth—the mountains of Lydia. She is calmer now than even in the days of her childhood. She is beyond ambition and insolence. The di-

vine purpose, which she has called into active manifestation, pursues the even, unobtrusive tenor of its way, and all is quiet again. Niobe is not only beautiful now; she is sublime. Quiet and stony as she is, she is more eloquent than ever in life. Her calm suggests to you the storm of insolence breaking against the divine order of things, and in the two-fold thought you have the sublime of the world of Spirit—the sublime made up of the three elements of beauty, fear, and pity. This was the sublime that the great tragedians of the fifth century B.C., and the great sculptors of the fourth, tried to portray: this is the underlying thought that shaped the group of the all-suffering Niobe.

III. THE NIOBE GROUP, ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION.

Pliny, as we have seen, tells us that the Niobe Group stood in his time—that is, in the second half of the first century of our era—in the temple of Apollo Sosianus in Rome. This temple appears to have been built by Gaius Sosius, who, in B.C. 38, was appointed by Mark Antony governor of Syria and Kilikia. This is the Sosius who placed Herod on the throne of Judæa, who triumphed in B.C. 34, who was consul in 32, and who commanded the left wing of Antony's fleet at the battle of Actium. Like most of the powerful Romans of his time, he had three very marked characteristics—a taste for art, a desire to perpetuate his memory, and much unscrupulousness. Under the influence of these, he appears, after his triumph, to have erected, outside of the Porta Carmentalis, a temple, called by his own name, to Apollo, and to have adorned it with works of Grecian art appropriated by him when he was governor of Syria and Kilikia. Among these works was the Niobe Group, and in this temple it remained for a century at least.

From what place in the East Sosius brought it, is not easy to determine. Some think that it came from Seleukia in Syria, and that it adorned a temple of Apollo there. Be this as it may, it was at Rome in the first century of our era. What became of it subsequently it is impossible to say. Certain it is that in some one of the disasters which befel the city of Rome in the early centuries of our era, it was destroyed, or, at least, lost sight of, and has never since been

recovered. In the year 1583, however, there was found, on the Via Labicana, near the church of San Giovanni Laterano in Rome, the greater part of a copy of it; and this is what is now known to us as the Niobe Group. It was purchased by the Grand-duke of Tuscany for something like 1500 scudi, and set up in the Villa Medici. Thence it was removed to Florence in the year 1775, and underwent restoration. A special apartment was built for it in the Uffizi, in which it was finally set up, each statue on a separate pedestal, in 1794.

The copy was for a long time considered to be the original; but opposed to this belief are many facts of great weight. First, there is a great difference of workmanship in the different statues, showing that they are not all from one hand; second, the statues are not all of one kind of marble, as those of the original group must undoubtedly have been; and, third, there are in existence more than one copy of several of them, e.g. of F, M, O, and Q. Whether these grounds might not be partially invalidated, and a part at least of the group vindicated as original, might be doubtful. Certain, however, it is that critics are now all but unanimous in the conviction that we possess only an imperfect copy.

The group, when found in 1583, consisted of thirteen figures, viz.: Niobe herself and her youngest daughter, H, I; four other daughters, B, F, G, and K (upon the authenticity of the last of which much doubt has been expressed); six sons, C, D, N, O, P, Q, and the pædagogos, M. If we allow Niobe seven sons and seven daughters, these with herself and the pædagogos would bring the number of figures up to sixteen. It is not improbable that the family nurse was present, forming a counterpart to the pædagogos. Supposing, however, we estimate the original number at sixteen, we still lack four figures, viz., one son and three daughters. Various attempts have been made in recent times to fill the gaps in the group by the insertion of other statues found elsewhere. The success of several of these attempts leaves no room for doubt. There is in the Vatican a duplicate of the son marked D, and before him, and forming a group with him, a youthful sister, whom he is in the act of trying to support with his left hand, and to shield with the mantle in his right. That this daughter originally belonged to

the group there can be no reasonable doubt. Thorwaldsen, again, placed in it a kneeling figure, A, at present in Florence, and formerly believed to be a Narkissos; and all critics are agreed that he was justified in so doing. If we add these to the thirteen originally found, we shall raise the number of the figures to fifteen, and there will remain only one daughter to be accounted for. Shortly after the discovery of the Niobe Group, there was added to it a statue of uncertain origin, L, which has ever since remained in it, though with what right is very doubtful. If this statue were admitted, we should have something like a copy of the entire group.

Several archæologists have tried to add other figures besides those mentioned, but their suggestions have not met with general acceptance. Perhaps the strongest efforts have been made in favor of the so-called Ilioneus (R) in the *Glyptothek* at Munich, and the wrestler-group (S) in Florence. In favor of the latter is the fact that it was found along with the group in 1583. I have already remarked that one of the figures found at that time is considered by more than one competent critic as not belonging to the group. This is the female figure marked K. It is rejected by Overbeck, but admitted by Stark. Admitting it provisionally, in default of anything more evidently suitable, we have, with some degree of probability, copies more or less perfect of all the sixteen figures of which the group was originally composed. At all events we have enough to enable us to determine, with some measure of likelihood, how the whole originally looked, for what purpose it was intended, and where and how it stood.

IV. THE ORIGINAL ASPECT AND PURPOSE OF THE GROUP.

Pliny, as we have seen, tells us that the Niobe Group stood, in his time, in the temple of Apollo Sosianus at Rome. The expression "in the temple" is very vague, and gives us no information as to how or whereabouts the statues were placed. It merely tells that it was not in the *τέμενος* or open space in front of the temple; but whether it adorned the interior of the cella, and, if so, how it was arranged, or whether it occupied some other position in the temple, we are left to guess. The matter, however, is one of very small importance, inas-

much as, even if we knew how the figures stood in Rome, we should still be in doubt whether their position there corresponded with their original one. We are, therefore, left entirely, in our attempts to determine the purpose and original arrangement of the group, to considerations derived from the group itself, and a comparison of it with other groups whose original position we know with certainty.

The conjectures and theories which have been hazarded respecting the original position and arrangement of the Niobe Group may be reduced to four.

1°. It has been supposed to have stood, like at least one other group, about whose position we are sufficiently well informed—the work of Lykios, representing the last combat of Achilleus with Memnōn—in a semicircle in the court-yard of a temple; but this is rendered extremely unlikely by the fact that the different figures are carefully finished only on one side, and could, therefore, hardly have been placed where they could be seen from all sides.

2°. The figures have been supposed to have stood on separate pedestals in the cella of a temple, pretty much as they now stand in the gallery at Florence; but this is rendered more than improbable by the well known fact that no statues were admitted into a Greek temple except those directly connected with the worship of the particular god; and this the Niobe Group certainly could not have been.

3°. They have been supposed to have occupied separate niches about the temple, or to have stood in the intercolumnal spaces on the outside; but this is, to say the least, rendered in a high degree improbable by the evident unity of the group, which would lose very much of its grandeur and tragic purpose, if not seen as a whole.

The inadequacy of these three hypotheses has forced a large number of archæologists to the adoption of a fourth, which, while it has a certain degree of antecedent probability, is supported by many very strong grounds of analogy, as well as by some cogent reasons drawn from the configuration of the group itself. The objections thus far urged against it are not so cogent as they at first sight appear. This theory, which was originally propounded by the English critic Cockerell, was afterwards worked out in detail

and based upon independent grounds by the German archæologist Welcker.

4°. In all Greek temples, between the frieze surmounting the columns in front and the cornice of the two ends of the slanting roof there was a space in the form of a very flat isocèles triangle, called by the Greeks *ἀετός*, *ἀέτωμα*, *τύμπανον*, *δέλτα*; by the Latins, *fastigium*; and by ourselves, *the pediment*. This pediment, unavoidable from the principles of Greek architecture, was originally a very intractable thing, and it took the genius of the Greeks to utilize it, and make it, instead of being a blemish, a basis for the very highest forms of decoration. Such decoration they understood how to bring into harmony with the rest of the building, and in this way contributed very much to the advancement of both architecture and sculpture. It was customary to place in the pediment a group representing some great action of the god to whose worship the temple was dedicated. But the space was of triangular form, and, consequently, only groups having more or less pyramidal contour could be put into it. The principal figure would, of course, have to be in the middle, under the ridge of the roof, and the others would have to be arranged on both sides, on a scale of decreasing vertical dimension toward the eaves. That a group representing the destruction of the children of Niobe would be admirably suited for such a position, both as regards subject and possible composition, is sufficiently obvious. For a temple dedicated to Apollo and Artemis in common, it would, indeed, be almost the only one available, inasmuch as this is almost the only great occasion on which they are mentioned as having acted in concert. It would likewise be admirably suited for a temple of Lêtô; and even for a temple of Apollo alone, it would not be without its fitness. Nothing else could better express the nature, extent, and righteousness of his power. In view of these considerations, it has been conjectured, with a fair amount of probability, that the Niobe Group was originally intended to occupy the pediment of a temple of Apollo.

The question then comes to be: Does the group itself, its number and proportions, give any countenance to this view? In other words, if we place Niobe in the middle, can we

arrange the other members of the group in such a way that the whole could be made to fit into the pediment of a Greek temple? If we assume that the figures we now have stand in very much the same proportion to each other as those of the original group did, we shall have no difficulty in seeing that they might be made to fit into a triangular space. Whether, however, they would fit into a triangular space of the proportions of the pediment of any known or possible Greek temple is another question, and one that must be answered in the negative. This has been proved by actual measurement. Herein lies the main objection to the theory. Other objections are that the figures are too slender, too little massive, to have been intended to be viewed from a distance, and that the angle at which the front side of the base of the statue of the fallen Niobid, Q, is hewn away, shows that it must have been placed but a very little above the eye of the spectator, if it was to afford the best view. Now, these objections, one and all, owe their validity to the one assumption that the figures which we have and consider as belonging to the group, stand to each other in the same proportion as those of the original group did. But this is purely an assumption, nothing more, and there are several things that militate strongly against it. In the first place, in cases where there are several copies of the same figure, these are not by any means always of the same size. For example, the Florentine copy of the fallen Niobid is about 6 ft. 2 in. long, the Munich copy 5 ft. 6 in., and the Dresden copy 6 ft. 6 in.; and this is not the only case. This renders it quite plain that any inference drawn from the relative dimensions of the figures known to us has very little cogency. Besides this, there is another very important fact that must be taken into consideration.

It has already been remarked that the sculptured groups of the fourth century B.C. drew their subjects directly from the tragic poetry of the previous century, and indeed, generally, from particular tragedies. Now, we know that both Æschylos and Sophoklès wrote tragedies on the myth of Niobe. Both these tragedies are lost, with the exception of a few fragments. From what remains of that of Sophoklès, we glean that he represented the destruction of Niobe's chil-

dren as taking place in the royal palace at Thebes. If, on the other hand, we consult the later mythographers, who drew their material very largely from the tragedians, we shall find them pretty unanimous in placing the scene of the catastrophe in a mountainous region, on a rocky ground. This is notably true of Ovid, whose narrative of the event, in the sixth book of the *Metamorphoses*, may have been written in view of the very group we are treating. Under these circumstances, we should be almost justified in assuming that the sculptor of the Niobe Group based his work upon a tragedy which placed the scene of the terrible catastrophe upon a mountainous or rocky platform. This assumption becomes almost a certainty when we examine attentively the bases of the different statues. These represent rocky surfaces. It is quite plain that several of the sons are running over rocks and trying to ascend. This is especially evident in the cases of the figures marked C and O. If, then, we suppose Niobe to have been placed on the summit of a rocky eminence, and imagine that her children, in their terror, are attempting to run to her (and all this is in a high degree probable), we shall perhaps be able to group the figures in such a way as to bring them, with great effect, within a pediment of Grecian proportions.

The objection to the theory derived from the want of massiveness in the figures is more apparent than real. It is true, they are not so massive as the Elgin Marbles, nor so thick-set as the Æginetan Group in Munich; at the same time they are not slender enough to unfit them for a position in a pediment of considerable height, even if we suppose the original figures to have been no larger than the extant copies. The objection advanced in connection with the fallen Niobid does not apply to the best copy, viz., the one in Munich, as I know from personal examination. The best view of that exquisite figure is obtained from below, when the line of vision forms an angle of about 45° with the upper surface of the base.*

It would be unwise to dogmatize concerning the original position of the Niobe Group. At the same time, it must be

* Cf. Heinrich Brunn, *Beschreibung der Glyptothek Ludwig's I. zu München*, 2te. Aufl. p. 170.

admitted that the pediment-theory of Cockerell and Welcker is still the most probable one, and therefore, until some more specious theory is proposed, we shall be justified in adhering to it. Three points, at least, may be regarded as absolutely certain: 1°. that the figures formed an undivided group placed upon an uneven, rocky base; 2°. that this group was intended to be looked at from below; and, 3°. that it was intended to be seen from one side only. Assuming then, provisionally, that the Niobe Group was intended to occupy the pediment of a temple, and that it consisted of the sixteen figures represented in the accompanying cut, we may pass to

V. MOTIVES OF THE GROUP AND DESCRIPTION OF THE SEPARATE STATUES.

One may suppose himself approaching a great, earnest temple of Apollo, built in the Doric style, with its plain columns and general soberness of adornment. When the general aspect of the edifice has produced its awesome and solemnizing effect upon him, he lifts his eyes to the pediment and beholds the power of the pure and purifying god manifested in visible form. He is in the presence of the awe-inspiring Niobe Group, in which is revealed the divine moral order of the Universe working its discordant elements into sublime harmony. He sees no image of Apollo or of Artemis. It is their power, not themselves, that is here manifested. Any attempt to represent "the power in darkness whom we guess" would have detracted much from the sublimity of the conception. That which we see is very much less awful than that which is hidden from us. It is true that some critics have tried to place the Apollo of Belvedere in the group; but such an attempt must be regarded as involving a misconception. Where, indeed, could we imagine him to have stood? Even if we could locate him, he could hardly be represented otherwise than as bending his bow, which would be a very prosy conception, compared with the leaving of him invisible. We may thus take it for granted that the divinities Apollo and Artemis were never represented in connection with the group at all. This, indeed, might be shown conclusively from the attitudes of the principal figures in the group itself.

The moment chosen by the artist is the most suggestive and artistic possible. A moment earlier, and the terror, which is the moving power in the group, has not seized all its members and imparted unity; a moment later, Niobe stands alone surrounded by her dead—a scene which to Greek feeling was, and to ours ought to be, repulsive. As it is, all is yet life and motion. We see at once the beauty and the glory that have been, and the disgrace and ruin that are about to be. The whole past and the whole future are grasped together for us in one sublime moment. Just as, when a fire has broken out in a magnificent building, we see in the brilliant flames, at the moment when they have laid such hold upon it as to convince us that all rescue is impossible, at once the magnificence that has been and the charred desolation that is about to be, so it is in the Niobe Group. In the light of the universal terror, we behold all that has been and all that will be, so artistically is the moment chosen.

All the children are hurrying toward their mother, the common source of all their trouble—her transgression returns to her in visible form. Nevertheless their looks are turned in various directions as if in search of the cause of their danger. Not one of them knows its true source; only Niobe herself, who looks toward heaven. In the face of every one of the children there is expressed the utmost surprise and consciousness of innocence. They are the unoffending sufferers for their mother's guilt, the possibility of which as yet flows only unconsciously in their blood.

On the extreme right we have a young son, marked Q, already stretched lifeless on the ground. He is entirely naked, his chlamys being spread out under him. His right hand and his eyes are still turned in death toward his mother, while his left hand rests on his bosom, on the spot transfixed by the arrow. His feet are crossed, and his legs partly drawn up in the attitude of the last agony. His end, however, has hardly been a painful one. There is no sign of contortion. The death that comes from the gods is mild and gentle, and it is those whom they love that die young.* In

* As already remarked, there exist three copies of this figure, the best of which stands in the middle of the *Niobiden-Saal* in the *Glyptothek* at Munich.

The Niobe Group.

the death of her children, Niobe alone shall be punished, not they; for they are guiltless.

On the extreme left is a second son (A), first recognized as such by Thorwaldsen, kneeling, in the act of sinking to the ground. His left hand has dropped his mantle, now falling to the ground, and is directed toward the just inflicted wound in his back. His right, like that of the younger son of Laokoön, grasps his hair—an involuntary action in extreme pain. He is past all hope, almost past struggling even. His knees are placed as far apart as possible to delay the moment when he shall be stretched lifeless; but we see that all is vain.*

Turning again to the right, we find a third son (P), one step farther from death than the last mentioned. He is already mortally wounded, but not past struggling. He kneels with the main weight of his body upon his left knee, and tries to support himself against a rock. His left hand is pressed with such nervous force against the rock as considerably to force up the shoulder above it. To prevent himself from falling in the other direction, he has stemmed the heel of his right foot against the ground, while the upper part of the body is further supported by the right hand placed against the thigh. The nervously contracted toes of the right foot, the clenching of the right hand, and the head sinking in spite of all effort, show that death is just and only just gaining the mastery. In some respects this is one of the finest figures in the group. Here is death struggling with life on almost equal terms. Though death conquers, we see what fulness of life there must have been to die so, and what reason Niobe had to be proud of her children.†

Casting our eyes again to the left, we observe a female

This is one of the loveliest figures that ever human eye rested upon. The Florentine copy (the one found with the group in 1583), as well as the Dresden one, is said to be much inferior.

* It will be seen from the cut that I have assumed the present restoration of this figure, in which the right arm is stretched directly upwards, to be wrong. It appears to me that the head, which is also new, should be thrown back instead of forward. The statue in its present condition looks to me extremely awkward. There seems to be a second copy of it in the Este Museum at Catajo.

† Of this statue, there is another copy in Florence, one in Rome, and one, unrestored, but showing considerable divergences, in Madrid.

figure (B)—a statue of embodied apprehension. She is, to some extent, a counterpart to P, but is not yet struck. Only through the wound of her brother (A) has she discovered from what direction danger is to be apprehended, and her whole figure is in an attitude of intense and painful expectation. The countenance and the palms of both hands are turned in the direction of the danger, while the body seems as if it would partly shrink together, partly sink into the ground, in order to shelter itself. The deadly arrow, which is so near, is reflected in every fold of her drapery. One moment more and she is struck.*

Turning to the right, we find a figure, O, to which there is a counterpart on the left, C. Both are in the highest state of trepidation. That on the right, with two deaths behind him, is left in no doubt as to what awaits him, so he dashes forward at full speed, heedless of aught save the near danger. In trying to mount a ledge of rock, he has slipped with his left foot, and, in his effort to restore his equilibrium, he stretches out his right arm almost in a direct line with his left leg, while his left hand, seeking support, involuntarily seizes the first thing within its reach, and that is his garment, which he grasps with full force. Another instant, and, notwithstanding all his youthful vigor, he will sink like a broken reed, and, after a brief struggle, will be at rest forever.†

The son marked C is not yet altogether conscious of his impending doom. With a brother (A) behind him, whose fate is not yet certain, and a sister (B), who displays only

* This figure, of which there exist three other more or less accurate copies, two in the Capitoline Museum and one in the Louvre, is by many archaeologists considered to represent Psyché, and this view is countenanced by the fact that the copy in the Louvre and one of those in the Capitoline Museum show remains of wings. Notwithstanding this, there can be little doubt that the figure in Florence represents a Niobid, the original of which may have lent itself as a motive for a Psyché. It has been subjected to considerable restoration, one part of which is certainly incorrect. The right arm, instead of being stretched out at full length, should be bent at about a right angle, so as to bring the lower arm and hand much nearer the breast and perfect the expression of defenceless apprehension.

† There is a second copy of this figure in Florence, very much injured and with the head turned backwards. Both figures are evidently intended to be looked at either from the left side or from behind.

feminine apprehension, he is still undecided whether he shall go back or forward. His first impulse, on seeing his brother sink, appears to have been to make his escape; but he is now just in the act of turning round to see what is about to happen to his sister. Her attitude shows him that all is not well with her, and almost involuntarily he raises his mantle as if to return and shield her. Up to this point, the figures have represented persons whose trepidation has reached such a height that they think, so far as they think at all, only of self-preservation. Here, however, we have the first signs of what the French call *altruisme*—thought for others. It is, indeed, very slight; and perhaps the fact that the body is still supported on the forward foot, is intended to show us that the impulse to go back was only momentary, and that he will return to his original impulse the next instant.* From this point, however, self-preservation coupled with thought for others begins, and it goes on until it reaches its culmination in Niobe herself.

Next to the two last-mentioned figures, on the left and on the right, are two groups, D E, and M N, forming counterparts. In both, the instinct of self-preservation stands considerably in abeyance, and is replaced by anxious care for others. On the right, the *pædagogos*, easily distinguished by his slavish dress, coarse features, and ignoble build, from any of the race of Niobe, is trying to shield from evident danger the youngest son, who, in childish alarm, has run to him for protection. The beautiful young head, with its clustering curls, makes us think of Homer's description of the son of Hektôr. The eyes seem like bright stars of the morning, looking in wonder toward the brightening east, whose light is soon to eclipse them. His soft, full, childish flesh is yet unpierced. It would be revolting to picture such an innocent, bright being as suffering physical pain, or even as being in immediate danger. He is shielded by the *pædagogos*, who, like Niobe, looks toward heaven, as conscious of the cause of the terrible visitation. The latter has no royal mantle to shield his ward with; but his uplifted hand shows the natural impulse. He seems to fear no danger for himself, and

* Of this figure, which is of inferior workmanship, no second copy is known.

perhaps this was intended by the artist. He is not involved in the fate of Niobe.*

In the group on the left (D E), we have one of the sons of Niobe endeavoring, notwithstanding the danger in which he himself is placed, to lift up and shield his falling sister. This sister, who has wandered away from her mother, has just been struck with an arrow, and is sinking to the ground, without a writhe or contortion, like a broken flower. Her brother, supporting her with his left hand, and raising his mantle with his right, as if to protect her, looks anxiously into the far distance, and in the direction of his mother, as if he thought that the arrows in coming must have passed her.†

Passing from these groups, we find, on either side of the mother, two grown daughters, each bearing a strong resemblance to her, but wearing very different expressions. The first on the left, F, the most beautiful and graceful of all the figures in the group, has just been struck in the neck, and is carrying her right hand toward the wounded part. Still, she hastens on with firm and dauntless step, as if heedless of herself and thoughtful only of her suffering mother. There is something unspeakably attractive about this figure. There is not an ungraceful line in it: the drapery is rich and in-

* In the Florentine group, the *pædagogos* and the youngest son stand on separate pedestals and do not form a group. Of the son, there is in the Vatican a second copy, found in Ostia. In 1826, there was found at Soissons in France a copy of the *pædagogos* and his ward forming a group, and there is some hope that other members of the group may yet be found there. According to Stark, there is a bronze copy of the *pædagogos* in the Louvre, where the last-mentioned group now also stands. In all the marble copies, the head and left arm of the *pædagogos*, and the left hand of the son, are restored; and it seems quite evident that the restorations, so far as the *pædagogos* is concerned, are wrong. The face should be turned to the right, as in the Florentine example, but not so much upwards, and the arm should not be so far outstretched or raised. It is quite possible that the head placed on the shoulders of the *pædagogos* does not belong there at all, and that the figure originally had a bald head, as in the bronze copy. The head of the son in the Soissons group is restored, and wrongly, as is shown by the two other copies, in which the heads are antique.

† In the Florentine group the daughter is missing, but a projection a little above the left knee of the son shows that he formed part of a group. It was anova who, in the early years of this century, recognized in a fragment in the Vatican a second copy of this statue, forming a group with a female figure, as represented in the accompanying cut.

stinct with motion; the head is almost as lovely as that of the Venus of Melos, the attitude is queenly, and the whole is one of the most gracious figures that ever were carved or dreamt of.*

The corresponding figure on the right (L) is one stage nearer destruction, as indeed nearly all the figures on the right are nearer destruction than the corresponding ones on the left. She is older than the other, and therefore has been struck with a heavier blow, whether we regard that blow as a physical or as a mental one. She seems to feel

"As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up."

One might say that she is calamity personified. Her senses swim with amazement, but she has not power to move a step.†

On the immediate right and left of the mother are the two eldest daughters, G and K, both entirely conscious of what awaits them, but not taken by surprise. They betray neither haste nor confusion. The one on the left, with head slightly thrown back, is in the act of drawing her mantle up to cover her face, so that her mother may not see her dying agony. She is not wounded; but every fold of the drapery

* There is in the Vatican a second copy, perhaps the original, of this statue, which, though mutilated and not restored, is one of the most glorious pieces of sculpture that have descended to us from antiquity. More than any other figure, it gives us a vivid idea of the excellence of the art of Skopas and Praxiteles. One has only to place it along-side the Florentine copy and to compare the two, especially in their drapery, to see how poor and weak were the Roman copyists compared with the Greek sculptors. What strength and massiveness in the folds of the garment, what vigor and haste in every muscle is displayed in the Vatican torso! The manner in which the folds of the mantle are disposed on the back, as well as the direction of what remains of the right arm, would lead us to the conclusion that this daughter, instead of bending back her right arm towards a wound in her neck, was stretching it out nearly in a line with the shoulder, and using it to raise her mantle, which for a moment the wind would inflate gracefully like a sail. In this case, we must imagine her as still unwounded, which supposition indeed comports, better than the other, with the living force manifested in every limb.

† This figure is held by Overbeck and Stark not to belong at all to the group. Friedrichs would retain it, and, I think, rightly. It has been claimed as a Melpomene, and Stark even thinks the body might have originally belonged to an Apollo Musagetes.

shows that her limbs, paralyzed with terror, are ready to sink under her. What drapery can be made to express is shown very vividly by a comparison between this figure and the one immediately behind it. The body, tremblingly supported, is thrown forward, and seems as if it would at any moment lose its equilibrium.* The figure on the right (K) seems to have recovered from surprise and consternation, to have regained self-possession, and to be in the act of preparing to shield some one. The unsupported robe on the right thigh shows that the right arm has been wrongly restored, and ought to be laying hold of the garment where the bunch of folds is. Whom else can she be preparing to protect but her younger brother, in whose direction she is looking, and who, in his hurried flight toward his mother, has, for a moment, found protection in the arms of the pædagogos, but in the next moment will continue his course? There is no room for him in the bosom of his mother; so his eldest sister, with the proud Niobe blood ripe in her veins, makes ready to receive and protect him. There is a striking similarity between this figure and that of Niobe herself, so much so that one critic has considered it to be a Niobe belonging to another group: to have grouped her with the youngest son would have rendered the similarity still greater, and thus have introduced an unartistic and unpleasant repetition into the scene. Everything is gained by the actual arrangement. The group of the pædagogos and youngest son balances the very dissimilar group on the right, and yet the warmth of affection which in a family usually exists between the eldest sister and the youngest brother is powerfully brought out. Besides this, a wonderful sense of movement is added to the group. We feel that, in the next moment, the child will have reached the shelter of his sister's royal mantle. Her downward-directed look shows that he must ascend to come to her, that she is on higher ground than he, and thus confirms our notion that the awful tragedy is represented as taking place on the summit of a rocky eminence, on the highest point of which stands Niobe, true to her origin in the nature-myth.

* There are two copies of the head of this figure in Berlin, one of them of Greek marble.

We must, of course, suppose this daughter to be standing next to her, on slightly lower ground.*

This closes the list of Niobe's family and brings us to the central figure, the great sufferer herself. Before passing to her, let us once more cast a glance at the whole group and testify to one observation. Skopas, and Praxitelés still more, have been charged with making their figures too sensuously beautiful. Is this borne out by the Niobe Group? Is there in it any evident effort to appeal to the senses? Is it not a proof of the pure taste and fine feeling of the artist, that, while he has allowed the sons of Niobe, in their haste and trepidation, to neglect their mantles and appear almost nude, he has in every case made the daughters, be their sense of danger great or small, attend to their drapery? In them, the strong, pure, womanly nature is strong even in the hour of extreme peril.†

When one comes to speak of Niobe herself, the central figure of the group, he is almost inclined to stop in despair, it is so evident that the complication of feelings expressed in her person beggars all description. In her, all that life means

* This figure has been by many critics rejected as not belonging to the group, simply because no one has been able to find a sufficient explanation of its motives. It has been variously grouped with the sons A, P, and Q; but not one of these groupings has met with anything like general countenance. I have given my own explanation, in the hope that it may contribute to vindicate for this exquisite figure a place in the Niobe Group, which were thus completed. It is just possible that the pædagogos and the youngest son ought to be placed between the sisters K and L, although this seems to be discountenanced by the relative heights of the figures.

† This is, perhaps, the proper place to say a word about two figures which have at different times been considered to belong to the group, but are now by all critics excluded from it. First, the *Symplegma* or *Wrestler-group* (S) in Florence. The mere fact that the torso of this piece of sculpture was found along with the Niobe Group in 1583, caused it to be restored with Niobid-heads and placed in the group. It may, indeed, have been brought into connection therewith, even in ancient Rome, through the influence of Ovid's description, *Metamorphoses*, vi. 239-47. The restored heads, though antique, prove nothing; and the mere fact that the group is worked out with equal care on all sides, and was thus evidently not intended to be looked at from one side only, shows that it formed no part of the Niobe Group. In the cut, the right arm of the upper figure is correctly restored. Second, the so-called *Ilioneus* (R) in the Munich *Glyptothek*. The grounds for the rejection of this most exquisite piece of sculpture are, first, the entire absence of clothing; second, the non-rocky surface of the base; and, third, the fact that it is evidently intended to be seen from all sides. There is a restored cast of it in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

is reduced to its lowest times: the human stands face to face with the Divine. Niobe is the feminine counterpart of Promêtheus; her story the counterpart of his. And how full of meaning and artistic possibility both are: how like and yet how different! Promêtheus errs as a man, Niobe as a woman, and their punishments are accordingly. Promêtheus, like a man, dares, on the strength of his intellect, to oppose the highest of the gods; and there, accordingly, he is baffled and conquered. Not entirely conquered, however; for, after all, intellect is the highest of things, and holds the very secrets of Zeus. Promêtheus is as necessary to Zeus as Zeus to Promêtheus, and therefore *must* be released. Niobe, like a woman, exalts herself over one of the minor gods on the ground of her beauty, her power, and her children. Accordingly, she is bent and broken at the very point where she fancied her strength to lie. Her whole glorious family is destroyed in one day before her eyes. There she stands, the once proud and happy mother, now conscious of her guilt and bowed with inner pain, yet worthy of her origin, queenly, and composed. With a tender mother's love, she tries to protect her youngest child, as it were with her whole body. She presses it to her with her left hand, yet, unappealing, turns her face to the sky, only shielding it a little with her mantle, that the envious gods may not behold the pain which her features cannot conceal. But there is no yielding, no complaining, no craving for mercy or pardon. How poorly Ovid, who puts into her mouth his *Unam minimamque relinque* (Leave me my last and least!), understood her character! That face of Niobe's could never plead. In the agonized contraction of the brow, there is no token of repentance or humiliation; from the quivering under-eyelids there drops no tear; from the lips that, for pain seem almost to cleave to the jaws, there comes no word of entreaty, only a half-suppressed sob, forced from the overlaid bosom. She is mother and queen, human and yet divine, to the last. And how wonderfully the two elements are combined in her to draw out our fear and sympathy! But for her motherly tenderness, she would be utterly revolting in her haughty opposition to the powers divine, and we should have no sympathy with her. But for her strong, unflinching opposition,

we should not learn that the divine power is able to overrule even the strongest human endeavor, and, hence, we should not learn duly to fear.* Suppose, for a moment, that her right hand, instead of holding her uplifted mantle, were occupied in protecting her child: not only would her august figure lose its dignity, but we should think only of her frailty, and forget the awful power of the gods. As it is, we have in this one person that union of august beauty, of fear, and pity, which constitutes the spiritually sublime, the truly tragic. The human, indeed, has no being save in the Divine, and must suffer if it seek an existence beyond; but the human alone could have dared to match itself with the Divine; and perhaps, after all, the human in its aspiration and freedom, with its infinite task and power to err, is as grand and solemn as the Divine in its infinite might. The human is divine, too. In a few moments, the grief of Niobe will have reached the limits beyond which human suffering cannot pass. It will overcome with pity the spirit of Zeus himself, who will soften before her, release her, and whirl away all that has sinned of her, a rigid stone, to her native mountains, there to rest, a monument, while the world shall last, of the boundless pain that follows every attempt of free intelligence to seek an existence outside of the Divine.

* In the cut, the right hand of Niobe has been brought farther down than in the present restoration, which seems incorrect. There is no known second copy of the Niobe, as a whole; but repetitions of the head, several of them of colossal dimensions, are very numerous, too numerous to be mentioned here. In the interest of the fine arts, there is nothing more necessary than a thorough examination and comparison of these, as well as of all copies of every member of the group. Whoever should have time and means enough to travel over Europe and make careful photographs or drawings of every piece of sculpture certainly or probably connected with the Niobe Group, would be doing plastic art an amount of service not easily estimated.

SHAKSPEARE'S "CYMBELINE."

By D. J. SNIDER.

The relation in which this play stands to *Winter's Tale* is very intimate, and it is evident that both were constructed after one pattern. There is the same disregard of external probability, the same mingling of Pagan and Christian customs, the same defiance of the facts of History and Chronology. The main pathos in each play belongs to female characters and is the same, namely, devotion of the wife to the Family under the most trying circumstances. Yet the surroundings and incidents are quite different: Hermione is mother as well as wife, while Imogen is the young bride; the difficulties of the former come from the husband alone, the difficulties of the latter come at first from her parents and then from her husband. The structure of the two works is also similar. Both are Special Dramas in which a tragic collision finds mediation; the earnest theme is brought to a happy conclusion, and hence they cannot be classed under Tragedy or Comedy. There is also introduced an idyllic realm in distinction from the court and civilized society, which is the chief instrumentality in restoring the injured and overcoming the wrong of the State. Repentance, too, is made the spiritual ground of the reconciliation of the offenders, though it has not so complete and prominent a development in *Cymbeline* as in *Winter's Tale*. The resemblance in thought and structure is therefore very decided; still the setting of each play, the incidents and characters, are altogether different.

The entire action, accordingly, will be divided into three parts or movements. The first part portrays the world of conflict and disruption which has its centre at the court of Cymbeline. Family and State are in a condition of strife and wrong; the union of Posthumus and Imogen, representing the Family, has to endure a double collision, from within and from without; Britain, representing the State, is involved in a war with a foreign power. This part therefore exhibits struggle and contradiction on all sides; because of such a condition of things there will necessarily result a flight from

the world of institutions to a primitive life. Hence we pass to the second part, which is the idyllic realm, the land of peace and harmony, inhabited by hunters, and far removed from the conflicts of the time. But this narrow existence will disintegrate from within, and will be swallowed up in the conflict from without. The third part therefore is the Restoration, involving the repentance of those who are guilty, the return of those who have been wrongfully banished—in general, the harmony of all the collisions of Family and State.

The presupposition of the action is the love and marriage of Posthumus and Imogen. It is in the highest degree a rational union, the characters of husband and wife seem just fitted for one another. Moral worth, strong emotion, intellectual gifts, are all present. Posthumus has been instructed in every kind of knowledge; he is also endowed with the fairest exterior and noblest manners. But that which he lacks is a long line of noble ancestry, though his father and brothers had rendered the most important services to their country. In fact, his entire family had perished, directly or indirectly, in its defence, and he had been left an orphan. This, then, is the sole ground of objection to him; the play emphasizes the conflict between birth and intelligence. Imogen, the daughter of the king, has chosen him in preference to the degraded and half-witted nobleman Cloten, against the will of her father and against the plans of her step-mother. Her choice, however, meets with the secret but unanimous approval of the courtiers. Now, to break this union so true and so deep, the most powerful instrumentalities are brought forward in the course of the play. But particularly the wife Imogen is subjected to the sorest trials, and passes through them in triumph: nothing can undermine her devotion. Here we see the inherent necessity for the restoration and final union of the pair, since the Family reposing on so deep and rational a basis cannot be destroyed without violence both to thought and to our most sacred emotions.

Against the marriage of Posthumus and Imogen there is a double assault, giving what may be named the external and internal collisions. These two phases manifest all the possible forms of conflict with the Family. The first phase will exhibit the external collision, in which there is an attempt

to destroy the union of the married pair by force, by violent separation. Three persons of consequence are engaged in the undertaking, Cymbeline, the Queen, and Cloten. Cymbeline, the father of Imogen and king of the land, has fallen completely under the influence of his queen, who is his second wife. At her instigation he has forbidden the marriage of his daughter with Posthumus, and is ready to force the pair asunder. It is a phase of the Poet's frequent theme: the collision between the will of the parent and the choice of the child. The Queen, however, is the lever of the whole action, and her great object is to place her son upon the throne. She is the perfection of cunning and ambition. The easiest way of attaining her end is to marry her son Cloten to Imogen, the heiress of the throne; but, if this plan does not succeed, she is ready for the secret poisoning of all obnoxious individuals. In the use of deadly drugs she has already had some experience, and she declares that the king himself will be put out of the way, if necessary. Still Imogen understands her dissimulation, and with the greatest firmness resists all attempts to break the marriage. The Queen is therefore the villain of the play, and assails the subsisting ethical relations. Cloten her son is the type of the brutalized nobleman, indulging in every species of degrading amusement. He is the designed contrast to Posthumus in all respects; a rational union with him is impossible, at least to a woman of the character of Imogen. Braggart, overbearing, a low gamester, he yet possesses a brute courage; intellectually he is a fool. Still he aspires to the hand of Imogen and presses his suit with great pertinacity, being supported by both King and Queen. The result is, however, that he is rejected with firmness, even with insult. These are the three persons who assail the marriage; in the very beginning of the play Posthumus has to flee, being banished by the King; Imogen the wife is left alone to withstand the anger of her father, the machinations of her step-mother, and the rude courtship of Cloten. This she does in the most heroic manner, aided and comforted by a servant, Pisanio, who is the leading mediatorial character of the drama. His character is devotion to the pair, fidelity under the most trying difficulties. Forced by the stress of circumstances, he

will be faithless to everybody else in order to be faithful to his master and mistress.

With the departure of Posthumus the separation is accomplished; external force has thus disrupted the members of the Family. Still they are one in emotion, though far apart in space. Now comes the internal collision—the bond of emotion which unites husband and wife is to be assailed. This assault, if successful, must destroy the foundation of marriage, which is based upon the fidelity of each party. Let either man or wife be brought to believe that the other is untrue, the emotional unity upon which the Family reposes is destroyed. The character whose function it is to undermine their reciprocal love is Iachimo. He is incited to his act by the wager of Posthumus, who thus shows both his confidence and his folly. The scene in Philario's house at Rome, where the bet is made, is not without offensive features, but its necessity is manifest: it motives this assault upon the internal unity of the Family. The nationality of Iachimo is repeatedly emphasized; he is the crafty Italian, who utterly disregards all ethical principles. First he comes to Britain and assails the chastity of Imogen. He begins with casting suspicion upon the fidelity of Posthumus at Rome: the latter is jolly, laughs at lovers' sighs, ridicules devotion, attacks the character of woman, and, to complete his transgressions, is untrue to his marriage vow. Imogen wavers for a moment in her confidence. Iachimo thinks it is the favorable moment; he urges her to take revenge upon her husband by being untrue also, and offers himself as the means. Imogen at once detects his purpose, and is on the point of having him seized, when he succeeds in gaining her confidence a second time by an artful apology, as well as by extravagant laudation of Posthumus. The assault upon Imogen has therefore failed, her confidence in her husband is unimpaired, the wily Italian has not succeeded in destroying the union in her bosom.

Next comes the assault upon Posthumus; let us see how he stands the trial. Iachimo returns to Rome; the trick of concealment in the chest has furnished him with certain kinds of evidence which he employs to the best advantage. No doubt the chain was very strong; it convinces the impar-

tial Philario, but it ought not to have convinced a husband who was very partial towards his wife, and who firmly rested on the belief in her fidelity. But Posthumus hastily yields the wager, and concludes that his wife has lost her chastity, a conclusion of which he afterwards bitterly repents. Posthumus in his anguish turns against all womankind, and reproaches them with infidelity; he does not even spare his own mother, and thus casts the suspicion of illegitimacy upon himself. This is, however, only carrying misogyny to its necessary conclusion: a universal slander of women returns to the calumniator.

Thus Iachimo succeeds with the husband, though he failed with the wife: as regards Posthumus, the confidence upon which the Family reposes is destroyed. He is even ready to murder his wife, and gives instructions to that effect to Pisanio. But the latter again is false in order to be true; he disregards the wicked command of his master, and is faithful to the ethical relation of the pair. Imogen now leaves the court of her father and directs her journey to Milford Haven, where she hopes to see her husband. On the way, Pisanio tells her the dreadful secret: her husband has lost confidence in her fidelity. The fact is now revealed to her that their union is destroyed in the bosom of Posthumus. She too momentarily turns against the fidelity of men; her passionate utterance is, "Men's vows are women's traitors." She also begs Pisanio to execute his commission; death is preferable to the loss of union. But Pisanio has not lost confidence in the integrity of his master; and he, the skilful mediator, proposes still to save the Family, though its members despair. He tells her that she must disguise herself and take service with the Roman Lucius till she finds out the truth concerning her husband. Imogen accedes; for it is her deepest principle to maintain the union, to be true to the Family through all adversity.

Thus we behold the bond of union between Posthumus and Imogen in almost complete disruption, suspended as it were by a single thread. First, external violence separated husband and wife, Posthumus has to leave the Court, and Imogen remains behind. Then comes the internal attack which aims at undermining their emotional unity. With Imogen

it fails, but succeeds with Posthumus; and finally the wife becomes aware of the alienation of the husband. Such are what we before called the external and internal collisions against the Family. Only Imogen remains faithful to the union, though assailed from without and from within. The beauty of her character lies in this devotion to the highest principle of her sex, against parent, against the most powerful enemies, and finally against the very husband who rejects her, does she assert her unconquerable fidelity to the Family, and in the end saves it from destruction.

The second thread of this part is the conflict between the two States, though it is much less prominent than the first. Britain has ceased to pay tribute to Rome; an ambassador is sent to demand it; the refusal of Britain causes war to be declared. It is national independence against foreign subjugation. The King announces the right of revolt, and asserts the duty of maintaining the ancient laws of the land. But the chief instigator and active supporter of the rebellion is the Queen; without her strong will the weak King could not have been brought to undertake such an enterprise. It must be said that her conduct in this case is not only defensible but noble; she appears as the champion of nationality against the greatest power in the world. Even Cloten is arrayed on the same side, not from any merit in him perhaps, but through the influence of his mother. Her motive was doubtless selfish; she wanted to possess absolute authority for herself and for her son as the successor to the crown; still it is in itself a noble ambition to desire to rule over a free country. Here occurs the great jar to our ethical feeling which has always been felt in this play, notwithstanding its power and beauty. The wicked Queen, who, on the one hand, assails the Family in its loftiest and purest manifestations, on the other hand vindicates the State, the highest ethical institution of man. What, therefore, is to be her fate? She ought not to live—she ought not to die; she is a contradiction which runs through the entire play and blasts its effect. Nor can she be called a tragic character which goes down in the conflict of institutions, for her support of the State in no way necessitates her hostility to the Family. To the class of villains she rather belongs, those whose nature it

is to defy all ethical principles. We feel the discord, the double pathos of her character from this time forwards. The Poet undoubtedly seeks to condemn her as the enemy of the true marital relation; but then, on the other side, she stands the main supporter of national independence. When it is added that the drama ends with undoing the whole work of the Queen; that not only the sundered pair are restored to one another, but also Britain returns to the Roman allegiance, and thus nationality is destroyed,—we can see how deep is the violence done to the feelings of an audience, especially of a British audience. This play has never been popular, compared with most of Shakespeare's pieces, and never can be, for the reason just given. I know of no other work belonging to the Poet which shows so great a discord in the ethical world.

Such is the portraiture of the first part, the realm of conflict, from which we pass to the second part, or the idyllic land. The Poet has here introduced a new variety of inhabitants, namely, the hunters, corresponding to the shepherds of *Winter's Tale* and *As you like it*. But the transition is not so decided; this world is not marked off so plainly here as in other plays. It is mingled with foreign elements. The Poet breaks off describing it in the middle and passes to the court of Cymbeline, and he also introduces into it the Roman thread. The outlines of the Hunter-world are therefore by no means so distinct and separate in the play as might be expected from other works. Still it constitutes an essential element of the action; it performs also the function of mediation; its character too is thoroughly idyllic, and it belongs to the same species of plays as those before mentioned.

The Hunter-world is the contrast to the court, and it logically springs from the latter, which has become intolerable as the abode of man. In fact, the Poet has made it the direct product of the king's injustice. Many years before the time of the present action, Cymbeline wrongfully condemned Belarius, a nobleman who had done great services to the State; he flies from society and calls into existence this Hunter-world. But he also steals and takes along two children, sons of the king. These three persons now compose this world; the boys are grown up to manhood—are ignorant, however,

of their royal origin. The country is mountainous, their house is a cave, their clothing is made of skins, their food is derived from the chase. The old man Belarius, whom they take to be their father, is full of the praises of their wild life, and utters much detraction of the court; he has even a natural religion, the worship of the sun. But the young men are anxious to go forth and know more of life; the very dissuasion of Belarius has excited their intense desire of experience. So at the beginning we notice the seeds of dissolution in the Hunter-world.

It is manifest, therefore, that this realm is both the contrast and product of the court of Cymbeline. Belarius, driven away by injustice, has created a world of his own, or rather has returned to a primitive, natural life, as opposed to a concrete, social existence. Such ideal realms are the natural fruit of a disordered society. Suspicion, intrigue, flattery, wrong, are triumphant at court; but among the hunters are found simplicity, honesty, true bravery, united with a manly independence. It is a condition of peace; of calm, idyllic repose; a still-life, to which the individual, harassed by social collisions, gladly takes refuge, in imagination if not in reality.

Imogen, fleeing from the court, comes to its opposite, this idyllic land, and is most kindly received by its inhabitants. The inner, spontaneous feeling of kinship which springs up between her and her brothers, though wholly unknown to one another, is one of the most beautiful situations of the play; in fact, they unwittingly declare their very relationship. But the transition from a civilized state to such a rough life is a hard one; poor Imogen falls ill, and takes some of the queen's drug, whose effect, however, is merely to produce a long sleep. But the innocent hunters think that she is dead, and we have her burial ceremonies portrayed. It is the primitive view of death; a cheerful religion of nature breathes through their utterances; their love is manifested by the floral decorations supplied immediately from the soil. This is apparently the second time only that they have seen death; their supposed mother Euriphile had died before among them. Their chief rite is the song, whose theme is that death frees man from all the finite struggles of existence. The conflicts both of

Nature and of Spirit are then settled. The internal necessity of this burial scene is not apparent, inasmuch as the death of Imogen is only fictitious. But it gives fulness and beauty to the portrait of idyllic life. It shows, too, how the hate of the real world pursued Imogen to her humble place of refuge, and the striking contrast in the treatment of her by the hunters and the court.

The second arrival from abroad in this idyllic land is that of Cloten. The pursuit of Imogen has led him hither. His design is to inflict upon the poor fugitive the most brutal outrage and drag her back to her angry parents. The wretch meets the elder of the brothers, begins to treat him as if he was one of the servile courtiers, and addresses him in a most insulting manner. The work is short, Cloten's head is cut off in a trice. It was only the court and civilized society which could protect such a monster. In this realm of nature birth conveys no privilege unless supplemented by other endowments. But observe the contrast between these two adversaries: Cloten, the probable successor of the throne hitherto, is slain by the true heir, one who possesses not only the royal blood but the royal character. The Poet has taken pains to portray Guiderius, the elder of the two boys, as animated with the worthy spirit of his high lineage. The aristocracy of birth is shown on its good and bad side in these two personages, in the degraded nobleman Cloten, and in the generous and high-spirited Guiderius, whose humble life has not extinguished the spark of his royal origin.

Such is the fate of Cloten in this idyllic world. He is laid by the hunters alongside of Imogen. She wakes and sees the headless trunk with her husband's clothes on; she thinks that it is Posthumus and that he is dead. Pisanio is accused by her of treachery; the last one who was faithful seems to have turned false. It is the culmination of her trials, the object of her life is gone, the unity of marriage appears now impossible. She has endured the external and the internal disruption, and still did not despair; here is the final stroke. In a swoon, she falls upon the corpse.

The second thread is introduced also into this Hunter-land, namely, the collision between the Roman and British states. It necessarily swallows up the idyllic realm, which has al-

ways a tendency to return to society. The battle-ground is in the neighborhood of the hunters' terrain; that is, the latter cannot be wholly withdrawn from the conflict of the nation. Lucius, the Roman general, finds Imogen lying upon the supposed body of her lover; she revives and makes the best of her situation by entering his service as a page. The means of return is thus provided for her; suicide she cannot commit on account of her moral nature. But the Hunter-world dissolves now within itself. The germ of its dissolution was noticed before; the two young men are dissatisfied with their narrow sphere of action, when they have discovered that there is another world beyond, of which they know nothing. They hear the noise of the conflict round about them: the old man Belarius, with the bitter remembrance of his wrong, wishes to go higher up the mountain out of the way; he desires still to preserve his idyllic realm. But the youths cannot be restrained; their thirst for activity is so great that they have come to prefer death to their present condition. They descend therefore into the plain to participate in the struggle of nationality, and the old warrior Belarius cannot stay behind. Thus the Hunter-realm vanishes, being disrupted from within and disturbed from without. The civilized State must show itself stronger than such a narrow, abstract existence. These hunters, therefore, will also return; the Roman war is the means: they must, on the one hand, be restored to the State, and the State, on the other hand, must make it possible for them to live under its protection—must free itself from wrong and contradiction.

Next comes the third part, the Restoration, which will bring all the separated and colliding elements of Britain into harmony. The external means for accomplishing this purpose has already been stated to be the war with Rome. Connected with it in one way or another are all the characters for whom reconciliation is prepared. The battle takes place; the Romans are at first victorious, but are afterwards beaten back and defeated by the three hunters, aided by Posthumus. Thus the idyllic land has been the instrumentality of saving the king; his own courtiers and soldiers have degenerated into cowards. The indignant speech of Posthumus to a British lord shows to what pass the courage of the nation had

come under Cymbeline; the fresh, independent spirit of the mountains rescues the country. The Roman commander is taken prisoner together with Imogen; all the persons to be restored are collected in the tent of the British king.

The battle, being only an external instrumentality, is of minor importance; hence the Poet does not dwell upon it, but has it pass before our eyes rapidly in the form of pantomime. The point, however, which is of the highest significance is the internal ground for the return and salvation of the different characters. They who have done wrong can be saved only through Repentance; they must as far as possible make their deed undone. There are at least three persons who manifest contrition for their conduct: Posthumus, Iachimo, and the King. But the worst character of the play, the Queen, will not or cannot repent; at least, her repentance is of that kind which does not purchase reconciliation; for she

" repented
The evils she hatched were not effected; so,
Despairing, died."

Her violation of the ethical world has taken such deep possession of her nature that it could not be cast off; renunciation of ambition and crime means death.

The chief of the repentants is Posthumus. He supposes that his order to kill Imogen has been fulfilled by Pisanio; he is full of the deepest tribulation for his hasty action. Though he is not yet aware of the innocence of Imogen, he nevertheless repents of his command; for thus she has not had the opportunity to repent. He courts death; he would gladly offer up his own life as an atonement for his deed. Repentance can go no further. When the individual is ready to sacrifice his existence, what more can he give? Posthumus seeks death from both Romans and Britons; but his wish is not fulfilled, he still lives. It is evident that he has made his deed undone as far as lies in his power; the sorrow within and the action without indicate the deepest repentance. In two lengthy speeches, he is introduced as giving expression to his contrite feelings. Reconciliation must be prepared for such a soul, it is a necessary logical consequence.

Here the Poet might stop, for he has amply motivated the reunion of Posthumus with Imogen which will hereafter take place. But he has chosen to go further, and to give a detailed representation of the above-mentioned reconciliation, to present a literal image of the repentant soul harmonizing itself with the rational principle of the Universe. Posthumus falls asleep and dreams; his dream is of forgiveness. He sees his father, mother and brothers interceding for him with Jupiter, greatest of the gods, who grants their prayer. The restoration to Imogen is promised and also release from affliction. It is but a dream, yet it shows his state of mind and intimates his internal absolution. He wakes again, doubt and sorrow assail him, again he sighs for death. But the reality soon comes to confirm the vision, he is reconciled with his father-in-law Cymbeline and restored to his wife Imogen.

This passage, including the dream of Posthumus and his conversation with the jailers, has often been condemned for its manifold defects, and sometimes declared not to be the work of the Poet. That its literary merit falls below the average literary merit of Shakespearian composition is hardly to be denied. That it is not strictly necessary to the development of the action is also true, since the repentance already manifested by Posthumus logically involves restoration. The example of the Poet may be also cited, for, though he has often employed Repentance in other dramas, he has nowhere introduced such an intercession of divinity to secure its results. Still, even if it is not absolutely requisite for the action, the plea may be made in its favor that it gives an imaginative completeness to the mediation. Deity is introduced in person, manifesting grace for repentance. It is thus the most profound Christian doctrine in a heathen dress, and this dress is taken instead of the real Christian dress for the purpose of avoiding the charge of blasphemy. To bring God upon the stage pardoning the repentant sinner would be a pretty hazardous undertaking. Such a liberty may be taken with an old, worn-out Greek divinity, though even this procedure is not strictly that of the drama, which should exhibit man as determined from within and not from without. But the introduction of the tablet, with its pro-

phetic inscription and its interpretation, is not only useless but also ridiculous. The authorship of the entire passage, however, cannot well be taken away from Shakespeare in the absence of positive testimony, though one may wish it were not his. It is also jointed too closely with the rest of the Act to pass for an external interpolation.

The second of these repentants is Iachimo, who has been guilty of defaming a pure woman, and destroying the internal bond of union of the Family. He also has come with the Roman army; his first declaration is sorrow for his wrong. The main ground of his change seems to lie in the fact that he has lost his former valor; the guilty soul paralyzes the strong arm; he is vanquished by one who seems to him to be a mere peasant. Before the king and the entire company he confesses his deed, and finally asks for death at the hands of Posthumus, whom he has so deeply wronged. Thus his repentance has carried him to the point of a necessary reconciliation; he has offered for it the highest possible price, namely, his own life. At this price it cannot be withheld, for how could his punishment obtain more? The character of Iachimo as well as that of Posthumus is not tragic; their complete repentance, going so far as to make a voluntary sacrifice of their own existence for their wrongs, forestalls the tragic end, since the latter at most could exhibit their lives taken for their guilt. Repentance is the mind's sacrifice; it is the individual sitting in judgment upon his own act, and condemning himself, even to death. Such a decision, however, should not destroy the rigid and upright judge who makes it. But a system of external justice can by no means be regulated by this purely internal element.

The king also repents of his conduct toward Imogen, and is reconciled with Belarius. Thus his two great acts of wrong are undone; the two deeds which disrupted his family—one of them causing the loss of his sons, the other the loss of his daughter, are recalled. The result is, sons and daughters are restored to him, and his family is once more united. But not only this, but also the State is restored from its internal diremption. The Hunter-world is reconciled with it, and no longer separates from it, creating a distinct realm. Even in

the external conflict, Britain is successful against the Romans; but the king voluntarily surrenders his victory and again becomes the vassal of Rome. The object is, no doubt, to undo entirely the work of the wicked Queen, who was the chief instigator of the revolt, even to the extent of throwing away national independence. I have already said that to make this detestable woman the heroine of her country's freedom was a jar to our ethical feeling; but to reject that freedom because it was achieved by a wicked person, seems to grate even more harshly upon the sentiment of nationality. The management of the part of the Queen I have before stated to be, in my judgment, the chief defect of the work.

The critics have not been very satisfactory in their views of this play. To determine its true nature has evidently given them great difficulty, and as a consequence they have employed to designate it certain high-sounding phrases, which, however, add very little to our knowledge. It has been called a dramatic novel, mainly on account of the loose connection and the number of its incidents and characters; it has also been called a dramatic epic, chiefly because of the introduction of Jupiter in the last Act. The idyllic element, too, has been declared to be foreign to the action and unusual in the drama. In general, this play is considered peculiar in its kind among the works of Shakespeare. But the Poet has elsewhere frequently employed epical elements, and to say that *Cymbeline* is the most loosely connected and the most varied of all his dramas is a hazardous statement. If the preceding analysis has been successful, it has shown that the drama before us has the same unity, the same fundamental thought, and the same essential structure, as the other Special Dramas of Shakespeare. If the reader will now compare the present with the four preceding critiques in this journal, he will find at bottom the same general movement in all of them, and will have revealed to himself one of the deepest principles of Shakespearian art.

SPECULUM POESIS.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

I. EXPERIENCE.

It was a day of beauty great,
 Whose memory leaves half-desolate
 The next, like some friendly guest,
 Who leaving us awhile, the rest
 Of our companionous look morose and dull,
 He was so good and beautiful.
 And if to-day is free of envious sorrow,
 Be sure that thou wilt grieve the more to-morrow.

A light lies o'er the waving grain,
 The blue sky smiles, the lake is green
 With grass and broad-leaved ferns between,
 When down there pours a sudden rain,
 And all the time goes big with pain
 Till it comes, O fair again!

And when we learn what men effect
 By stifling what in them was pure,
 And when we feel a cold neglect
 From those we thought to us most sure,
 We ask sweet days to long endure;
 Yet not a day can we oppose,—
 Must bear its rain, or heat, or snows;
 Would there were no ghastlier foes!
 "Come, child," they cry, "throw by this whim;
 Our harsh pursuits are smooth in fact;
 Though they may look so coldly dim,
 Yet grow to be a man and act;
 Learn grace to show and live by tact."

Sometimes I glance at those green trees
 In hope of answer meet from them;
 They rustle in the shifting breeze,
 Each with its own grand diadem,
 Each leaf a beautiful, fresh gem.
 No answer falls upon my ear;
 Their whispers, it is true, I hear;—
 Were they but *changing* atmosphere?

There moves a spirit in this brook
 Whose lips are full of accents clear,
 And her small tinklings on the ear,
 From out the alder's shady nook,
 Are better than from any book;

And teach how meekness lendeth grace to good,
How one true soul can lift a multitude;—
What shall avail these natural sounds to thee?
“Why, conversation and society.”

How pure the graceful water flows,
And lifts the sparkling cress so green!
Yet will not, in that same, demean
Its own clear thought, so bright it goes,
With light and love, as when it rose;—
To you it tells its blessed truth to-day;
“Let hap to you whate’er there must or may,
Still to hold fast your own sweet, natural way.”

This crystal air, the perfect glass
Of tree and rock, and brook and cloud,
In intellect thinks firm and proud,
And may not let us hasting pass,
Bidding us to its words attend;—
To our conception it shall lend
Its strength, and from our minds those words shall flow
Which are of intellect the perfect show.

II. AN ANSWER.

*Will thou hear, in limping rhyme,
The old story of my time?*

I heard the cries of Winter,
On the air,
Shrill thro’ my forests green;
My pines must lean
And stoop them there.
I asked if Hope would blow;
They told me — No!

I saw my brook go frosted fine
In copes and frieze;
An icy epitaph his tombstone faced:
And *thus*, to please
My fancy, was that made?—
How still the low, white glade!

O sullen moor! my feet
Have worn thy grass!
There have my sorrows been
Shed over thee like rain;
I read in thy cold glass
A mournful word:
It said — I have not heard!

"God! give me that I need"
 Was now my prayer;
 My tears like lakes of frozen heat,
 My heart where nothing beat;
 Death had proved luscious fare
 To that remorseless spell:
 He said — I love that well.

Then, to the rock of life,
 My anchors set,
 The blocks of hammered adamant
 Became my haunt;
 My planks were wet
 With the old tide of the eternal world;
 My flag unfurled
 Within the fragrant air,
 That of itself is rare;
 My lofty mast
 Was touching near a bright ray-pointed star,
 And from the shore
 The languor of an orange-scent stole off,
 And, pleased, once more
 I heard the rosy children laugh.
 Then came Beauty, sailing in an open boat,
 With silver minstrelsy,
 Softly upon the laughing, azure sea;
 And, drawing near to me,
 I asked how all had been
 In those days of pain and sin —
 In the dark, forsaken days.
 "It was not need of prayer or praise,
 Nor fleeting youth, nor resting age,
 Nor camp or mossy hermitage;
 It was not love, it was not wine,
 It was not mine, it was not thine."

Thus on that silver voice sang o'er the sea;
 And sprang the spear-armed sunshine from the East,
 And buds and birds and flowers, and hill and tree,
 Contented rose and pledged them at their feast;
 And every one his golden glass he filled,
 And every one his thirst with sunshine stilled,
 And drank their life from all, and all from one,—
 And ended not this feast, which never had begun.

III. A WASP IN WINTER.

A wasp in winter did forget himself,
 Woke up and crawled about my room:

"Go, wasp!" I said,
"Summer is thy doom!
A pointless sting
Why dost thou bring,
To riddle frost
When thy design is lost?"

So, like that wasp,
I dream of frosty weather,
And crawl about this tomb,
Running ice and heat together,
When I should 've been,
Like him, with August hemmed in.

I am half-snapped with frost,
But must outlive the ice-edged blade
Of my unnatural winter;
And so long have stayed,
Not for to sting,
But to the window cling,
And, thro' cracked panes
Dirtied with stains,
Conceive striped summers there,
On black Spitzbergen's air!

IV. CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

I still can suffer pain;
I strive and hope in vain:
My wounds may not all heal,
Nor time their depth reveal.

So dreamed I, of a summer day,
As in the oak's cool shade I lay,
And thought that shining, lightsome river
Went rippling, rippling on forever:—

That I should bend with pain,
Should sing and love in vain;
That I should fret and pine,
And hopeless thought define.

I want a true and simple heart,
That asks no pleasure in a part,
But seeks the whole; and finds the soul,
A heart at rest, in sure control.

I shall accept all I may have,
Or fine or foul, or rich or brave;

Accept that measure in life's cup,
 And touch the rim and raise it up.
 Some drop of Time's strange glass it holds,
 So much endurance it enfolds;
 Or base and small, or broadly meant,
 I cannot spill God's element.

Dion or Cæsar drained no more,
 Not Solon, nor a Plato's lore;
 So much had they the power to do,
 So much hadst thou, and equals too.

PHILOSOPHEMES.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

PART II.—The Lapse.

IX.—*Descent.*

"In every type of beings there is a first, a middle, and a last, in order that the progression of things may form an unbroken series, originating in Deity and terminating in matter. In consequence of this connection, *one* part of the human species naturally coalesces, through transcendency, with beings of an *order superior to man*; *another* part, through degradation, unites with the *brute* species; and a *third* part, as the connecting medium between the other two, surpasses those properties which *characterize the human* in a manner not exceeding, but exactly commensurate with, the condition of humanity. The first of these parts, from its surpassing excellence, consists of a small number of mankind; that which subsists as the middle is numerous; but that which ranks last in gradation is composed of an endless multitude."

Everywhere throughout animated forms the head symbolizes sovereignty and subordination; all lives ascending in spirals, the serpentine being the base and keel of the ribbed types: and man, the serpent incarnate lifted from the dust, is, of all the creatures, alone capable of reason and rectitude.

Lust fathers the animal, love mothers the man; the intermingling of the two from backhead and forehead predetermines the destiny of the creature. Happy they whose ancestry dates from the crowned head! their fortune is kingly.

"Man," says Boehme, "has three forms of three worlds in him, and is the complete image of his Creator. And there are three masters contesting for his form in his incarnation. The predominant one only tunes his instrument and the others lie hid; and, as soon as he appears, his innate, genuine form appears by his words and conversation. And so great is the difference in their procreation, that one brother or sister doth not as the other."

Lapsed from his personal integrity or holiness, the will in man becomes thereby no longer above choice, but below deliberating even: his appetites and passions, thus perverted, deprive him of his inborn right of self-determination and freedom absolute. His will dethroned and depraved, becomes the subtlest of creatures and the tempter. "Because thou hast done this, thou art debased beneath all cattle; on thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat, all thy days: in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou toil, and in sorrow bring forth thy young."

As an animal, and no more, man is all animals in One individually. He has the weapons of all stacked in his frame, awaiting his seizure as he wills. There sleep within a thousand instincts, a system of lives, all ready to spring forth at his bidding. Yet this thousand, and the One more potent than all of them, slumber unfear'd and harmless in his loins till his Will lets them loose. What ordnance for good or for evil is here! hereby a man's foes, as his friends, are of his own household. What but God's grace, and a heavenly descent, can save thee from thyself!

"The lapsed state of human kind is a thing to which the ancient Philosophers were not strangers. The Egyptians and Pythagoreans, the Platonists and Stoics, had all some notion of this doctrine, the outlines of which have been sketched in their tenets. Theology and philosophy unbind the ligaments that chain the soul down to earth, and assist her flight towards the foreign good. There is an instinct or tendency of the mind upwards, which shows a natural endeavor to recover and raise ourselves from our present sensual and low condition into a state of higher

order, and purity. The perceptions of sense are gross, but even in the senses there is a difference. Though harmony and proportion are not objects of sense, yet the eye and the ear are organs by means wherewith the soul may apprehend the one and the other. By experiments of sense we become acquainted with the lower faculties of the soul, and from them, whether by gradual evolution or ascent, sense supplies images for memory: These become subjects for fancy to work upon. Reason considers and judges of imagination; and all these acts of reason become new objects of understanding.

"In this scale, each lower faculty is a step that leads to one above it: and the uppermost naturally leads to the Deity, who is rather the object of intellectual knowledge than even of the discursive faculty, not to mention the sensitive.

"There runs a chain throughout the whole system of beings. In this chain one link drags another; the meanest things are connected with the highest. The calamity, therefore, is neither strange nor much to be complained of, if a low, sensual person shall, from mere love of the animal life, find himself drawn on, surprised, and betrayed into some curiosity concerning the intellectual." BISHOP BERKELEY.

X.—*Creatures.*

Idealism, nobler and more reverent than materialism, respecting Nature's sacred and superior parts through all gradations of structure, unites these from highest to lowest, *ideally*, and not by their inferior and meaner members, as in the schools of materialism, wherein matter figures as the mistress of speculation, peopling the sacred courts of genesis with its illicit offspring.

"*One* is the world," says Timæus, "through the bond of Deity alone, and made according to proportion."

"The soul is the man, not the outward shape. If she live, therefore, but the life of the brute; if her vital operation, her vigorous will and complacency, be that which a beast likes, I cannot see that she is any more than a living brute, or a dead man, or a beast in man's clothes." CICERO.

To be born into a Will, differences man from the animal or creatures below him, the latter being deficient in a will or power of choice, the sense of responsibility. Having a Conscience—the sense of duty, volition, ideas—distinguishes man from the animal and ranks him at the head of animated creatures.

Infinite the disparity between man and the creature. Incapable of choice, without the sense of responsibility, the victim of the senses, the brute is a thing under the sway of fate. Man, as man, is more. He dwells in freedom, deliberates, has the sense of duty, responsibility; is more than thing, than animal, than individual: he is a *person*. Neither structure nor chance determine his choices. Add spirit, method, thought, without which he were not man, though he articulate as a polyglot and embody all forces in nature. Man is man as having, or rather being, a personal *will*, which the animal has not.

A righteous animal were an impious qualification of the creature, since righteousness presupposes and implies acts free and chosen from a sense of responsibility to a known law, as involving the sense of right, which is not predicable of the mere animal, whether man or brute. Nor is the sense of right, this consciousness of duty, conceivable without a personal will, the power of deliberate choice. A will-less man were an absurdity. Man is man in being a will, not in possessing or being possessed by it; but he *is* personally a will, and hence a *being*, not a mere creature or thing.

A beast cannot sin, the commission of sin implying a conscience, the sense of responsibility, the possibility of remorse for one's acts.

“In better understandings sin began;
Angels first sin, next devils, and then man.
Only, perchance, beasts sin not; the sinners, we,
Less man than beast in white integrity.”

“All-various Nature has imparted to and adorned with different arms the several species of animals; some with the force of nails, and others with the sharpness of teeth; some with the strength of horns, and others the fleetness of foot;

some with anger, some with poison. But to man she has denied these restraints, and delivered him into light naked, imbecile, and without art; most slow in running, incapable of flying, and most feeble in swimming. She implanted, however, a *certain unapparent spark*, for the safety of his life, which men call *intellect*; through this he conducts himself with safety, finds a remedy for the wants of life, heals the indigence of his body, employs art as an equivalent to the prerogatives of other animals, and to the law and authority of this subdues all things."

MAXIMUS TYRIUS.

XI.—*Person.*

An Impersonal Spirit is an absurdity. Personality is essential to the idea of Spirit. Religion and science alike presuppose Personality as their basis. Without the presupposition of Person, man is unthinkable. It is the *I* that gives substance and being to Nature so far as Nature has substantial reality. Where the *I* is not, nothing is, and the mind postulates nothing in the void of self.

Nature is *not-me*, or nothing: thus, speaking truly, there is *no not-me*, but the *more or less* only of the Me. So when thought fails to find the me, it puts *not-me*, or nothing, the void of me, instead.

Neither God nor man can be thought distinct from Personality; the Person thinking cannot think itself away and out of existence. Thought itself is the act of the mind's Personality. A mindless Person were but a thing only. Thought is necessary to the existence of the Personality; an impersonal mind were a nullity. It is of the essence of mind to think, and in thinking to create its forms.

The Spirit is God. God is not an Individual, he is the Person. Man is both. He is an individual as distinguished from every other; a person, as he is one in sympathy and communion with all. And God descends spiritually and assumes humanity in the Person of all, they all partaking of his divinity.

"I and my Father am one," said Jesus.

"Hereby know we that we dwell in Him and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."

To know that "*I am*," is one with knowing that God is immanent in me personally affirming this oneness. "Nor could we have like conceptions in our minds, if we did not partake of one and the same intellect."

Were God not God I were not I,
Myself in him myself descry.

God is, and man is personally, derivatively in him and of him by descent and incarnation. The *I* and the *Is* are One—the Person; God is "*the The*," and I find my "*the*" in his: he in me and I in him. And we are one as he is One, personally, indissolubly, transcending numerically the individual in which the one clothes itself to our eyes.

The fool's conceit is, "*There is no God*"; thus nullifying himself—denying, in his ignorance, his own existence. Truth is falsehood's measure, and is pre-assumed in order to render its denial possible. A simpleton can deny, but it needs a wise man to affirm, intuitively and absolutely. Nor can any fully dissociate the notion of God from his thought; in some guise or another the notion adheres to his Person, affirming and re-affirming itself in him. The mind is a theist, if sound and sober.

Who has not named and knelt before One superior to himself, holier than any one whom he has beheld with his eyes, and pronounced in his heart, if not in words, "Father in heaven, hallowed be thy name"? If such there be, let him not claim kinship with mankind, but remain in his den with his fellows. Without a Father, Personal, Spiritual, Humane, souls are yet immured in the den of inverted appetites and passions, need to be regenerated and born into their holier and happier attributes.

"Of inferior beings, the human mind, self, or person, is the most simple and undivided essence. And the Supreme Father is the most perfect One."

BERKELEY.

Unless one find the source of his being in his Person, he gropes in darkness and delusion. Till he affirm by clear insight, *God is, and himself therefore*, he is godless and adrift.

The terms "God" and "man" cannot be divorced from each other. Definitions were delusive and deceiving. The *Is* which connects, unites, and identifies; every effort at separation, ends in negation. God *Is*; man is embraced in that *Is*. If you seek aught beside, your *ought* becomes *nought*: not *spirit*, but its negation, *matter*.

"You can know nothing of God, of nature, of heaven, or hell, or yourself, but so far as all these things are self-evident in you."

WILLIAM LAW.

XII.—*Trinity.*

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners in times past spake unto the fathers by the prophets, now speaketh unto us through his Son, his appointed heir of all things, by whom also he maketh the worlds; and who, being the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person, upholds all things by the word of his power, purifying all souls, and seated at the right hand of the majesty on high."

ST. PAUL.

All theories of the Godhead involve alike the elements of personality and individuality as their factors. The reconciliation of these in Unity, defines the absolute Theology. At present, the sects and schools are dissevered by their different and diverse interpretations: God being one, two, three, or more, as considered ideally or numerically.

But the one departs from, and returns into, itself perpetually through the three, to give ground and substance to itself. A departing from two, or duality, were to presuppose a distraction and render a return into Unity impossible: cleft thus, and deprived of its copulative forces, the one cannot complete itself by returning again into itself, but drives that farther and farther from its starting-point. One is the one, ideally taken, passing from itself and returning through the three into itself endlessly—one in three, and three in one. Were God not this Personality in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, there were not God, but a series of cyphers void of substance and being. It is this threefoldness in the personality that enables the soul to fulfil its acts; otherwise

it would deliberate forever between extremes, passing never into act. Trinitarianism includes Unitarianism.*

One is the One, in holy Three,
Unlapsed in self's duplicity.

XIII.—*The One.*

The One and the Many have figured mythically in times past, and still figure and perplex in ours, number being a mystery still; and we stick, for the most part, where Parmenides and Plato left us, blundering over the two, by assuming this as absolute and underived as the One, involving our thought in the strife perpetual of Heraclitus with his mighty and fatal contraries. Plainly the One is more than many, transcending the secondary that it may measure and be the unity itself and in itself, the two being the passage or *saltus* of the One out of itself to the three and thence returning, postulating its content and giving its unity to the triad, from whence it darts forth again for similar leaps and returns through the second triad or the six in one, or the seven, and rounding itself thus forwards successively forever. Strictly speaking, number pertains not to body but to spirit alone, nature being the negative quantity, having but seeming substance by the endowment of spirit. The Many is the negative of the One, and superposed on this to become an intelligible cypher for spirit.

* "Who can thoroughly understand the Omnipotent Trinity, and yet who speaks not of it—if indeed he know that there be such a thing? It is a choice soul which, speaking of it, doth comprehend what it saith: for the rest do but debate and wrangle, whilst yet *no man who is not in peace can see that vision*. I wish that men would but consider these three things within themselves: I confess they are far different from this Trinity; but yet let them exercise their thoughts and try, and so find how far off they are.

"I say, then, that these things are *to be, to know, and to will*; for *I am, and I know, and I will*. *I am, knowing*; and *I am, willing*; and *I know myself to be and to will*; and *I will, both be and know*.

"Therefore, in these three let him that can reach to it comprehend how inseparable that *life, and one life, and one understanding, or mind, and one essence*, is; and how inseparable a *distinction* there is, whilst yet there is a distinction, let him that can reach to it comprehend. The cause depends in his own court; nay, let him mark and judge, for it is within himself, and then let him tell out his mind."

ST. AUGUSTINE'S *Confessions*.

The One through all in cycles goes,
And all to One returning flows.

"Two produced one, one produced two, two produced three, and three produced all things."

"Find your great in your little, and your many in your few," says

LAO TZE.

"The universe is not separated from its builder, nor yet mingled with its maker, but the whole of it is everywhere considered as deserving a providential attention. For the soul governs, abiding on high, and animates the world after such a manner that it cannot with so much propriety be said to have a soul of its own as to have a soul presiding over it, being subdued by, but not subduing. For it lies in soul, which sustains it, and no part of it is destitute of soul, but moistened with life like a net in water. It is not able, however, to become that in which it lies; but the sea of soul being extended, the net is also extended with it as far as it is able, for each of its parts is incapable of existing in any other situation than that in which it is placed." PLOTINUS.

XIV.—*Will.*

"Who," asks Coleridge, "can comprehend his own will, or his personality—that is, his I-ship—or his own mind—that is, his person, or his own life? But One can distinctly apprehend them. In strictness, God, like all other ideas rightly so called, and as contradistinguished from conception, is not so properly above as alien from comprehension. It is like smelling a sound.

The Person is the One, transcendent supreme, without other conditions than itself imposes. Pure personal power needs neither constraint nor restraint, being a law to itself, imposing law upon all else.

None are free to do as they please save God alone; yet all are free to do, as far as they choose to act in freedom, pure and personal.

The Will embosoms threefoldness of the Spirit. Being one in three, it transcends the creature, having a triple life in itself; while creatures fall short of personality, being under the twoness or fate that bestrides all natural things.

The subgod in souls, the will mediates between the spiritual and sensual, bridging the chasm between the human and divine, and thus distinguishing the man in the man from the brute in him. With will and choice begin divinity.

It is by threefoldness of the personal will, its complex action, that the soul fulfils its acts. Were the will merely dual, the soul would deliberate, and stand fixed in deliberating, forever. It is the reconciliation of the dualism in thought by resolution into unity that a complete act is personally conceived and completely enacted.

The having a divided, deliberating will instead of a single and spontaneous is the fatuity of the individual. In the pure personality there is oneness of spirit; in the strife of individualism, duplicity. A deuce within insists upon truce and parley. The recovery of the unity in personality, reconciliation by this oneness, constitutes the one birth and redemption from selfhood.*

Necessarily force implies repellant by force, and a void. A universe of divergent forces (were this possible) were not a universe, but a chaos; and a chaos is inconceivable without the cosmos harmonious and unbroken. Nature is throughout a chaos of repellant forces, seeking the unity out of which it has been driven and distracted. Mind alone correlates and complements these forces in its personal unity.

XV.—*Destiny.*

Our choices are our destiny. Virtue and vice are alike volunteers, conducting to paradise or the pit, as we predeter-

* "The will makes the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything: it is the only workman in Nature, and everything is its work. It has all power, its work cannot be hindered, it carries all before it, it creates as it goes, and all things are possible to it. It enters wherever it wills and finds everything it seeks; for its seeking is its finding. The will overrules all nature, because nature is its offspring and born of it; for all properties of nature, whether they be good or evil, in darkness or in light, in love or in hatred, in wrath or in meekness, in pride or in humility, in trouble or joy, are all the offspring and birth of the will: as that wills, so they live; and as that changes, so they change. So that whatever you are, or whatever you feel, is all owing to the working and creating power of your own will."

WILLIAM LAW.

mine. The saviours are they who persuade us to choose the one and refuse the other; other being always the adversary of One. There are saviours and mediators, but of our own election, and only—no one being doomed to perdition, or deified, without his full consent.

Virtues and sins have their root and origin in one's choices, and are original alike. Tendencies may be inherited, but must be adopted and followed into act to constitute sinner or saint. Only what the will chooses and loves is its own. Errors of the head are neither sinful nor subjective. One may err without sinning, and mistake ignorantly the wrong for the better, the worst for the best, the evil for the good. But the retribution of remorse as of approval follows, as the conscience is quick and the spirit president and alert.

XVI.—*Holiness.*

Pure personal power is above restraint or constraint, being in freedom and a law to itself: a trust kept by the holy, in keeping which they maintain their holiness inviolate. He is holy who is above deliberation; his will is single, his acts spontaneous. The virtuous are they whose wills, being divided, are subject to temptation; but, choosing the right, they maintain in act their virtue unimpaired. They are the vicious who, being tempted, choose the evil, love it, and pursue it deliberately. Holiness, virtue, sin, these designate the threefold types of soul.

While One personally, man's soul abides in its primitive holiness, or wholeness; but, lapsing by mischoice out of its oneness, it puts itself in antagonism with itself, is double, thereafter.

XVII.—*Choice.*

The Personality is its *must*—that is, creates it. *Can* and *ought* are moments in the decisive act. Freedom limits choice by its own necessities. The personality is transcendent without other conditions than itself imposes on itself. Choice and purpose belong to personality, not to chance; fate being the sequel and consequence of mischoice. Choice

is the subgod in man's will. His choices are his saviours or his Satans, determining his destiny for good or for evil.

XVIII.—*Freedom.*

Man's powers transcend his circumstances, determine these; else freedom and choice were not; these have their seat in his will, and are his personally, not conditionally. By his will he becomes a creator and builder of conditions about him. For himself, God were not God if not unconditioned, self-equal, self-sustaining, self-existing, and existent.

Man's world is not created for him but by him; otherwise he were the victim of his conditions, incapable of freedom and self-perfectability. He must *be* not by another's help, but by his own choice and efforts. God were not God void of free activities, but a necessity of nature prompted of a power out of itself, and hence simply the victim of nature and of necessity. Freedom is the crowning condition of the Godhead, and of manhood also.

XIX.—*Fate.*

The Hindoos define fate "the penalty of deeds committed in a previous state of existence"; the Hebrews, "the sins of the fathers visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations"; and the Christians, "the penalty of Adam's sin original." All the same—infelicity in our genesis and the consequent lapse from integrity, whether from hereditary tendencies or voluntary. Our choices determine our destiny, and deliver or draw us to present or future weal or woe by their consequences. I alone am responsible for my deeds, or for the dispositions which I cherish; and though I may find myself better born or worse, my duty consists in checking and overcoming, as far as I may, any propensities that tempt me to transgress the voice of the spirit in my breast, or to cherish and fortify all that prompts to its faithful obedience. Could I ignore or abrogate my conscience, I might doom myself to perpetual suffering, and at last annihilate my personality, lapsing out of my humanity into the pit of mere animal or brute existence.

Once lost, the thread of destiny is not readily recovered and held fast thereafter. Fortunate is he who gets profitable experience thereby—wisdom from his woes. 'Tis time to die when life can teach one nothing more, and only bitterness is drawn from the cisterns. It were death already, wandering in the shades. Why stumble dolefully among the tombs, the ghost of one's departed self?

Life is a mixed matter. Be sure where comes man, comes tragedy and comedy both; most gaining their experience through extremes: exhausting error, idiocy, possibly insanity, before they reach the goal of peaceful wisdom. 'Tis the little madness, not the much, that renders hopeless the case of so many. Better drink deep, or not at all: the sweetness without the bitterness. "We better ourselves," says Montaigne, "by privation of our reason or by drilling it, the two natural ways to enter the cabinet of the gods, and there to foresee the course of destiny are fury and sleep."

A fit of wrath, or of insanity, like a night's vision, is oftentimes a revelation of ourselves that a life-long experience may not fully interpret, and shall remain so red-lettered in the memory that nothing happening thereafter can efface.

XX.—*Retribution.*

'Tis said:

No man aims knowingly at heaven
Save by some knowledge of a hell;
If so, the holy needs be shriven,
And sin itself were key to let sin in.

The soul obeys higher laws than it transgresses, else doomsday would presently depopulate the planet. Three parties are present in every act of ours: our better self and our worse, the spirit that underlies and overbroods both. Our choice determines for us. We are in the swing, deliberating, inclining to one extreme or the other, till our choice is made. But the spirit maintains and upholds whatsoever the issue of our decision, whether for weal or woe. The righteous being alone with the spirit, alike choose and are chosen, the will being one and above deliberation.

Without sin there were neither temptation nor deliberating, all were instant and spontaneous, the whole personality willing and working for the right.

It is the Person that wills, and the Conscience that sanctions, the purpose and approves the deed. The righteous may be said to be willing, the wicked to be wilful; and the reward or retribution follows, approving or dooming.

Obeying higher laws than he can transgress, man cannot cast himself clean adrift of his integrity. He cannot distort and destroy his divinity in his widest swervings from rectitude or holiness. The evils he enters recoil on him, as checks in the divine economy for restoring him to rectitude and righteousness.*

XXI.—*Sin.*

“But God more care of us hath had;
If opposition make us sad,
By sight of Sin we should grow mad;
Yet as in sleep we see foul Death and live,
So devils are our sins in perspective.”

Sin, of every tinge or taint, is original sin. There can be none other. Tendencies to sin may be inherited, but these must be yielded to, and known, to constitute a sinner. That only is sinful that is chosen and loved. Errors of the head are not sins. All sins have their root in one's choices, and the like of his virtues. Holiness, being above temptation—all need of deliberation—is above sinning. Sin breaks the soul's integrity, dualizes, and sets the soul against itself.†

* “I inquired what iniquity was,” says St. Augustine, “and found it to be no substance, but the perversion of the will from Thee, the Supreme, towards lower things.”

† “Sin, to speak properly,” says an old mystic, “is nothing else but a degeneration from a holy state, an apostacy from a holy God. Religion is a participation of God, and sin is a straggling off from him. Therefore it is wont to be defined by negatives: a departure from God, a forsaking of him, a living in the world without him. The soul's ‘falling off from God’ describes the general nature of sin; but then as it sinks into itself, or settles upon the world, and fastens upon the creature, or anything therein, so it becomes specified, and is called pride, covetousness, ambition, and by many other names.”

Evil is retributive, remedial: every trespass slips fetters on our members, clamps on our powers, holding us in durance till contrition and repentance restore us to liberty.

“Evil no nature hath: the loss of good
Is that which gives Sin a livelihood.”

A check on itself, evil subserves the economies of good in the divine order, as it were a condiment to give relish to good; men, like animals, or the animal in them rather—the man demonized and debased—needing to be stimulated by something of a contrary nature, as if their vices were for the moment invigorated by participating in the virtues that fed these, their appetites whetted by attrition on evils, and the path to felicity were only secured by knowledge of the road to perdition.

“There appears to be a kind of necessity,” says Cudworth, “of some evils in the world, for a condiment to give relish and gust to good; since the nature of imperfect animals is such that they are apt to have but a dull and sluggish sense, a flat and insipid taste of good, unless it be quickened and invigorated by being compared with the contrary evil: as also there seems to be a necessary use in the world of these involuntary evils of pain and suffering, both for the exercise of virtue and the quickening and exciting the activity of the world, as also for the refreshing, chastening, and punishing of those voluntary evils of vice and action.”

“He out of good can bring
Evil to man—dread battle, tearful woes—
He and no other. Open to thy sight
Were all the chain of things, couldst thou behold
The Godhead ere he steps on earth.”

Gracious God! what scales and ladders are we, descending from thy mountain of holiness even to the pits of perdition; yet never losing Thee, or being wholly lost; Thine, whether we acknowledge Thee or forget Thee; Thy Spirit our helper, as we help or as we hinder, or lapse or rise!

XXII.—*Purgatory.*

Man's total depravity and the doctrine of his future punishment are alike contradicted by the fact, that man were not

man could he not feel remorse and thereby betray a sense of rectitude, and hence the possibility of repentance and restoration to the holiness he had lost. If insensible to remorse, any punishment were cruel, and we were the victims of an arbitrary and unjust dispensation.*

XXIII.—*Mercy.*

The reserved powers in the breast are the mighty ones, yet side by side sleep the whispering Sisters and the Eumenides; nor is conscience appeased till, swifter or slower, the deserts are pronounced. There is an oracle in the breast, an un-sleeping police, and ever the court sits, dealing doom or deliverance.

Our sole inheritance, both here and hereafter, is *our deeds*.

But present in man's breast is that which becomes never a party in his guilt, never conceived an evil thought, consented never to doing an evil deed, but holds itself impeccable, immutable, the deity in his head, the counsellor, comforter, judge and executor of the divine decrees.

All men appeal to the supreme court in the breast for the final judgment, believing there is in every heart a better friend than foe, a judge just as Justice itself, taking his part in spite of his crimes even; an instinct of compassion which renders every one a partaker in the possible, if not actual, guilt, and so commending the offender to the mercy of the court; all men feeling need of clemency and plead for forgiveness.†

BIAS.

* "The human soul, after its departure out of this body, is acknowledged, or rather demonstrated, to go into Hades, there to receive punishment for its evil actions past. Providence does not only take care of our being, but of our well-being. Therefore is the soul, though lapsed into a preternatural state, yet not neglected by Providence, but has a convenient care taken of it, in order to its recovery. And since sinning had its original from the desire of pleasure, it must of necessity be cured by pain; for here also evils are the cures of evils. Therefore the soul about to be purged is banished and pained in those subterranean judicatories and prisons in order to its amendment."

PHILOPONUS.

† "Bias, obliged to judge one of his friends who was to be punished with death, wept before all the Senate before pronouncing the sentence. 'Why

XXIV.—*Mortality.*

Roger Bacon conceived death to be occasioned by man's long abuse of himself. He thought him constructed for clothing himself with an imperishable body and maintaining his immortality in flesh. "The possibility of prolonging human life," he says, "is confirmed by the fact that the human species is naturally immortal, or *able not to die*. For, even after the loss of aboriginal longevity, it is by imperceptible degrees that individual life is abbreviated, and, this being contingent, may therefore be partially, if not wholly, restored by a persistent regimen of temperance and continency observed by generation after generation."

"Our body is but the soul's instrument,
And when it fails, only those actions cease
That thence depend. But if our eyes were sent
Unto the aged man with as much ease
And accurateness as when his youth did please
The wanton lass, he now could all things see.
Old age is but the watery blood's disease;
My hackney fails, not I; my pen, not sciencie."

That least welcome of all visitors invades our dwelling and affections, at last, to assure us how precious is our immortality, how embosomed in Divinity are our purest friendships, how imperishable! Love divinizes the heart it inhabits and survives all changes without—death the seal of its friendship.

Death is sad and strange enough without exaggerating its accidents. Grief disbelieves in itself, and seeks consolation in hope and cheerful aspects of present and future. One's tones may be so desponding and so despairing as to excite only doubt and despair, instead of faith assured, and the trust that strengthens and upholds. I hear words spoken at funerals that should be spoken only at other times, and to others rather than the bereaved. Shall sorrow seek relief in sorrow, faith in doubt?

do you weep,' said some one, 'since it depends upon yourself to clear or condemn the criminal?' 'I weep because Nature forces me to compassion-ate the miserable, and the laws order me to have no regard to the impulses of Nature.'"

Ah, when shall men take their immortality as they breathe the atmosphere and cease asking whether they breathe or not?

"I am the resurrection and the life" sounds strange and false from lips, referring only to another who once uttered them. Yes; I am the resurrect and alive, if I know what these purport; but dead and despairing, if I do not. Surely the centuries intervening since these quickening words were pronounced should have certified to every soul ere this its latent immortality.

Strengthen me by sympathising with my strength, not my weakness. I can fall without help fast enough. Can you assist me to rise? I need all your strength to call forth my own, and you do not help me unless you invigorate my faith and hope in my own powers. Do not step between my strength and my weakness, and parley with each in turn.

Despair is Nature's cripple, and falls upon its crutches complainingly. Hope alone supports and sustains under all vicissitudes of person or estate.

Whom spirit hides only spirit finds. Concealed behind this countenance lies paradise and the radiant heavens.

Happy those who can take life in a free, friendly spirit, not as a penance and embrace of fate. Freedom and friendship are of divine ancestry, conferring their privileges upon all who court their favor: unhappy those who sullenly stand aloof and separate themselves, by their misanthropy and distrust, from such fair fellowships.

The ties of blood neither separation of kindred, nor distance, nor condition, can obliterate or sever. Even names, like features, surroundings, survive, as if they, too, descended in the stream to bind families the more indissolubly together. Opinions, phrases, too, rise as from their tombs with the meeting of relations, families mingling in one common affection around the old hearthstones, to read their titles on the tiles of ancestry, their heraldries thereon inscribed.

Though it matters not in the immortal genealogy where our geographies fall, our planet being our own post but for a century at most—our inn for the night—still the heart plants

itself the while, and loves to associate all that it knows of its human kindred with some spot ancestral and dear, and call it home.

But home is where the heart is,
The heart's where'er we roam,
Heaven's where our friends are,
The friendless have no home;
Our Edens all unfurnished
Till into these we come.

The shaft of life is wreathed with the human affections, as the vine surrounds the column and climbs into the sun's rays by its embrace, while its roots are nourished from the earthy mould at its base.

Solitary and friendless are those whose sympathy has not freed from their individualism,—still the prisoners of sense and inmates of the den, between whom and the Person stretches the broad domain of humanity. It is through sympathy and friendship that man becomes one with himself and his kind. Who so companionless as those who have no company in them, lonely in all companies, shunning themselves even, phantoms evading phantoms!

“ . . . The light of Nature lends
But feeble light, and leads to her own ends;
And shadows thrive the more in stature
The nearer we approach the light of Nature.”

There is room enough in the mind's depths for superstition to revel unrestrained in its vagaries. Even the instincts may be misinterpreted when betrayed by the sorceries of the passions: nothing being so strange to mind as mind itself; and everywhere in Nature, vast as it is, the strange fails to satisfy the mind, which plunges through, and still beyond, into the unknown, seeking thus to eke out itself in things, but finds never its rest save in the unattained, unattainable All.

Friendship is the soul's heaven into which the heart shall enter sometime, if not admitted already. Our desire for fellowship, and the persuasion that departed friends await us, is proof positive against all disappointments and delusions meanwhile of our rejoining them in the order of immortality. Because man is personally immortal he cannot accept less

than immortality of fellowships in the future, nor still his anticipation of such satisfaction.

It was a tenet of Plato's school that human souls were removed from fate and immortality. For were souls faithful to the law of their being, immortality would be theirs without this lapse into mortality and fate, these being the consequence of the broken law. By sin came death, and by death the fate that follows all those who have a mortal lineage, or birth into bodies. Fate is the consequence of swerving from the law of rectitude, and is entailed upon all who inherit flesh and blood.*

THE BIRTHDAY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

By T. W. PARSONS.

Boston to Florence greeting, on the morn
Dear to Art's children, even in Art's young land,
Sends—"Joy! *this day thy four-souled man was born!*"
One of his country's poets named him so;
And we accept the phrase, and would expand.

I.

When the first man of Europe could conceive
That Syrian Shepherd, in the Ducal Square,
One soul he surely had; and that he gave

* "Seeing our most palpable evidence of the soul's immortality is from an inward sense, and this inward sense is kept alive the best by devotion and purity, by freedom from worldly care, sorrow, and the grosser pleasures of the body (otherwise her ethereal nature will drink in so much of earthly and mortal dregs that the sense of the soul will be changed, and being outvoted as it were by the overpowering number of terrene particulars which that ethereal nature hath so plentifully imbibed and incorporated with itself, she will become in a manner corporeal, and in the extremity of this working and dotage will be easily drawn off to pronounce herself, such as the body is, dissolvable and mortal); therefore it is better for us that we become doubtful of our immortal condition when we stray from that virgin purity and unspottedness, that we may withdraw our feet from these paths of death, than that demonstration and infallibility would prove an heavy advantage. But this is meant only to them that are loved of God and their own souls. For they that are at enmity with him desire no such instructions, but rather embrace all means of laying asleep that disquieting truth that they bear about with them so precious a charge as an immortal spirit."

Birthday of Michael Angelo.

His first love, Sculpture, moulding marble so
 That when his David was unveiled—the young
 Champion of Israel, such as men believed
 Once ruled in Jewry—it is writ, a low
 Murmur went through the multitude, as when
 The sacred Host is lifted, and the crowd,
 Though clad in corselets, drop adoring down!
 That boyish triumph bears no more, with us,
 The lofty need that Florence then bestowed,
 Since the youth's manhood went so far beyond
 The son of Jesse—what a giant stride
 From him to Moses! Then was Art's high flood.

II.

"'Mid the white marble crags of Luni's hills,
 Whose sides the peasant, nestling near their base,
 Above the village of Carrara, tills,
 He had a cavern for his dwelling-place;"
 Like Aruns, the great soothsayer, whose home
 Dante thus pictures in the verse above.
 Brave master! laboring like a quarry-slave
 Among rough men, hard-handed and dark-eyed,
 Making himself coarse-fingered as themselves,
 Till his right hand had almost lost her cunning;
 Yet with his left he gave those Fates that face!

See the weird women!—Clotho stands behind
 Wielding her distaff—then the one who spins
 And rules the threads—and she who cuts them off:
 O Atropos! unchangeable,—the Greeks
 Gave thee that name; but when thy severing steel
 Comes near the silver cord of such a life,
 We must remember, if we keep our faith,
 That, though ye fashion destiny to-day,
 Thou and thy sisters are but mortal, too,
 And have no office in the life to come.

III.

Now for the builder—he the lofty rhyme
 Could also build: but now we speak of him
 Who might have bridged the Hellespont, but chose
 Rather to work for Christendom, and serve
 The Servant of the servants of his God.*
 He labored for his Italy. Who else,
 Following the lead of Brunelleschi's dome,
 Saint Mary of the Lily, could have reared
 The Church, which Jesus planted on a Rock,
 To hang for evermore in Rome's blue air?

IV.

Was he a poet? Who shall give response
To this high question for the court supreme
Of the eternal ages? We must bow,
Being fast frost-bound in this realm of prose,
To Italy, who has declared him one
Second to Petrarch seldom, in the nerve
Of his grave sonnets, whether Love was lord
Of the strict verse, or Intellect alone.
He was no singer in the modern strain
Of bugle-songs and Balaklava blasts,
Ravens and Bells, most musically mingled,
Yet not much more than melody to a mind
That seeks in Poesy the food of thought:
The pomp of Opera had not been born,
And thought and feeling had not died in words,
Words poor in sense, though silvered o'er with sound.

V.

Now give to Michael Angelo a name
Past Pindemonte's four*—that highest one
Of patriot soul—for whosoever works
Without a country, in whatever art,
Counts as an artist only second best.

O stately city—Florence of the West!
Since Charles and Arno have grown kindred streams
(Our great Song-master being at home by both).
Laurentian city! many sons of thine
And noble daughters have in Florence marked
The Medicæan chapel, and the shrine
Where Cosmo sleeps in marble, and the words
On the black slab graved, "Pater Patriæ,"
Which now we borrow for our Washington:
In my mind's eye I figure such a group;
And haply some one, looking fondly round,
Dazed with such splendor, says—if English born,
To some fair cousin of his blood, perchance

* The expression "Pindemonte's four" requires explanation. It refers to a phrase used by the Italian poet Ippolito Pindemonte, designating Michael Angelo as the *four-souled man* (*uomo di quattr' anime*), in allusion to his having been a sculptor, a painter, an architect, and a poet. To these titles Dr. Parsons justly adds that of patriot. The liberty of his beloved Florence was precious to M. Angelo, as is well known; and, in the last struggle of that republic against the combined armies of Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V., he devoted all the powers of his genius to the defence of Florence. As chief engineer, he planned and executed all the military works of the siege, while conducting besides a private embassy to the republic of Venice. On the fall of the city, fearing the proscription of the Medici, he hid himself in a friend's house; and did not come out till an order, forbidding to molest him, arrived from the Pope, who, as a member of the Medici family, was desirous of preserving their reputation as patrons of the arts. But from that day Michael Angelo shut himself up in his studio, occupying himself exclusively with works of art. After a short time, still fearing the persecution of the Medici on account of his liberal opinions, he went to Rome, where he worked on St. Peter's as architect and painter, and never would return to his enslaved Florence.

Pilgrim o'er seas to Latium's holy land —
 "Look there, my Lady! see Lorenzo's tomb!
 O Day and Night—but this is wondrous strange!"
 And she gives answer, if of his degree:
 "Most strange, indeed, to see those half-born things
 Out of dead marble starting into life!
 The perfect somnolence, in slumber locked;
 And under that vast quietude, the grief
 Of one who seems to have for ever lost
 Some great and honored object. Such are we,
 Losing that model which our youth designed;
 But we may win it back again through grace,
 Unless the good seed, dropped on barren ground
 Of stony hearts, find no more nourishment
 Than roses could on yon huge heaps of lime."

On those grand forms, one of the Strozzi wrote
 This choicest compliment in choice Italian,
 Poet penned ever—purely Florentine
 (For Florence is the flower of courtesy,
 And always bore the lily on her shield):—
 "The Night which thou beholdest, bound in deep
 And sweet repose, an Angel's hand did hew
 Out of this rock; and, though she is asleep,
 Breathes—doubt'st thou? Wake her; she will speak to you."
 Whereto, in language we may never match,
 The grief-worn patriot gave sublime reply:—
 "'Tis well to slumber, best to be of stone,
 While shame endures and Florence is not free;
 So lest I waken—ah! subdue thy tone—
 Methinks 'tis blessed not to hear nor see."

NOTE.—This poem was written for the anniversary of the four hundredth birthday of Michael Angelo, as celebrated by the Woman's Club of Boston.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

Thought a Function of the Brain.

In the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* for Nov. 7th, 1874, Dr. Brinton discusses "The Physical Relations of Thought." After quoting a passage from Dr. J. M. Fothergill's article on "The Mental Aspects of Ordinary Diseases," wherein the doctrine is set forth that "thought is the product of the cells of the gray matter of the brain, the result of a change of form in organic matter taken into the system as food," &c., he goes on to remark:

"True it is that observers have demonstrated that intellectual exertion requires the metamorphosis of force, i.e. nutrition, chemical action, increase of temperature in the brain cells, and electrical excitation. Very possibly they may some time be able to express such brain action in quantivalents of

other forces; but even that would tell us neither anything of the intimate nature of thought, nor at all explain the peculiarities of its laws.

"How an impression upon the periphery of a nerve becomes transformed into a *sensation*, is, as Professor Huxley remarks, 'utterly unknown to us.' Still less is it known what nature of process is that by which sensations, variously grouped and recalled by external chances, produce an *emotion*. Incomparably more obscure is the character of self-conscious intellection. Regarded as the result of chemical action, equal quantities of this action produce results as different as 'Tam O'Shanter' and a tedious street song, or as Newton's generalization of the law of gravity and a jockey's successful horse trade. A wholly different measure of value must therefore be applied to thought from that applied to other forces. No imaginable quantity or quality of heat and phosphorus guarantees a *true* idea, and not a false one; for this characteristic that we call *truth* is the only test of the energy of an idea, be it in the shape of a poem, a drama, or a hypothesis.

"It is well known, too, that the laws of right thinking, though well ascertained, are yet merely *purposive*, and not necessary or authoritative, as are the laws of all other forms of force concerned in brain action. Hence a science of thought in the ordinary sense of the term, that is, based on an induction of facts, becomes, and is, wholly impossible. The laws of thought are more honored in the breach than in the observance, yet their actuality cannot be questioned. Hence, again, brain action gives rise to, or leads to a sense of the presence of, a force different in quality as well as quantity from any other known to us.

"There is not the faintest reason to suppose that this force (to call conscious thought by that name) is produced or aroused *only* by cerebration. Not a tittle of evidence in this direction has ever been adduced; and if the contrary is not known either, the prudent writer will avoid committing himself positively."

Natural Law.

In the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* for Nov. 28th, 1874, Dr. Brinton discusses Professor Wharton's work on "Negligence." Speaking of Wharton's criticism on Mill's definition of Natural Law, he says:

"Law, then, be it observed, has two entirely different meanings. The one is that which is intended in juridical and moral law. Here the essence of law is *conscious obligation*, due to a command or precept laid down by a governing power.

"No such signification attaches to natural laws as those defined by the physical sciences. Nothing in the nature of conscious obligation can be supposed to exist in matter. Yet this obvious distinction is entirely overlooked by Mr. Wharton, and often has been neglected by theological and forensic writers before him.

"What, then, is a natural law? Mr. Wharton very justly attacks the definition given by Mill, that it is 'the sum of all the antecedents of an event'; or, to put it in other words, that it can be reduced merely to 'uniformity of sequence.' This is the view of most physicists. It is defended by Professor Bain, by Tyndall, by Huxley, and by all the materialistic

school of thinkers. They say that experience is the only teacher we have, and that long-continued, unbroken experience of a consequent uniformly following an antecedent is and must be the highest proof of a natural law.

"The statement is plausible, but fallacious. Not fallacious, however, on the grounds which Mr. Wharton defends, namely, that cause implies a Will capable of making and breaking a law. No such thing. Several weeks ago we discussed this question of a Will, and pointed out, that truth in its highest forms admits of no such notion.

"That there is a higher warrant for natural law than uniformity of sequence, than mere experience, comes from the nature of reason itself, and is capable of demonstration.

"A few examples will serve to show the difference between the empirical law—the result of observed sequences—and the theoretical necessity which is at the foundation of every real law of nature. The planetary motions were first correctly stated by Kepler, who derived them from the astronomical observations of Tycho de Brahe; but, though Kepler accurately laid down the law of these motions on experimental grounds, it was reserved for the intellect of Sir Isaac Newton to give these observations their true significance by demonstrating the force of gravity, by virtue of which the planetary motions are inevitable effects. On the other hand, we know by daily experience that sensations are consequent upon impressions on the nervous peripheries; but the law of this sequence remains the desideratum of psychology.

"A real law finds its absolute confirmation in the fact that it transcends experience; that no observation attests the full amount of validity which we know it to possess. Reason alone is its sanction, and not experience; on the contrary, experience rarely comes up to the demands of the law. Thus, no hand of man has ever drawn an absolutely perfect circle; imagination cannot picture one; yet we have many propositions, or laws of relation, about circles which have in them no mixture of error. The actual velocity of a falling body is in no instance directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance; but this very fact becomes the proof of the law, for, allowance made for retardations, the theoretical accuracy of the law is vindicated.

"The essence of every real law of nature is its *theoretical necessity*. Expressed in terms of thought, this is the *ens rationis*. Hence, the definition of Mill and Bain must be condemned as incomplete; that advocated by Wharton, who considers natural law an expression of the will of God, must (if that expression is used as in any way corresponding to human volition) be rejected as contrary to the very nature of law; and, in any case, the confusion of the three meanings of law, to-wit, conscious obligation, observed sequence, and theoretical necessity, should always be avoided by writers on jurisprudence, theology, or physics."

Cortical Brain Substance.

Dr. Brinton continues his psychological discussions in his journal for December 12, 1874, in the following remarks upon the "Cortical Brain Substance":

"The highest and the most obscure problem in physiology is the relation of molecular motion to psychic action. It would seem that at a certain point of progress the clue slips from the fingers of the investigator, and he becomes completely bewildered. Yet there is a potent attraction about this study readily understood, and this last year some positive advances have been made which deserve close attention.

"Starting from the general truth which lies at the basis of comparative anatomy, that the skull is a development of the vertebra, and that the activity of the brain is governed by the same laws and the same conditions of the organic mechanism which preside over the activity of the different segments of the spinal axis and medulla oblongata, Dr. Luys of Paris points out that every spinal as well as cerebral reflex process is composed of three successive periods intimately connected with each other; a period of incidence, an intermediate period, and a period of reflexion. The first is always an impression irradiated from a sensory plexus, a centripetal impression, conscious or unconscious, and marks the *début* of the whole phenomenon, and it is always an attendant or satellite motor reaction that completes it. In the brain, as in the spinal cord, there is a system of zones or cells disposed for the reception of centripetal impressions, and a system of zones disposed for the emission of motor excitations.

"Physiological research shows that it is in the networks of the cortical substance of the brain that sensory impressions of all kinds reach their ultimate stage, taking from this point a new form, and becoming transformed into psychical incitations, which again lead to movement. The networks of the cortical substance therefore represent a vast common reserve for all impressions belonging either to animal or to vegetable life, and, in a physiological point of view, a synthesis of all the partial sensibilities of the organ, i.e. the *sensorium commune*. On the other hand, the experiments of Flourens and Ferrier have shown that there exists in the cortical substance of the brain a series of isolated and independent motor centres governing certain groups of muscles. A cerebral reflex process differs from a spinal one in its being amplified and transformed by the proper action of the exclusively cerebral nervous element interposed in its course. Speech, for example, Dr. Luys explains, essentially results from the synergic action of the psycho-intellectual and of an automatic sphere of nervous activity, the former comprehending the affection of the sensorium and subsequently of the conscious individual, the latter embracing the integrated and co-ordinated translation of the sensorial excitation. Anatomically, this last commences in the deep zones or cells of the cortex of the brain, and is conducted through the whole cortical striated fibres, then through the gray substance of the corpus striatum and of the pons, and terminates in the nuclei of origin of the hypoglossal and spinal nerves, which convey the impulses to the muscles affecting phonation.

"The cells of the deep layers of the cerebral cortex, of which it is here question, are therefore the real seats of psychic action, and become of the utmost consequence in the study of its origin. They have recently been accurately examined by Prof. Betz. He finds in the convolutions anterior to the sulcus centralis numerous nerve cells which he considers to be the largest in the whole body, and to which he gives the name of 'giant pyra-

midal cells.' They are chiefly situated in the fourth layer of the cortex; are from .05 to .06 mm. broad and .04 to .12 mm. long. They all have two chief and from seven to fifteen secondary processes, and the latter further divide into still smaller ones. One of the principal processes is thick at its origin, and then divides and subdivides, and sends out lateral branches in its course to the periphery of the cortex; the other process is slender, and starts from the nucleus of the cell, passing directly into the axis cylinder, which soon becomes thicker and provided with a sheath, and so continues its course as an undoubted nerve-trunk.

"These cells do not form a continuous layer, but are aggregated into groups or nests of two or more cells, which lie from .03 to .07 mm. apart. They are less numerous in the lower half of the anterior central convolution, and are more frequently met with and more closely packed at its upper end and on the inner surface of the hemisphere. These nests occur in quite young people, though in them they are smaller and have fewer processes than in adults. In the brains of very old people the nuclei of the cells become filled with yellow granules, which do not stain with carmine. In the right hemisphere the cells are more numerous and apparently larger than in the left. They are to be found in the same locality in every human brain; in idiots, in the chimpanzee, and in several of the lower apes. Strictly analogous ones are found in the dog.

"There is no doubt but that these important elements are the central seats of psychic action. The only physiologist, so far as we know, who advocates any other is Nothnagel; and Dr. Hitzig, whose name is well known in this field of research, justly criticises Nothnagel's opinion that mental or spiritual functions cannot be rigidly localized in the brain cortex, holding that he reads the phenomena wrongly.

"Hitzig himself says: 'It follows from the sum of our experiments that thought is by no means, as Flourens and others have believed, a kind of general function of the brain, the expression of which may be made from it as a whole, but not from single regions; *but that it is much more certain that some psychological (seelische) functions, probably all of them, are dependent, either in their action on matter or their reflection from the same, on certain circumscribed cortical centres.*' And he adds: 'For the correctness of this view, in fact, is shown with all desirable logical clearness from our experiments, and we consider this truth as the most valuable result of our labors.'

"Not only, therefore, the cortex is the seat of thought, but certain regions of it correspond to definite mental functions. This, as our readers well know, has been ably maintained by Prof. Ferrier; and one of the last contributions of that writer, one entitled 'Pathological Illustrations of the Brain Function,' has a peculiar interest, as it is a practical application of its author's recent discoveries to the explanation of the facts of disease. Five fatal cases of organic disease of the brain are reviewed in it, and their symptoms are shown to have been in perfect harmony with the results of experimental inquiry.

"With all this effort, which is admirable *in suo genere*, there is not a tittle of light thrown on the problem which is stated at the commencement of this article. Any one who supposes there is, reads his text wrongly.

Certain conditions requisite to conscious thought are beginning to be defined. But what sort of relation these conditions bear to this manifestation, no one has discovered a single fact about. The causal law, the theoretical necessity, eludes us utterly."

Mind and Force.

Editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy:

I was much interested in the abstract which you gave, in the last number, of the views of Dr. Brinton on life, force, &c. The Doctor appears to be an anti-materialist; but he seems to me to allow too much weight to the second horn of his dilemma (p. 377) when he says, "All mental and physical force expended being exactly equal to the force in the form of nutriment received, clearly the mind, if there is any such independent thing, contributes no force at all. * * * This is demonstrable." If this is demonstrable, I, for one, would be obliged to Dr. B., or any other person, for a sight of the demonstration. I have read all I have had access to on this subject, and have yet to see the slightest shadow of proof of his statement. I have regarded it as founded wholly on a surmise of Dr. Carpenter: that, as the forces of inorganic nature can be reduced to a single formula, that formula may be extended to organic being. This idea has been caught up by physiologists, and repeated by one and another so often, that, as usually is the case with great story-tellers, they have to regard it as true. Efforts have indeed not been wanting to tabulate the forces which the movements of living beings display, but still they refuse to arrange themselves under the mathematical yoke. From the time that Dr. A. Flint, Jr., compared the amount of urea secreted by a man lying on his back in a hospital with that of a man taking severe exercise, and found little or no difference, to the time of the ascent of the Faulhorn by Wick and Wislicenus, every attempt to link the muscular energy expended with the food consumed, either by decomposition of the muscle itself, or by that of the elements of the blood, has been a failure. If there is a greater amount of carbonic acid evolved during muscular exertion than in a state of rest, there is a coëxistent activity of the nervous system which may, and in my opinion does, account for it. More is also evolved during the waking than in the sleeping state, irrespective of exercise. These facts, together with the consideration that the brain is the only organ of a single tissue to which the blood is sent arterial and returns venous in large quantity, implying that decomposition of the elements of the food which produces force; while the various secretions, as of the liver, kidneys, salivary glands, &c., are manifestly indifferent to it; and taking into view the effects of posture on syncope—the narcotization produced when the change from arterial to venous blood cannot take place—the *pari-passu* development of the arterial and nervous system in animal life, and the parallelism of their distribution throughout the body, point irresistibly to the vesicular tissue of the brain, spinal marrow, ganglions, and surfaces of sensation, as the seats where the changes are wrought by which the food becomes power, and there is every reason to believe that this power is expended on the nerves alone. And it may be added that this is the limit of machinery, or chemically formed power, in the human system. And the simple reason is, that such power cannot be made avail-

able for the infinitely varied—in strength, rapidity, and selection—muscular contractions which human needs require. Let any one imagine the performances of an expert pugilist, wrestler, swordsman, rope-dancer, or, more to the purpose, an eloquent orator speaking and gesticulating vehemently; let him reflect on the several muscles brought into play, the frequent changes of their contractions necessary, and conceive, if he can, of his employing a foreign force and directing it on these muscles at will; or suppose him interchanging telegrams between the brain and the muscles while he is pronouncing 1600 letters in a minute, with the gestures thrown in. It is evident that it is not *via* the brain, or *via* pudding, or any other *via*, that the mind acts on the muscles to produce such results. Nothing short of the intimate presence of the mind to the muscles can account for it. Those compromising physiologists who admit a force from without, under the direction of the mind, admit enough for our purpose. For force coming into the body from without, either must *have*, or must have *not*, a direction. If it has no direction, it requires force to give it one. If it has direction, it requires force, certainly, to alter that direction. And if the mind directs, it must furnish that force. And if so, what need is there of any other? Consciousness reveals the *person* as the gritter of the teeth, and that “it is not the blow that kills—it is the *soul* that strikes.” And, in accordance with its evidence, we conclude that, in the activities of the human body, mind avails itself of the physical powers and properties as far as they are available, and supplements them with its own as the crowning work of spirit in matter.

Rockport, Mass., Dec. 22, 1874.

BENJ. HASKELL, M.D.

The Definition of Life.

Editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy:

In the preference given to the definition of life by Cuvier, I think Dr. Brinton is also at fault; and especially in the stress he lays on form as “the gist of the distinction between organic and inorganic nature.” Not only is form manifested in crystalline structures, but each elementary or compound substance brings forth according to its kind. And, to complete the parallel, the Crystal after its death or dissolution, if revived, returns in its original form with mathematical exactness. If therefore we accept, on the authority of the Doctor, and the Poet, the doctrine that

“Eternal form shall still divide
Eternal soul from all beside”

after time closes, still less can we agree with the Doctor that form is the pathognomonic symptom of life. For how can that which exists before life begins, and continues after life is ended, be the criterion of life itself? The definition of life by Cuvier, not only in respect to form, but in all its essential points, is as applicable to the inorganic world as to the organic. What is the growth of the crystal but the assimilation of surrounding substances by a fixed and regular process, which he (Cuvier) also ascribes to life as its special prerogative? The fact that this growth is an accretion from without, while organic growth is from within, is no more a diremption of the process of life than the involution of the skeleton from circumference to the

centre in the passage from the invertebrated to the vertebrated class of animals.

It is not in contrasting organic with inorganic nature that the true idea of life is to be gained. Nature is one in its triad of mineral, vegetable, and animal life;—a column with mineral life for its base, vegetable life for its shaft, supporting animal life for its capital: its parts differing indeed in outline, but composed of the same granite throughout; each department producing all that it is capable of producing (under its respective conditions) of beauty, utility, and truth. Thus in mineral life, with the simplest materials, and the merely solvent and buoyant qualities of water, obviating weight and friction, and allowing free movement to the particles according to their intrinsic tendencies, the above ideas manifest themselves in every form consistent with mathematical limitations. In vegetable life, with more compound materials, and with the flowing or carrying properties of water in addition to its solvent and buoyant properties, with the mathematical restrictions removed, the imagination has free play to develop every conceivable form of truth and utility, and to address four out of the five senses of man in innumerable forms of beauty—beauty to the touch, beauty to the eye, beauty of odor, beauty of savor. Why the ear is not also addressed may appear when we consider that that organ has especial reference to animal life. While the other senses are agencies which bring the mind into relation with the chemical and mechanical properties of things in order that it may *know* them, hearing and voice establish relations which enable one animal to *know* the thoughts in the minds of other animals, and it, accordingly, waits for music and speech before it surrenders to the charms of beauty. It is therefore the social sense (*par excellence*). Finally, while in animal life the materials are so highly organized as to require no chemical composition or decomposition for their assimilation, we have in addition to the static properties of water and its flowing properties, its propulsive powers, which present the molecules equally to all points, irrespective of position or attrition, in readiness for assimilation, or for the development of force. Thus Nature recognized Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, and Hydrodynamics, before man invented these hard words. Her progress is from simple to more complex materials, through successively higher and higher agencies, and broader limitations, to correspondingly greater production. She evinces a knowledge of the mechanical and chemical qualities of things in vegetable life, by the prickly and acrid exudations she throws out for defence on the surface of her products, by her acts in the sensitive plants, and by her discrimination in the absorption of nutritive materials. This, however, is in immediate contiguity. For, as she is stationary in her products in this department, she needs not a more discursive knowledge to direct her. But in animal life, the great function of which is motion around and among material things, she needs a *distant* knowledge of the same to direct this motion. Hence, in addition to touch and taste, the intellectualized expressions for the above, she builds up the organs of smell and sight, that, by the physical impressions made by distant objects on them, and through them on her, her attention may be averted and fixed on those objects until she knows them, and regulates her movements accordingly. Thus all

the senses are but forms of knowing; while their organs are but apparatus constructed in adaptation to the laws of the physical causes which operate on them. In this way also we come to understand the seeming anomaly of there being two pairs of organs to bring the mind in relation with only two classes of sensations: the one pair being the product of stationary vegetable life and transmitted as an inheritance to animal life, while the other supplies the direct wants of animal life itself.

Coëtaneously with this development of organs, through the medium of which external forces act on the mind, a tissue is generated through which the power of cohesion, with movement of the cohering molecules according to will, is made the medium by which the mind transmits its own forces on external things. This tissue is distributed into a variety of apparatus by means of bony levers and otherwise, all of which are connected with the aforesaid organs of the senses by means of still another tissue, whose exaggerated importance blinds the eyes of all professorial teachers to the simplicity of truth on this subject—viz. the nervous tissue—the sole function of which is to continue on the minute impulses made on it to whatever organs are to be thrown into activity by the sensations arising from those impressions. The nervous system, when active, may be said to reduce the whole body to a point. Its effect is to render an impression made on one part as if made on all other parts; and this it does simply as a result of the physical properties of its structure.

The human body, therefore, may be said to consist *essentially* of two great classes of organs, viz. those by which external material causes act on the mind, and those by which the mind reacts on the external world. All other organs are either to build these up, to keep them in activity, or to reproduce them when worn out: such are the organs of digestion, of circulation, of respiration, of generation, &c. To form these two classes of organs, to preserve them, and to subject them to the service of the mind, is the particular work of animal life. But life in its broadest generality is the involution of mind into matter for the positing of material laws and causes; and its evolution as individual mind or soul, with a counter-system of organs (viz. the organs of sense and motion) which it has wrought out for itself, and by which it establishes, homœopathically, or by the law of impulse, relations of action and reaction with those laws and causes which are its previous work.

BENJ. HASKELL, M.D.

P. S. We are told by Prof. Tyndall that he sees in matter “the promise and potency of every form and quality of life”; and his followers inform us that he does not intend to sink mind into matter, but is about endowing matter with certain new and unheard of properties which will raise it to mind, and thus enable it to explain everything. Are they oblivious of the fact that biologists have had a *carte blanche* of all possible properties of matter since the time of Haller, and have produced from them nothing but the contradictions of experimental physiology? Are they aware that, with all their studies, labors, and *sacrifices*, of more than a century, they are not so near a systemization of the facts of the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the nervous system as was Aristotle when he left off thinking? Or, do

they need another century of delving among vital endowments of nerve, of torturing dogs and frogs, to teach them that these facts utterly refuse to assimilate, except under the conceptions of *mind* and *matter*?

Rockport, Mass., March 5, 1875.

B. H.

Is Man a finite Being?

Mr. Editor:

In the October number, 1874, *Jour. Spec. Phil.*, Mr. Kroegeer says: "If any finite being is immortal, i.e. continues to lead a self-conscious life throughout all time, it necessarily remains always more or less immoral, because it remains finite." Now, I ask Mr. K. if his hypothesis does not involve a contradiction? How can an "immortal" and "self-conscious" being, living throughout all time, be or remain finite? Is the term "finite" predicable of such a "being"? Or, rather, is the term "finite" predicable of "being" at all? Is it not a theological rather than a philosophical term, and one that has no place in the vocabulary of a science of pure "being"? If, then, the "being" assumed in the hypothesis is not finite, does not the corollary of "immortal immortality" reduce to zero?

North Lawrence, Kansas.

LIGHTSEEKER.

BOOK NOTICES.

German Rationalism, in its Rise, Progress, and Decline, in relation to Theologians, Scholars, Poets, Philosophers, and the People: A Contribution to the Church History of the 18th and 19th centuries. By Dr. K. R. Hagenbach, Professor of Theology in the University of Basle. Edited and translated by Rev. Wm. Leonhard Gage and Rev. J. H. W. Stuckenberg. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. For sale by Gray, Baker & Co., St. Louis.

The so-called rationalistic movement is perhaps the most noteworthy in modern theology. At bottom it is the attempt to bring about a perfect unity between faith and insight. That it has generally proved a failure must be confessed when we compare its results with the ideal standard. When, however, we consider the value of these attempts in provoking reaction on the part of orthodox theologians, as well as in developing literature and science, we find the movement quite essential to the divine Purpose in world-history. In the middle ages the pantheistic interpretation of Aristotle by his great Arabian commentators threatened Christianity with an insoluble contradiction between Reason and Faith. Its effect was to stimulate into being a race of sturdy thinkers, among whom Thomas Aquinas stood preëminent and enunciated the speculative basis of the Christian faith in such terms as may stand for valid to this day. The growth of universities and the revival of learning date their birth in the great convocations assembled to hear the scholastic doctors present their theories of faith and reason.

Dr. Hagenbach gives a brief account of the rise of Rationalism in Germany, reviews the characteristics of the eighteenth century, sketches the strife between the Lutherans and Calvinists and the rise of Pietism. The accounts of Lessing and Zinzendorf are of especial value. Herder, Kant, Schiller, Schelling, Jacobi, Fichte, Richter, Goethe, Novallis, Schleiermacher, and Hegel, are discussed in ten chapters. In Chapter XXIV. the author treats of the rise of the Protestant spirit in the Roman Catholic Church during the past and present centuries.

The Elements of the Psychology of Cognition. By Robert Jardine, Principal of the General Assembly's College, Calcutta, &c. London: MacMillan & Co., 1874. For sale by Gray, Baker & Co., St. Louis. Price \$2.00.

The author of this work treats, *first*, The Acquisition of Presentative Knowledge, under the following heads: (a) analysis of perception; (b) analysis of sensations; (c) revival and association of sensations; (d) self-consciousness; (e) sensations as objects; (f) perception. His second topic is the various Theories of Perception as taught by Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Reid, Kant, and the modern English thinkers. Under Descartes he treats also Malebranche and Spinoza. He regards the conclusions of Berkeley and Hume as "the *reductio ad absurdum* of representative idealism as found in Descartes and Locke." Among the modern English thinkers he discusses the doctrines of Hartley, J. S. Mill, Hamilton, &c. He concludes: "The only place Mr. Mill leaves for physical science is that negative, utterly tantalizing shadow of a thing which he calls 'the permanent possibility of sensations'! Idealism postulates an intelligent power as the cause of the existence and objective synthesis of sensations; and to this there is perhaps no serious objection, except that the language which is used frequently leads ordinary people to suppose that something very absurd is meant. Realism as found in Herbert Spencer, and as supported by recent investigations of science, demands a belief in real objective non-phenomenal forces, capable of correlation with and a transmutation into one another." His third topic is Representation. This he discusses under the heads: (a) condition of representation; (b) laws of representation; (c) kinds of representation—phantasy, memory, expectation; (d) imagination in science and art; (e) imagination in ethics and religion; (f) peculiarities of representation; (g) representation of abstractions. His fourth topic is Elaboration of Knowledge, considered under (a) predication; (b) intuition; (c) dependence of predication upon intuition; (d) the class, the concept, the name; (e) reasoning simulating inference; (f) determining ground of inference; (g) the form of inference; (h) evidence, induction, deduction; (i) conclusion.

The Logic of Reason. Universal and Eternal. By Laurens P. Hickok, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Lee & Shepherd, 1875. For sale by Gray, Baker & Co., St. Louis. Price \$2.00.

The author remarks in his preface that "A strong conviction that modes of Logic at present used can never attain to absolute knowledge, but must stop short in confirmed skepticism, puts an imperative duty upon us to seek out a better logic, by which known truths may be held forever sure." In his introduction he shows that facts of matter and facts of mind require one philosophy for their explanation, which philosophy is in reason and consequently the logical condition of all experience. Hence he proceeds in Part I. to consider the prominent forms of Abstract Logic: (1) logic of mathematics; (2) the syllogistic logic; (3) transcendental logic; (4) logic of force. The necessary limitations of mathematical logic and the defects of syllogistic logic in not being capable of formulating chemical combination and conversions of force, are well portrayed. It makes matter inert, and illimitable space and time unknown. Science and philosophy have gone beyond it. In the chapter on Transcendental Logic he reviews the

positions of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, attributing to the latter the completion of this species of logic. After an exposition of transcendental logic he criticizes its defects, alleging for it (a) an empirical origin instead of self-development; (b) the ambiguity of its term "reason"; (c) its inability to give an ultimate moral rule; (d) or to admit of communication of human experience, or of a common space and time; (e) its denial of all force except thought-activity. While "Aristotle's logic cannot move, Hegel's cannot rest." "Neither can determine universal experience nor transcend it." He passes next to the "Logic of Force," which is that of Herbert Spencer and thinkers like him. In Part II. he comes to the "Logic of Concrete Universality," within which he investigates the "prerequisite conditions that made experience itself possible, and necessarily as it is." He applies this in three directions: (I.) Pure figure and inorganic bodies—(a) experience in pure quantity, (b) experience within concrete quality, (c) experience in concrete relation; (II.) Organic life and activity—(a) leading facts of life running through from conscious to unconscious agency, (b) leading organic facts in the vegetable kingdom, (c) in the animal kingdom, (d) in the human family; (III.) Absolute Being above all finite experiences—(a) prerequisite conditions for form, (b) prerequisite conditions for life, (c) human reason may know what is essential in absolute reason.

Like the former works of Dr. Hickok, this work is characterized by profound, original thought, and gives evidence of long study of the speculative systems which have been put forth by Kant and his followers.

The Logic of Style; being an Introduction to Critical Science. By William Renton. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1874.

The following statement of the objects of the author in this treatise is made by the publisher:

"The object of the author in this treatise is to present once for all the fundamental principles of literary science. The distinction is made at the very outset between the mental sciences which are concerned with Sensibility, like Music and Literature, and those like Logic, which are not. The possibility of an *Æsthetic Science* of literature is then demonstrated; and the expansions, and advantages for other branches of mental science, of a theory of Style, indicated. This occupies the Introduction. In the body of the work, the principles of Expression generally are first of all treated; then Style is defined, in relation to Expression, as the 'differential in Expression'; and is contradistinguished from Rhetoric, which is the regulative and practical science of Style. More particularly, in Chapters II. and III. the ultimate relations of Style are specified, as Quality and Quantity. And here the science is shown to be the converse and complementary science to Logic. Its Quality founds on the same basis with that of Logical Quantity; literary effect being determined by the relations of Subject and Predicate. Here the catholic qualities of Style are defined and illustrated as *Subtlety* and *Comprehensiveness*, and the ordinary Logic extended into a new sphere by means of the *qualification of the Predicate*, i.e. in logical phrase, its 'quantification' in point of connotation, in so far as the connotation of Terms consists of a numerical aggregation of attributes. Then (in Chapter III.), the Proposition being shown to be the unit of length in Style, and to depend for its completeness on the Copula, the Quantitative relation in Style is exhibited as identical in its basis with Quality in Logic. The primary relation of Quantity

is that of Co-ordination, and its secondary, that of Subordination; which obviously fall to be treated of respectively as *Extension* and *Intension*. While the method of the work is thus formal, the illustrations are essentially of a literary interest."

Das Wesen des Universums und die Gesetze des Humanismus dargestellt aus dem Standpunkte der Vernunft. Von K. Th. Bayrhofer. Ottawa, Ills. 1871.

The name of the distinguished author of this treatise will interest our German readers as the name of one who thirty years ago attracted attention as an able writer on the Philosophy of Nature. Mr. Bayrhofer resides at present at Tonica, Illinois, and age does not appear to have abated his acuteness of insight—if we may form an opinion from the work before us, in which he discusses the world in view of the Spencerian Evolution-theory and the doctrine of the Unknowable. He does not understand how an evolution can be anything else than a gradual revelation and manifestation of an essence which is self-active in said evolution. Reason is essence, and not the unknowable, he thinks. The concluding portion of his treatise, relating to the social combination of man with man, and especially as regards "free monogamic marriage and family, democratic organization of labor, common schools, the democratic state, the union of peoples and of humanity at large," we desire to translate for our readers at some future time.

Life of Thomas Jefferson. By James Parton. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. 1874.

Few writers have achieved a literary style so much to the American popular taste as Mr. Parton. In the present instance, just on the eve of so many centennial anniversaries of early events in our history as a nation, his labor is peculiarly edifying. We are fortunate if the renewed contemplation of the lives and surroundings of the patriots of that period shall serve to mitigate the bitter memories of recent civil war.

The Methods of Ethics. By Henry Sidgwick, M.A. London: MacMillan & Co. 1874. For sale by Gray, Baker & Co., St. Louis.

In the present work the author intends an examination, at once expository and critical, of the different methods of obtaining reasoned convictions as to what ought to be done, so far as they are to be found in the moral consciousness of mankind at large either in an explicit or in an implicit form, and have been developed by individual thinkers and worked up into systems that have become historical. With this view, he treats in Book the First upon the technical apparatus of the system, and discusses morality and law, pleasure and desire, free-will, egoism and self-love, intuitionism, the good, &c. Book the Second is devoted to the various phases of egoism; Book the Third to intuitionism; Book the fourth to utilitarianism. The author carefully avoids anything that may seem like a dogmatic decision of the points at issue, and endeavors to state fairly the processes of ethical thought rather than the results. While this procedure is very essential as a phase of the historical method, it is not satisfactory as the outcome of a complete system. Ethical thought must reach the springs of action, and in order to do this must show the supremacy of one set of moral principles. The will is only paralyzed by the contemplation of many uncanceled motives.

THE JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Vol. IX.

July, 1875.

No. 3.

THE FAUST SAGA.

Translated from the German of KARL ROSENKRANZ, by ANNA C. BRACKETT.

The first part of Goethe's second period had been devoted to the pure Ideal; so much so, indeed, that he had undertaken in the *Tasso* to represent the Idealism of the creatively artistic soul. In the second part, the surprise of a great revolution moved him to the endeavor of making more clear the meaning of history, and of reducing to its proper measure what seemed so monstrous. Finally, in the third part, he advanced to the study of what is purely human. It was not, then, the soft, wavy lines of ideal beauty, the transfigured master-pieces of classical art, nor yet the answer to the historical sphinx of feudal monarchy which, in presence of the declaration of the inalienable rights of man, had plunged into the abyss of terrorism, that now held his attention; but it was the absolute human culture which became ever more and more the problem to whose complete representation he turned. Since the soul is only what it does, he desired to depict the deed by which the soul, flinging away all estrangement from itself, is first truly a soul—the deed of freeing itself. He represented this deed in a double form, as we have before said, as the severing, and then the reconciliation of science and art and life. One of these forms passes over from the insufficiency of knowledge to the experience of life, in order, with every step which it takes, to return again into

itself and into the comprehension of its own consciousness; the other passes over from the insufficiency of life into the new forming of life from the æsthetical stand-point, in order to reach the knowledge that the beauty of life which was sought finds its realization not as an agreeable appearance, but as the earnestness of freedom. On this account, the artificer must associate himself with others and raise his handiwork to the rank of an art, if he wishes to destroy the meanness of common life.

The first figure is that of Heinrich Faust, the philosopher; the second, that of Wilhelm Meister, the amateur actor. These are twin beings, who, setting out from different stand-points, arrive at last at the same result.

Of the two, the figure of Faust is the most exhaustively depicted. The illustration is carried so far at several points as almost to weary us with the detail. On the other hand, though Meister is very unfinished, yet the social literature of latter years has been obliged many times to refer to it because it deals with modern problems. As to the scenery, Faust belongs to the transitional period between the middle ages and modern times, while the Meister is placed in the transition from Orthodoxy to Enlightenment [*Aufklärung*], from fixed corporations to free association.

When Goethe's poetry is under consideration, it is customary to speak of the Faust poem as a powerful creation entirely by itself, and to make a special study of it, quoting at the same time all the passages in it which are generally accepted as fine. But we cannot proceed in this way. We must treat the tragedy of Faust as we have treated the other works. It ought to have for us no extent which cannot be measured by the standard already applied to the other poems. We shall also confine ourselves at first to the first part of the tragedy, for we must reserve the second till the close. If this was really planned at a much earlier time, and if, through a due regard for the organization of the whole, we must take into consideration that it grew into expression with Goethe's whole life and in its execution, it is to be considered as his last bequest.

In order not to be confused by the measureless quantity of Faust literature, which by means of Macmier and Henri

Blaze has also spread into France, we must distinguish (1) the story itself, (2) its poetic composition, and (3) its signification. The great variety assigned to the third has created much chaotic literature. The interpreters have in their contest had in view two aims: some of them, as Göschel and Hinrichs, having endeavored to explain everything from the Idea; while others, as Weisse and Gervinus, have found their interpretation in the history of the poet and that of the eighteenth century. The two views are both justified, but ought not to exclude each other. The speculative interpretation ought not to go so far as to reduce the personages of the poem to merely allegorical bearers of ideas; and the historical tries to do too much when it represents the elements of the poem as nothing but poetical descriptions of the stages of Goethe's own life. For example, that the classic phantasmagory of Helen has with the poet himself some relation to his journey to Italy, all will admit; but to ponder on the question, what is expressed in this or that line about the journey, is a perilous attempt, and finally leads us only to the conclusion that the poet had somehow lived in his poetry.

If we would illustrate the *Faustiad* in its whole extent, we cannot refrain from taking into consideration the representations which the art of painting has made of it. Are these pictures not also interpretations? Have the drawings of Retsch, of Cornelius, and of Scheffer, not also touched the meaning? The wonderful tones with which Prince Radzivil has set to music the first part, have they not also revealed to us new beauties, as in the Spirit-chorus? Has not the theatrical representation been also of the greatest service to the clear conception of the purely dramatic element of the tragedy? Has not Seydelmann's play of Mephisto given us an entirely new insight into the Satanic confusion by the contemplation of the demon as a personified unity of the highest cultivation of the understanding with a total disorder of the natural feeling?

We will at first turn our attention to the consideration of the story, but only so far as is necessary for a knowledge of the idea and its treatment by Goethe. We can here spare no room for the details to the solution of which I have in

previous years devoted much time. Besides, these have been so fully discussed of late, that there is now scarcely anything left for literary endeavors, and little even for astrologico-magical or mythological researches.

The full genealogy of the story, traced back to its principal sources, leads away to an endless ramification. We must limit our inquiry to a mention of those elements which will assist us in making clear the transformation given by our poet to the old story.

The elements of the legend are, on the one hand, magic, and, on the other, a compact with the powers of evil; one belonging to the heathen age of dependence upon nature, the other to the ecclesiastical ideas of the middle ages. They are united in Faust.

In the middle ages the magic element had many different phases in different stories. Among the Italians we meet at once with Virgil, whom the popular tales raised into a sort of conjuror as the English did with Friar Bacon. Turning to the Germans, we find the magician Elberich, and in *Kärlingischen* the sorcerer Malegis, two more clearly mysterious beings. In the Breton stories Merlin appears, and always with a mysterious background of Druidical wisdom. The devil had desired to establish over against the kingdom of salvation, another kingdom for the destruction of the human race by sin. He intended, by surprising a pious nun in sleep, to beget for himself a son, who, as antithesis of the Son of God, was to unite the demonic will to the highest intelligence, an intention which was frustrated by the exceeding purity of Merlin's mother. Merlin became the protecting magician in the legends of King Arthur, and Immermann has devoted to him a dramatic poem, which, though somewhat heavy, is also full of thought. But with the magician of the legends of the Holy Grail, with Klingsor, the proper learned magic makes its appearance, and in his conflict with the Christian, Wolfram von Eschenbach, in the war of the Wartburg, we see the opposition to Christianity. If magic was allowed to be innocent, it yet led to the compact with the powers of evil. Thus in ancient time it was accounted a sin in Tritemius, Georgius Sabellius, Paracelsus, Agrippa von Nettesheim, and others.

This element of magic is one factor of the Faust-story; the other is the compact with the devil. Its rendering so that the compact involves the journey to hell, first appears in French. In Spanish, we have the temptation by the demon, but man is saved and conquers the evil in martyrdom. The Spanish Faust contains the transition from Paganism to Christianity. Calderon has represented this in two powerful dramas: in *El Joseph de las Mugerres* he has depicted an Alexandrine philosopher, Eugenio, and in the *Mágico prodigioso* a learned pagan, Cyprian. The action of both these dramas is much the same. Eugenio is led to renounce Paganism through meditation on the passage, *Nihil est idolum in mundo, quia nullus est Deus nisi unus*; and Cyprianus is similarly affected by thinking over a passage in Pliny. He completes a bargain with the devil, though he does not know him to be the devil, believing him to be only a great magician. Eugenio and Cyprianus finally both are put to death by the heathen. Ruin, by means of the devil, is shown in the Spanish story of *Tenorio de Sevilla*, which contains the original of Don Juan, the same which Molière has treated in *Le Festin de Pierre*. This has often in modern times been interwoven with the Faust story, because it has been desirable to contrast sensuality with intellectuality, and materialism with spirituality. But even Grabbe was not able, in spite of all the effort of his imagination and wit, to make effective such an amalgamation as the Faust and Don Juan stories.

The reason of the failure lies in the fact that when Faust plunges into the world and into an abyss of sensuality, he includes the essence of Don Juan as an element of his being, and that consequently Don Juan appears only as a superfluous double. Leporello also, with his prose comicality and pandering, is already present in Mephisto and thus equally superfluous. It is a proof of the great power of the German intellect that it has been able to perfect the two stories in Goethe's Faust and Mozart's Don Juan. Music is more powerful than poetry to disclose the depths of sensuality, because the latter cannot seize it directly as music can, but is obliged to use the mediation of the imagination. Music alone is capable of expressing the riot of the feelings in sensual

pleasure or in pain. In Don Juan the evil is rather audacity and frivolous unbelief. The attractive seducer angers us by his wantonness, but holds our interest by the boldness, manliness, and skill with which he carries out his opposition to the ethical. Mozart's work is as great a master-piece as the first part of Goethe's Faust.

But let us return to that. The story of the compact with Evil was, according to the Grecian legend, ascribed to Theophilus, deacon of the church at Adana, in the middle of the sixth century. His pupil Eutychianus wrote his history. He had sold himself to the devil because his bishop had taken from him his place, and Satan was to help him to regain it. The nun Roswitha von Gandersheim, in the tenth century, put this legend into Latin verse, and in the eleventh century the bishop Marbod of Rennes followed her. These hexameters were translated into French verse by the monk Gautier of Metz, who died in 1236, and in the same century were dramatized by Rutebeuf as a miracle-play, which was very much liked. This was reproduced from a translation into modern French in the *Théâtre français au moyen âge*, by Monmerqué and Michel, in Paris, in 1839, after it had become known among us by means of the prose abridgment of Le Grand d'Aussy in his *Fabliaux*, and through the collected works of the middle ages in Low German which Bruns gave to the public. In these stories less stress is laid on the agreement with Satan than on the cancelling of the same by Mary. Theophilus, for example, experiences bitter regret that he has given admittance to the devil, and beseeches Mary for salvation. She pities him and forces Satan to yield in spite of a fierce resistance. In the French literature of the middle ages the legend is called simply *Le repentir de Théophile*.

As has been said, the Faust-story grew out of the two elements of magic and a compact with the devil, and its contents are a thirst for secret knowledge and an agreement with the devil by which one was to have full enjoyment of the world and its pleasures for the space of twenty-four years. Faust is the Doctor of Philosophy, and studies at Wittenburg, i.e. at the university which had been the cradle of Protestant theology. There appears to be no doubt that there was once

a man who, in common with the inventor of printing, bore the name of Faust, and who was, by reason of his intellect and knowledge of art, an imposing character. He is said to have been born at Kundlingen (now Knittlingen) in Suabia. That he is said to have studied in Cracow as well as in Wittenburg may have arisen from the fact that there were Sclavonian magicians resembling Faust—the Bohemian Zyto and the Pole Twarsowsky. The history of Faust was first printed at Frankfort-on-the-Main, by Spiers, in 1587. In 1599 there appeared in Hamburg a very circumstantial account of the true history of his abominable sins and crimes; also the story of one Dr. Johannes Faustus, a world-renowned dealer in the black arts and in magic, from his practice in the same to his terrible end. From this time Faust became a chief character in the popular story-books and in the puppet-shows.

It is easy to see that the abstract spiritualism of the middle ages is negated in this Faust, who stands on Protestant ground. No longer shall the reality of pleasure remain in the future and in another world; it shall be in the present and in this present existence; and no longer shall the science of Theology remain a mystery. Faust desires to know what is the real secret of the external world, of its creation, and its maintenance. He the magician, the philosopher, who has renounced faith, signs himself away to the devil, and balances some tens of years of absolute enjoyment against an eternity of blessedness. He turns his back upon all authority, all ordinances human and divine, and stands by himself alone: and the devil agrees thereto.

With Goethe's wonderful poetic instinct, he has seized the important moments of the myth and freed it from all external encumbrances. For example of this, I mention all the stories of magic which constitute almost the whole content in Wagner's story, and Bechstein has represented most of them in his Faust-epos, while Goethe has contented himself with one touch (*instar omnium*), as where he makes the wine flow from the wood in Auerbach's cellar. According to his usual way, he has idealized everything. For example, in the old popular stories there was no Margaret. There is only a shopkeeper's servant, who yields to Faust only on the condition that he will marry her. He has by Helena a

son, Justus Faustus, who, as well as Helena, vanish at his death. Goethe transforms him into Euphorion. He has also, as in the legend of Theophilus, united the element of reconciliation with the worship of Mary: while he escapes falling into the mechanical method of salvation characteristic of the middle ages, yet — “the eternally feminine draws us on” — the divine longing towards the divine. [There is a systematic collection of all the Faust legends, made by Franz Peter about the year 1850—Leipsic, 1851.]

GOETHE'S POETICAL RENDERING OF FAUST.

In the old popular tales the story of Faust had a certain completeness; but in the puppet-shows there appeared an active carrying on of the story, and the development of the ironical element, of which we see little trace in the version of the printer Spiess or that of the learned Widmann. These are chiefly concerned in making prominent the mischief of astrology and magic, the art of the evil spirits in obtaining an influence over men; while the tendency to magnify the sacrilegious nature of magic, and of dealing with evil spirits, makes the Faust of the popular tales appear gloomy and melancholy. In the puppet-shows, on the contrary, we find appearing a certain comical audacity, personified by the jovial Kaspar: this being, however, much varied, according to the different places in which the play was produced. The Catholic or Protestant elements affected it more or less, as the different criticisms on the play from Augsburg, Erlangen, Berlin, and other places, plainly show. This was one of the most favorite pieces exhibited in the German puppet-shows, but in literature there existed for a long time only a few fragments of it in an abstract which Franz Horn has given in his “German Literature.” We now possess the whole, though probably with some additions and modifications, by Karl Simrock (Frankfort, 1846). There also appeared, in 1850, at Leipsic, another version, by an unknown hand — “The Puppet-show of Dr. Faust: for the first time printed in its true and original shape, with an Introduction and Critical Notes, illustrated by wood-cuts.” The character of Kaspar is drawn with much humor.

Almost all great geniuses who lived in this stormy period

of the world's history were attracted by the theme of Faust. The literary historians name even Lessing, in this connection, with Klinger, Müller, and Lenz. But Lessing really wrote only a few scenes of the puppet-show: he was probably attracted, in the scene of the conjuration of the spirits, by the going over of the External to the Internal. Faust tries the speed of the spirits. In the beginning it does not satisfy him. He is satisfied only with the rapidity equal to that of thought; meaning that that alone is the something which is as great as the going over from the good to the bad. Lenz wrote only some fragments. Müller's Faust also remains in fragments: he concerns himself more with the spirits. His Faust has contracted debts, and, in addition to the inclination for a life of splendor, full of sensual pleasure, has a desire for reputation in science and art. Mephistopheles rescues him from the distress into which his debts have plunged him, frees him from the debtors' prison, and, later, allows him to enjoy the love of the queen of Arragon. Müller has succeeded best in the painting of the jovial student life and the Jewish creditor, and not at all well with the character of the demi-god Faust. Mephistopheles is very conscientious in his dealings with him. After twelve years of voluptuous worldliness have passed, he reminds him that he has only twelve remaining; Faust shall not say that he goes to hell unwarned. The devil offers to let him go back, but paints for him the wretched existence into which he will then return; and Faust clasps his hands together over his head, cannot summon a manly resignation, and slinks weeping away. A Faust who weeps because he must give up a miserable, banqueting life and sensual pleasure! He is no Faust. — Klinger wrote a Western and an Eastern Faust, in prose. In the latter, the idea of Faust is dissipated in many words; in the former, we have a criticism of the actual world. Faust, who is dissatisfied with the world, desires, like Karl Moor, to improve it: he will reward the good and punish the bad. The devil, under the name of Leviathan, is to assist him in this effort. But then Faust makes the discovery by his experience, how that by means of which he was to remedy the perversity of history, and to correct what, according to his ideas, was the great error in the ordering of the world,

turns out, on the contrary, to be precisely that which increases the confusion, evokes new crimes, and spreads the evil. He is doomed to see his own son upon the gallows as a consequence of his fancy of reforming the world. Full of shame, he must confess that the history of the world is the government of God; and Leviathan, with scornful laughter, leads him away to hell.

These sketches ought not to be useless in enabling us to see more clearly the setting which Goethe gave to the theme of *Faust*. We find that both Müller and Klinger have endeavored to idealize the stand-point of the old story, but that they both have been embarrassed by it. One gives *Faust* a more theoretical and the other a more practical stamp, but they both allow him to be utterly ruined. This is the strong point of the story. It is perfectly orthodox, even if the subjective freedom by which it frees *Faust* from all authority trenches upon the ground of Protestantism. Müller and Klinger strip off the confused mass of secret art in which the puppet-shows had taken the lead, but they change the traditional character neither of *Faust* nor of the devil.

Goethe's prerogative consists in the fact that his *Faust* is a totality, neither theoretical only, nor practical only, but standing as a representative of the whole human race. He announced in this drama the Evangel of a new Christianity; that is to say, of that Christianity which sinks the process of subduing the world contemplated in the life of Christ into the soul of the individual man, so that he shall follow his example, and shall, through such depth of reconciliation, through such a power of internality, become master of fate. Goethe did not make the bad absolute, for he shows us the devil vanquished. The totality in the character of *Faust* had also this result: the picture of the whole world was made to group itself around *Faust*, in a sort of symbolical reflection, in a wealth of shapes which finds its analogue only in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The rising above the old Orthodoxy, however, made it necessary that *Faust* should be saved and the devil cheated of his soul. We are now accustomed to speak of the Second Part of *Faust*. The many continuations of the First Part, which seem to be inexhaustible, are very familiar; but if we inquire in whose mind there arose first

the idea of a second part, we are forced to assign the honor to Goethe.

Faust represents for us the tragedy of the soul itself. We find no longer here only single sides of its existence, as politics in Egmont, love in Stella, devotion to the family in Iphigenia, art in Tasso, &c.; but it is the substance of the soul itself which is here led into the conflict.

Considered in and for itself, the soul is in its absoluteness always identical with itself. God in himself has no history: therefore the angels rejoice at the beginning of the tragedy, praising His lofty works, which are as glorious as on the day of creation.

But the individual finite soul must create history. It lives itself out of the present into the future, and thus creates for itself a past. The infinite nature of its knowing and willing must incessantly be made, as it were, finite. It goes from moment to moment, from deed to deed, from work to work. In its productivity, in its limitation of its own infinity, it forgets itself. But as fast as it sets any limit, it goes beyond this limit; for its infinite nature is not exhausted in that, and, from every special content of life, from every action, from every vocation [*bestimmtheit*] which it assigns to itself, it returns back into itself. Its freedom towers above all its manifestations. As compared with itself, all particular actions which it exhibits are mere fragments.

When the soul through its own history does not become at last content, we have the true tragedy. But through how much trouble and torment must the human being have to comprehend the necessity of limiting his divine nature in the externalizing of his individual life to one special finitude, to one history! The tragedy shows Faust in this contradiction of himself. He breaks not only with his past but with his future. What is on that side shall concern him little. He wrenches himself free from all divine and human powers. He deserts faith, love, hope; but chief of all, patience. He will have only the present for his God. But, as soon as he has turned away from the soul and from reason, he can find satisfaction only in sensuality. He promises the devil that he will relinquish his side of the agreement if he ever finds full satisfaction for any one instant, and says to it, "Ah, still

delay—thou art so fair!" Then shall the index on the clock of his life fall, and time for him be no more. Faust is the modern Titan who fights against the divinity in his own nature.

As the necessary form of the soul by which it is forced to create the realization of its freedom within the limits of history, the pain which we feel at our finitude, at the imperfection and fragmentariness of our actions, is simple pain. If we look backward at our never-returning past, it becomes melancholy; if forward into the future, longing. Faust has been for a long time certain that the finite can never satisfy him, and the devil offers him the possibility of satisfaction. Mephistopheles could never have approached him if this had not been the case.

But our action first makes us divided in ourselves, if we place ourselves in a negative relation to the nature of our freedom, to its necessity. We may say that, in contrast with the necessity in Nature, its truth is freedom; but we can never forget that, on the other hand, the truth of freedom constitutes its own necessity. Faust, in his pain at seeing the emptiness of his study, is still innocent; but as soon as he shall make his knowing absolute—as soon as he adjures the spirits and recognizes that he is unequal to them—as soon as he will not bow the loftiness of his human nature to the dignity of the divine, and attempts to poison himself,—he becomes immediately bad. The remembrance of his early life of faith, the peal of the Easter bells, the sound of the hymns that joyfully salute the arisen Christ, once more touch his soul, but they cannot have any permanent hold upon him. Faith for him is lost. He will have absolute enjoyment; he will enjoy all that falls to the lot of man—enamored hate, inspiriting vexation. And when by this means he has widened his individual self to the self of all humanity, when he has made the experience of all his own, even then at the end he must go to wreck like them. In the height of his own power, he finds the courage not to tremble at the crash of the shipwreck. This absoluteness of pure subjectivity is evil already. Mephisto is only the external appearance of the internal event, and Faust at once addresses him as an intimate friend.

It is through the power of evil that he is forced into the actual realization of his opposition to the divine forces of life, and he is torn by the contradiction. He becomes really guilty. He seduces Margaret, causes the death of her, mother, kills her brother, and leaves his beloved one to loneliness and finally to infanticide. In reviewing this simple yet terrible history, he must be conscious of the pains of hell.

We should now, as in the old story, find Faust ripe for ruin, had Goethe not known how to hold him by means of the mediation of Mephistopheles, so that he does not without mediation let him descend to the level of a common villain. This is avoided by means of the devil; Faust, on the contrary, manifests a certain esoteric isolation. The devil does more and more as becomes him: the sleeping potion, through his art, becomes poison; the wounding thrust, murder; the trade for the hut of Philemon and Baucis, robbery. The evil being of Faust is always capable of salvation by reason of the noble traits which are, as it were, fused in it. He is never consumed in it—he never takes in it any of the pleasure which would at once have sealed him as belonging to the devil. He simply just enters therein, as if in order to make a study of the real nature of the soul; and, in the very midst of the diabolical, in the bestiality of Auerbach's cellar, in the witches' kitchen, and on the Blocksberg, he is still conscious of dissatisfaction—nay, he is even repelled, and has the appearance of a spectator who is at heart foreign to these dissolute actions.

What is noble in Faust is his striving after perfection. It is this effort which first throws him into the devil's power, but it is this which frees him from it. Faust goes astray through his "obscurest aspiration," as the Lord calls it in the Prologue. He goes from heaven, through the world, to hell: this is the first part. But then, having reached the extreme point of self-seeking, he works himself out of hell, through the world again, up to heaven: this is the second part. The heavenly powers can save him who makes an effort to struggle.

"And if he feels the grace of Love
That from on high is given,
The Blessed Hosts that wait above
Shall welcome him to heaven."

Whoever will rightly comprehend the relation of the story to the rendering which Goethe has given, must understand the remodelling as a carrying out of the story. In the popular tales, and still more in the puppet-shows, Faust is throughout marked with a certain melancholy which drives him even so far that he for a moment is seized by repentance and is about to turn to God in prayer, when Mephistopheles takes this instant to mock him and thus to prevent his returning to the good. Goethe, with his great poetic instinct, has retained this, and has shaped it into some of his most terrible scenes, in which the strength of feeling in Faust as ethical Idealism, even in the volcanic outburst of despair, lets the chill of the devil's mocking scorn die away gradually into nothing. But Goethe has intensified this touch; he has made it the foundation of the Second Part, which is the story of Faust's salvation. We ventured above to point this out as a new conception of the Christian religion. The old Orthodoxy had retained still the eternity of hellish torment, and of an external, historical, mechanical salvation; while it had set on one side the origin of sin as quite external to man, as a diabolical person.

This mechanism to the origin of evil and that of its negation has been in these present days subsumed under other beliefs. We no longer believe in a devil outside of us, and no longer in a salvation which, if we may so speak, could make us holy behind our backs and from without. Hell, purgatory, and heaven, have all taken their abode within our selves. Any one of us, doubtless, can become a devil. But every one of us, however far he has let himself fall, however low he may have sunk, whatever frivolous folly he may have carried on, into whatever abyss he may have fallen,—every one of us can raise himself again, and can work his way up out of the most torturing ruin again to reconciliation with his soul. This faith in the unconquerable power of true freedom has created for us a more active, more ethical rejection of the evil; but, also, because we have learned more rightly to know the organic genesis of the abnormity of evil, a greater gentleness towards the evil-doer.

This new religion is the eternal Christianity itself, but only in a new stage of its historical development in the world.

All the best efforts of our time are rooted therein, and even the false sentimentality with which we so often come in contact in the treatment of wrong-doers is in its aim only a caricature of the sublime tendency of Christianity to hate the sin and love the sinner. This higher conscious knowledge of the vision of the world which is founded on Christianity; this manifestation of our most secret and most bitter fight between knowledge and faith, willing and doing, striving and attaining, the good and the bad; this creed of our real self-consciousness, while it frees itself from all mechanical authority, creating out of its self-assurance its own eternal freedom; this delineation of the conquering of the world by means of an assiduous, active effort for improvement, and still for more improvement,—all these forces are united into one power in Goethe's poem of Faust, by which the world has been for a long time made fruitful, and by whose formative energy it will still be more and more quickened.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Translated from the German of IMMANUEL KANT, by A. E. KROEGER.

PART FIRST.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DIDACTIC

Concerning the manner in which to recognize the Internal as well as the External of Man.

BOOK FIRST.

CONCERNING THE FACULTY OF COGNITION.

§ 6. *Concerning the Perspicuity and Obscurity in the Consciousness of our Representations.*

The consciousness of our representations which suffices to *distinguish* one object from another is called **CLEARNESS**; but that whereby even the composition of our representations is made clear is called **PERSPIQUITY**. The latter alone changes a sum of representations into a **KNOWLEDGE**; in which, since every conscious composition presupposes its unity, and hence

a rule for it, *order* is assigned in thought to the manifold of that knowledge. A clear representation or perception, we must not oppose by a confused perception (*perceptio confusa*), but simply by the obscure. That which is confused must be composed; for in the simple there is neither order nor confusion. The latter is, therefore, the *cause* but not the *definition* of obscurity. In all complex representations (*perceptiones complexæ*), such as every knowledge is (since every knowledge requires contemplation and conception), perspicuity depends always upon the order according to which the partial representations are composed, which then induce — when merely concerning the *form* — a simple logical division into primary and secondary perceptions, or a *real* division into principal and adherent perceptions; by means of which order the knowledge becomes perspicuous.

Everyone will see, that if the faculty of cognition in general, or knowledge, is called *understanding* (in the most general acceptance of the word), this understanding must involve the faculty of gathering up given perceptions or representations (*attentio*) in order to produce the faculty of *abstracting* from that which is common to many, and the faculty of conception; but must also involve the faculty of *reflecting*, in order to produce a *knowledge* of the object.

Whoever possesses these faculties in a preëminent degree is called a *great mind*, and he to whom they are allotted very limitedly is called a *mere stick*, since he is always carried by another. But he who is gifted, moreover, with originality in their use, by virtue of which he produces out of himself what must generally be learned under the tuition of others, is called a *genius*.

The man who has learned nothing of that which must be taught in order to be known is called an ignoramus, if he ought to have known it, and if he lays claim to be a scholar; for, if he does not claim that, he may nevertheless be a great genius. A man who cannot *think* for himself, though capable of *learning* much, is called narrow-minded. A man may be a vast scholar—a machine for instructing others—and yet be narrow-minded in regard to the rational use of his historical knowledge. A man whose use of what he has learned betrays the fetters of the school—and hence lack of freedom

in self-thinking—when he communicates it to others, is called a pedant, whether he be scholar, soldier, or even a courtier. Amongst these the learned pedant is, after all, the most sufferable, since we can, at least, learn something from him; whereas the painful formalities (pedantry) of the courtier are not only useless, but moreover ridiculous, on account of the pride which inevitably attaches to the pedant, since it is the pride of an ignoramus.

But the art, or rather the cleverness, of speaking in a conversational tone, and generally of appearing in fashion, which art is falsely called popularity, and chiefly when referring to science—whereas it ought to be called trimmed-up shallowness—covers many a defect of a narrow-minded man. Only children, however, allow themselves to be led astray by it. “Thy drum,” said Addison’s Quaker to the officer sitting at his side in the coach, “is an emblem of thyself; it sounds because it is empty.”

To judge men according to their faculty of cognition, or their understanding in general, we divide them into those men to whom we must admit common sense (*sensus communis*)—though it must not be *common* (*sensus vulgaris*)—and into men of science. The former are conversant with rules in application (*in concreto*), the latter with the rules by themselves, and in advance of their application (*in abstracto*). We call the kind of an understanding requisite for the former faculty of cognition “sound common sense” (*bon sens*), and that necessary for the other faculty a “bright mind” (*ingenium perspicuum*).

It is remarkable that the former kind of men are generally looked upon, not only as not in need of culture, but as perhaps likely to suffer damage from culture, unless it is carried far enough. Hence they are lauded to the skies, and represented as mines wherein untold treasures are hid in the depths of the soul; and sometimes their utterances are passed even as oracles (instance the dæmon of Socrates), and as more reliable than anything that studied science may bring upon the market. Nevertheless, this much is certain, that if the solution of a question rests on the general and inborn rules of the understanding—the possession of which is called mother wit—it is more unsafe to look around for studied and

artificially elaborated principles, and to form one's resolutions according to them, than to risk the decision of the determining grounds of judgment, which rest in the obscurity of the soul, and which might be called the logical *tact*, wherein considerateness represents to itself the subject from various sides and produces a current result, without being conscious of the acts that pass in the mind while doing so.

But "sound common sense" can prove this its excellence only with reference to an object of experience, and show that it not only itself grows through experience, but that it also causes experience to grow—not from a speculative, but only from an empirical pragmatical view, however. For in speculative science we need scientific principles *a priori*, but in empirical sciences we may have experiences, that is, judgments, which can be continually proved by experiment and success.

§ 7. *Concerning Sensuousness as Opposed to the Understanding.*

In regard to the condition of my representations, my mind is either active and exhibits a faculty (*facultas*), or it is passive and consists in receptivity (*receptivitas*). A knowledge contains both, and the possibility to have such a knowledge is called the faculty of cognition, which it derives from the chief part of that faculty, to-wit, the activity of the mind to connect or separate representations.

Representations in regard to which the mind remains passive, and by which the subject is, therefore, affected (no matter whether it affects itself or is affected by an object), belong to the sensuous, but those which contain a mere doing (thinking) belong to the intellectual faculty of cognition. The former is also called the lower, and the latter the upper, faculty of cognition.* The former has the character of *passivity* of

* To define "sensuousness" merely as an indistinctness of representations, and to define "intellectuality," on the other hand, as their perspicuity; and thus to establish a merely formal (logical) distinction of consciousness, instead of the real (psychological) distinction, which refers not only to the form, but also to the content of thinking, was a great defect of the Leibnitz-Wolffian school, namely, to define consciousness merely as a *lack* (of clearness of the partial representations) and hence of the obscurity, and to define the representations of the understanding as perspicuous; although the former produced something very

the inner sense of sensations; the latter that of *spontaneity* or apperception, i.e. of pure consciousness of the act which constitutes the thinking, and which belongs to logic (a system of the rules of the understanding) as the former belongs to psychology—which includes all our internal perceptions under our natural laws—and is the basis of internal experience.

Remarks.

The object of the representation—which contains only the manner in which I am affected by it—and all experience or empirical cognition, internal as well as external, is a cognition only of the object, as it appears to us, and not as it is, considered by itself. For in that case it is not merely the quality of the object of the representation, but also that of the subject and its receptivity, which determines the kind of the sensuous contemplation that produces our conception of the object. The formal quality of this receptivity cannot be borrowed again now from the senses, but must be given *à priori* as a contemplation; that is to say, it must be a sensuous contemplation which remains—although all empirical elements (involving sensations) are abandoned—and this formal part of contemplation in internal contemplations is called *time*.

But since experience is empirical cognition, and since cognition, based, as it is, upon judgment, requires reflection and hence consciousness, that is, activity in putting together the manifold of a representation, according to a rule of its unity, or, in other words, requires *conception* and thinking (as distinct from contemplation): consciousness in general must be divided into a *discursive* consciousness—which must precede, because, being logical, it fixes the rule—and *intuitive* consciousness. The former, the pure apperception of our mental acts, is simple. The ego of the reflection involves no manifold, and is in all judgments always one and the same,

positive, and were an indispensable addition to the latter, in order to produce a cognition. But Leibnitz was really the cause of that defect. For, depending upon the Platonic school, he assumed inborn, pure contemplations of the understanding, called Ideas, which were to be discovered in the human soul, though obscured, and to the analysis and explanation of which by close attention alone we owed the cognition of objects as they are in themselves.

because it contains merely this formal part of consciousness, whereas *inner experience* contains its material part, and a manifold of empirical, inner contemplation, the ego of the apprehension.

I, as a thinking being, am certainly one and the same subject that I am as a sensuous being; but as an object of inner, empirical contemplation, i.e. in so far as I am affected internally by sensations in time, as they may be together or following each other, I cognize myself after all only as I appear to myself and not as a thing in itself; since it depends upon the condition of time, which is not a conception of the understanding, and hence not pure spontaneity, and hence upon a condition in regard to which my perceptive faculty is passive,—thereby belonging to receptivity. Hence I cognize myself through inner experience always only as I *appear* to myself—a phrase which is often maliciously perverted so as to signify, “it only *seems* to me (*mihi videri*) that I have certain representations and sensations; nay, that I even exist.” For seeming is the ground for an erroneous judgment from subjective causes that are falsely held to be objective, whereas appearance is no judgment at all, but merely an empirical contemplation which becomes inner experience and hence truth by reflection, and the conception of the understanding resulting therefrom.

The cause of these errors is that the words “inner sense” and “apperception” have generally been considered by psychologists to be equivalent, although the former ought to designate only a psychological, or applied, and the latter simply a logical, or pure, consciousness. Now the fact that the former allows us only to cognize ourself, as we appear, is proved by this, that apprehension of the impressions of the former presupposes a formal condition of the inner contemplation of the subject—namely, time—which is not a conception of the understanding, and hence is valid only as a subjective condition how inner sensations can be made known to us.

This remark does not belong in point of fact to Anthropology. In that science, appearances that are united by laws of the understanding are experiences, and hence no questions are asked concerning the manner of perceiving

things as they are in themselves, without regard to their relation to the senses, since such an investigation belongs to the science of Metaphysics, which has to deal with the possibility of cognition *à priori*. But still it was necessary to go back so far, even had it been only to repudiate the errors of speculative minds in this respect. And since the knowledge of men through inner experience is of great importance — because he judges others by it — and yet also of greater difficulty — since a self-observer, instead of merely observing the self-consciousness of another, adds much to it, — it is advisable and even necessary to begin with observed phenomena, and only then to progress toward the assertion of axioms which concern the inner nature of man, i.e. toward internal experience.

PHILOSOPHEMES.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

PART III. — The Flight Upwards.

XXV.—*Faith.*

Ever the godlike in us is seeking and aspiring to partake of its kind. Man's soul is greater than his expectations, a spirit incarnate, and at once the occupant of two worlds.

Faith suffices where knowledge is wanting, the things seen being fashioned of the unseen and ideal. Faith gives to knowledge its credibility. Without faith knowledge were phantasmal and shadowy only. We live by faith and not by sight, so far as we live at all. Sight in defining, confines our knowledge also. Faith liberates and unsensualizes, beholding in facts the ideas symbolized hereby, the Spirit these personify.

Living by faith, for the most part, and taking life and things as these appear to the senses, fortunate for us, if, among the authorities of our neighborhood, the friends of our choice, we find some one or more whose words affect us with a power irresistible and by whose counsels we stay our own. Babies, the Spirit feeds us as babies. Nothing short suffices. We thirst for divinity, crave personal objects of

worship. Foundlings here, Nature takes us kindly to her homely breast, weaning us soon—the children of a nobler stock, stronger than her strength, and of an ancestry our step-dame knows not of. “Man is so great that his happiness appears even in the consciousness of his misery.”

’Tis the Godhead at which the soul quarries. Nothing short contents. Too poor to partake of the divine succors at once, man receives by instalments of benefits. His poverty is the capacity for his fullness. Like a babe at the breast, he imbibes according to his measure of the fullness of blessings, through the long season of his immortal Infancy.

Without contentment one is a beggar, whom the possession of all things would neither enrich nor satisfy. Nothing external contents man. Boundless, spaceless, timeless, the soul finds its contentment in its complement alone; is full and rich, wanting nothing, seeking nothing unlike its essential being and fruition. “It were better to live lying on the grass, confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie in golden bed with perturbation.” One’s estate is personal; none can borrow, beg, or steal it. His principles and character are all that he can bequeath to his successor. Without such personal estate, he were insolvent indeed.

Prayer is purpose, pursuit, thought; silent, spoken, ineffable. And such is its efficacy that it unites all inferior with superior Powers, and all pray but the First. It is by supplication and obedience that the lowest are quickened and strengthened for the service of the highest, and the highest dispense their strength to the humblest, all partaking of the heavenly blessings and sharing in the Spirit’s succors.

The heart conceives what the understanding cannot perceive, nor reason comprehend. Every sense needs the whole mind’s endorsement to make its perceptions trustworthy. Absolute distrust of the mind’s veracity is impossible, since doubt itself implies the recognition of something doubtable; the doubter, namely, thus presupposing and verifying the mind’s existence and credibility. Skepticism attempts to measure the mind by the compasses of sense, which sweep the visible world—the sphere of effects—only, which is cir-

cumscribed, in its turn, by that of causes, into whose circle the understanding cannot extend its reach. The skeptic is a prisoner in the Doubting Castle of the senses, whose wards Faith's key can alone unlock and admit him to the liberties of the mind entire. Inly man's heart is all-related, sympathizes with all, out of whose communion is chaos only and negation. And where no Gods are, spectres alone rule and revel. Solitary and comfortless are those to whom the Comforter never comes.

Life becomes unsound and tame if the divine side of things is not seen and set forth vividly to the affections and thoughts. There is special need of the presence as distinguished from the shadow, things and theories being groundless and negative if starting from sensuous facts instead of spiritual ideas.

Miracles are not violations but the working out of spiritual laws into higher and wider planes of life, the facts seen being hereby interpreted, and answering to a livelier and loftier generalization. Then wonder, surprise, and other emotions, modify the observer's vision—creating, in fact, the spectacle. To the senses all supernatural events are miraculous because transcending their grasp—like life itself and thought, are strange and uninterpretable.

He who marvels at nothing, feels nothing to be mysterious that transcends the senses, lacks wisdom and piety alike. Miracle is the mantle in which all things venerable and divine wrap themselves from profane eyes. A wonderless age is a godless one, an age of reverence is one of piety and intelligence.



Faith is the diviner and critic of all revelations, the living witness of the Spirit in man's soul. And the sacred books owe their credibility to the fact of having been dictated by the Spirit to faith, their sponsor and interpreter. A book written from Reason, reaches the reason alone; fails of meeting the demands of the imagination, the moral sentiment, the heart; fails of making good its claim upon the personality entire. If the voice of the Personal Mind, it speaks to every man, and to each according to the measure of his receptivity. Moreover, every faith has its historic

basis or ground, its roots running deep and piercing the oldest traditions, intertwisting its belief with whatsoever is marvellous in memory, feeding alike the senses and the soul by cropping out into an overshadowing mythology answering to the genius of the race, the period of its origin and history.

Our faiths are instinctive, inborn, become rooted with our affections from the cradle upwards, flowering forth in a homely mythology; then wonder, surprise, credulity, superstition of some sort, qualify insensibly our persuasions, idealize these, and become a part of our personal experience.

As the hands wash the face, so practice purifies faith, and faith clarifies intelligence. Out of the heart are all life's issues, and to that source return for life and replenishment. Faith gives to knowledge its validity. Without faith our knowledge would be vain and unsatisfactory.

Our best acts are above our knowledge and transcendent. "We do not act because we know, but know before we act," says Fichte. Perfect knowledge of what one is doing here profits less. A good act explains itself. Knowing is properly timing our thought in deeds. It is not from without, but from within, that our knowledge dates, and we are *in-formed*, as the word implies, our thought being formed from within. Unless divinely illuminated, our senses are but blind guides. A faith without some tinge of mysticism is powerless upon the deeper and finer affections. Without ideas transcending the senses, a religion becomes idolatrous and cold.

XVI.—*Inspiration.*

The message is of more importance than the messenger who brings it; still more important is the divining instinct to read its significance when delivered. The spirit is superior to the text. Faith and inspiration include whatsoever man is and knows. Who but the Spirit shall interpret the spirit? Only the Christs comprehend the Christs fully.

Scripture, being the record of life, is sacred or profane as the life which it records. Every true life becomes a revelation, whether written or not, which the love and joy of man-

kind preserve for mankind. Nor shall the book be sealed while man endures. Current versions may become vitiated and profaned, popular ignorance, base passions be interpolated. But this is revised by prophets holding direct communication with the Spirit, and translating the text anew to the world.

It is life, not scripture—character, not history—that renovates and interprets. The letter vitiates its spirit. Virtue and genius cannot be written. The scribe weaves his mythos of tradition into his text inevitably.

Deeds translate fable into facts, thought into life, freeing from the sorcery of tradition the torpor of habit. It is thus that the Eternal Scriptures become expurgated of the falsehoods interpolated into them by the supineness of the ages. Deeds are the best interpreters of life's text.

Some degree of inspiration is needful to apprehend the words of inspiration. Inspiration, as the word implies, is the Spirit inspired. It takes a man to descry a man, an inspired soul to translate the text of an inspired book. An owl would make nothing of St. John's Gospel. Only as one is in truth does he perceive the truth, the truth being of the reason and breaks forth into the understanding. One must have wrought the miracle to apprehend and interpret it to the understanding: it is transcendent and above the grasp of sense.

Inspiration must find answering inspiration. Unless the senses are opened, and the light fall from the Spirit upon the page, is there answering illumination, though it were the sacred text upon which the eye rests, the mind ponders. It needs a man to perceive a man; an inspired soul to translate the text of the inspired book, and interpret the revelation after it is written. Without such interpretation the page were blank. "If thou beest it, thou seest it."

The quick instincts divine intuitively what the slower reason infers by labored argument. Reason is the Spirit's left hand, instinct its right. At best reason recovers what was lost by lapse from personal integrity, groping amidst the obscurity of the senses, by its finger of logic, for the truths seen and available by the Spirit.

How consummate the logic of Jesus! Salient and subtle, he undermined the premise of his antagonist at a stroke, convicting, if not converting, him out of his own mouth, by the sight of his errors, his duplicity. It was the method of divination, the dialectic of the Spirit dealing directly with the proposition, perceiving intuitively what was in man, uninstructed by "*letters*."

XXVII.—*Knowledge*.

We cannot seek what we have lost save by knowing in what our loss consists, and our seeking implies some faint knowledge of our bereavement. All knowledge, indeed, implies the having had, and the sense of possessing. Strictly speaking, and literally, *knowing* is *nowing*, or having the "now" in our possession; just as *thinking* is *thinging*, or having the thought *thined* shaped forth or idealized to the eye of the mind, as are things to the senses.

Knowledge, at best, is but the recollection of lost truth; a perception of our ignorance through the eyes of the Divine mind for the moment permitted us, out of whose vision is but chaos and a blank; our sight, as we know it, being the partaking of momentary omniscience and the speculation of immortality therein. To know is to recollect what we had forgotten.

Now, now, thy knowing is but slow;
Thought is the seeing in *the Now*.

XXVIII.—*Love*.

"All was originally one by love, but becomes
Many, and at enmity with itself, through discord."

EMPEDOCLES.

With love abounding knowledge were useless and cumbersome. Knowledge stands in place of love, or deficiency of inspiration. Love is the source of inspiration, the spring of intuition, the fountain of intellect. To know is deceasing from love or pure intelligence, the lapse into error and the senses.

Love is a personal act of the Will entire, One therefore, and alike in God and man. Love is not of kinds. Love is love, and nothing else can enter into and participate in

its essence. It is neither quantitative nor qualitative, but absolute; distinguished not by less or more of itself, but by the less or more we have entered into and partaken of its essence and being. "Love," says Bishop Sherlock, "is a distinct act, and therefore in God must be personal, since there are no accidents in the Godhead."

Love you none? Then are you lost to love. Love is the key to felicity; nor is there a heaven to any who loves not. We enter Paradise through its gates only.

"Love is a circle that doth move
In the same sweet eternity of love."

XXIX.—*Idolatry.*

Only what returns into itself is complete and perfect in and of itself. The Perfect Reason is circular and transcends parallel logic, as the sphere includes and circumscribes all lines radiating from its centre. The spatial and quantitative belong not to Spirit.

Of necessity, the senses are idolaters; conversant with *things* alone, but blind to ideas. It is by thought that the mind delivers itself from the senses, and finds itself personally transcendent and superior to the senses. To think is to be born out of the senses into the mind, and hereby made partaker of ideas.

A faith abstracted from nature and persons, be its pretensions to life and fruitfulness what they may, must be frosted with superstition and chilled with atheism from which the heart turns with dread and aversion. Nature and man must live together in intimate fellowship, or life and hope die out of one's days, and darkness and despair succeed. Even God becomes a phantom if separated and dwelling apart from ourselves. How precious His presence in the person of a friend! Thus Pagan Numa paid to friendship divine honors under the name of *Fides*, whose image was veiled in white, and her symbol two right hands joined—the sign of salutation still with us.

By the man in his senses, God is conceived as clothed in human attributes, an individual like himself. Hence, in times past, the mass of mankind have required their God-

man or mediator between the senses and the mind. It is in this mode that Spirit stoops to incarnate itself to the senses and reveal man to himself in himself. By birth out of his senses, he enters into the kingdom of the mind, being "born again," as Jesus said.

The fact of incarnation is accepted, in one form or another. Thus enlightened Pagans have conceived it were not impious, but rational and humane, to fashion their statues in human resemblance, they conceiving the human form as being nearest and most resembling Divinity; and that it was devout to suppose He would invest that which most resembled Himself in a form symbolizing His nature and essence in the liveliest manner. So Christians, uniting God and man, bring the Personality home to their hearts and thoughts, worshipping the divine in human form.

Because God is Spirit, none by searching shall surprise Him individually and find Him in visible things. He is Great because void of body, and the Universe is spacious by reason of His being forthshadowed in every pulsation and particle of matter. Yet the Universe is not Him: it subsists through Him only. The parts are not the whole, but the whole includes and unites the parts in one. Personality is "*the unit*" that combines, incarnates, and completes created things.

Few persons are thoughtful enough to free their thought of the notion or film of matter, and conceive Spirit in its ideal attributes and personal fullness. It were a theism purely transcendent and mystic, above the grasp of the understanding. What is deepest cannot be adequately expressed. The notion of Spirit is hence indefinite and vague. The faculties grasp all they can, believe far more than any comprehend. The golden buckets are dropped down from the Above, for each to dip its draught of intelligence therefrom according to capacity, be this less or more.

For the most part man dwells on the outskirts and confines of his Personality, exiled by ignorance from his home-stead and haunt in the mind, the palace of thought and of ideas. Sure of his feet, he ventures timidly to spread his wings, if aware he has them, yet sticks fast for the most

part in the terra-firma of his senses, blind to the *firma aura* whereinto he might soar and survey the horizon of the mind. If once emancipated by thought from things, a new heaven and earth rise in prospect, built marvellously out of the familiar world he had dwelt in so long.

Born into the institutions, the customs and traditions of his neighborhood, as into his body, by thought alone man attains his second birth, becomes the denizen of his mind, the occupant of his Person. The process may be life-long, may not transpire during a life-time,—multitudes as yet abiding within the confines of their ancestral surroundings, unconscious of the wide-lying territory stretching beyond their narrow horizon.

XXX.—*Aspirations.*

“ ——— The busy mint
Of our laborious thought is ever going
And coining new desires.”

Good thoughts deify the thinker; noble deeds, the actor. The dilation of the soul at these visitations of God is like that of the invalid again inhaling the mountain breeze after long confinement in chambers. She then feels herself the noble bird whose eyrie is in the empyrean, plumes herself as she bathes her bosom in the ether, to soar and sing with the seraphim.

Born daily out of a world of wonders into a world of wonders, that faith is most ennobling, which, answering to one's highest aspirations, touches all things meanwhile with the hues of an invisible world. And how vastly is life's aspect, the sphere of one's present activity widened and ennobled the moment there step spiritual agents upon the stage, and he holds conscious communication with unseen Powers!

The higher one's ideals, the nobler his future. There can be nothing in life sublime and sustaining without faith in one's immortality. Let him live superior to sense and precedent, vigilant, persistent; he shall not question his longevity; his hope will be infinite. The world can neither contain nor content him. But if, creeping daily from the haunts of an ignoble past, like a beast from his burrow, neither earth

nor sky, man nor God, appear desirable or lovely in his eyes. His life becomes loathsome, his future but reflects his fears.

“The vulgar saw thy tower, thou sawest the sun.”

Who lives nobly inspires admiration. Beauty is of divine origin, and draws forth admiration from all beholders,

Believe, youth, the oracles your heart utters; trust its instructive auguries, follow its divine leadings. The heart is the soul's prophet and fulfils its prophecies. But for the prophecy the history would not ensue. Let the flame of enthusiasm alway fire your bosom. Enthusiasm is the hope of the world. It has wrought the miracles from the beginning of time. Despair snuffs the sun from the firmament. “Let your soul,” says Marcus Aurelius, “receive the deity as your blood receives the air; for the influences of the one are no less vital than the other. For there is an ambient, omnipresent Spirit which lies as open and pervious to your mind as the air you breathe into your lungs. But then you must remember to be disposed to draw it.”

Being an instinct of man's nature, religion seeks to become a life in him and a light. Being personal, it is inspired personally, best by personal persuasion, living examples. It has doctrines, to be sure, its creeds, rituals, sacraments, symbols; but these must be warmed into significance by living. It is a life lived above the senses, and a light to them. If eyes are wanted, it creates these for seeing; ears for hearing, head to understand its mysteries; since the Spirit alone divines the Spirit's teachings.

The Person is immortal. Man must be born again to become conscious of the life everlasting. But remember the individual is but your perishable self, and that you cannot divest your personal self of an immortality of conscious existence.

By our first birth we are born into individualism, the sphere of the senses; by our second, delivered from this into personality. But not all are thus favored. Multitudes remain unconscious of that realm of realities wherein they become united with all mankind in sympathy and thought. Happy they who are admitted into this spiritual world, be-

ing transformed from creatures individually separate into persons all related !

Individualism persisted in practically, and to its legitimate issues, ends in isolation, ends in suicide. It breaks itself on the wheel it sets in motion. Only by sympathy and concert with mankind, is the life everlasting, the friendship that giveth peace, attainable here or hereafter.

XXXI.—*Divination.*

Divination, though not reducible to the canons of Pure Reason, is yet the subtlest and surest of the powers, the revealer of the drift of instinct and of sensibility. The voice of the Spirit, it announces the revelations of the Person entire. The presentiments are oracular. Reason surrenders its truths to its suggestions ; Imagination idealizes, Conscience legalizes them. Reason, predominating over the other faculties, gives the philosopher ; Imagination, the poet ; Conscience, the saint. The Diviner includes these, and declares the Personality entire.

Divination is initial, inclusive of the acts of all powers of thought and of sensibility. All animals are slight diviners, each species according to type of gift and organs of sense. Animals divine, but do not know in the sense of thinking as man knows. Man knows and divines, his divining being confirmed by his reason and the testimonies of the senses. Divination precedes and delivers knowledge to the understanding.

Our instincts, like birds of passage, drift us adventurously beyond the horizon of the senses, as if intent on convoying the mind on its returning flight to the mother country whence it had flown.

“ You cannot understand the oracle with vehemence,
But with thought's divining torch transcend all limits
In the idea. This you must apprehend fully
By inclining not eagerly your pure inquiring eyesight.”

“ I shall commend to them that would successfully philosophize, the belief and endeavor after a certain principle more noble and inward than reason itself, and without which reason would falter, or at least reach but to mean and frivolous

ends. I have a sense of something in me while I thus speak, which, I must confess, is of so retruse a nature that I have no name for it, unless I should adventure to term it divine sagacity, which is the first use of a successful reason." *

HENRY MORE.

XXXII.—*Dormancy.*

"Sense (says Plotinus) is but the employment of the dormant soul. So much of the soul as is merged in body, so far it sleeps. And its vigilance is an ascent from the body, since a resurrection with a body were but a transformation from sleep to sleep and from dream to dream, like mere passing in the dark from bed to bed. That alone is the real ascension which frees the soul from shadowy essence of body."†

Life's end is meant to extract the drowsiness by infusing the persistent wakefulness. At best, our mortality appears but a suspended animation, and the soul meanwhile awaiting its summons to awaken into the sleeplessness of its proper immortality. Thus quickened throughout, and astir as not before, and aroused from the slumbers in which the senses had steeped us meanwhile, we behold ourselves as we were beasts, dragged from our burrows into the life and splendors of an eternal day.

Every act of sleep is a metamorphosis of body and a metempsychosis of soul. We lapse out of nature into the preëxistent lives of memory through the gate of dreams; memory and imagination being the two-leaved gate of the Spirit, opening into its past and future periods.

Doubtless there are divinations which sleep may stimulate into wonderful vivacity, and reveal secrets inaccessible to our ordinary wakeful intelligence. But whether we are warranted in availing ourselves of these by voluntary provocatives may be gravely questioned. There is a preternatural realm into which we may be ushered, and sometimes per-

* "Some things, Telemachus, thou wilt thyself
Find in thy heart, but others will a God
Suggest: for I do not conceive thou hast
Been born and brought up 'gainst the will of God."

† "Sense is that part of the soul that sleeps; for that part which is immersed into the body is, as it were, asleep."

mitted to bring therefrom wondrous revelations. Yet for the most part these are touched with something ghastly and unwholesome as if stolen, and shrouded with grave doubts of their veracity. What comes through our wakeful thought stamps itself as credible; the forehead and crown leave their seals upon it. Not thus authentic are the revelations coming through occiput and spine. The wakeful diviner sees deeper than the somnolent, and reveals mysteries beyond his ken. Whom the gods love, to these they whisper in open day what is but faintly disclosed in the night of dreams. It is the eye within the eye that beholds divinity. What comes to us unsought, and when we are vigilant, is honestly ours and veritable. Nothing more strange to mind than mind itself, thought alone dispelling the phantoms that the want of it had provoked. Nature fits mankind, like waistcoat and bodice, closely or loosely, according to predisposition and choice; to the wise and upright, a flowing garment; to the foolish and base, a close jacket, a web of Fate.

All life is eternal life; there is no other. And unrest is the soul's struggle to reassure herself of her inborn immortality, to recover her lost inaction of the same by reason of her lapse into the idolatries of flesh and sense. Her discomfort reveals her loss of integrity, of the divine Presence and immanency. Only by fidelity can she reinstate herself in holiness. "God is present to him that can touch Him; but to him that cannot, He is not present. And there lieth our happiness; and to be removed from hence is but to partake less of being."

Even our senses furnish illustration of the soul's immateriality in the perishing substances of which themselves are organized, as they were life's effigy and weed. Superior to all changes of substance, the soul converts these into similitudes of its own imperishableness, lends them their seeming consistency and permanency for the time. Yet a thought dispels the illusion and dissipates the fleeting show in a moment.

"Invisibilia non decipiunt."

We seek what we have lost, our desires being obscure memories of past possessions. "The power which desires pos-

sessing in itself a vestige of what it once enjoyed, not as memory, but as disposition," our passions being lapsed affections dragged below their objects and restless to recover their former placidity, peace, and beatitude.*

To sleep is another and significant illustration of immortality. Shall I question that I am now, because I was unconscious that I was while sleeping, or forget, perchance, what I then experienced now that I have awakened to consciousness? I am sure of being the same person I then was, and thread my existence still by the memory of my lost sensations, thoughts, and deeds. I am conscious of being unconscious, and overlook my yesterdays and to-morrows alike in thought as I recall the one and forestall the other.

"O Lord, my God, am I not I even in my sleep? And yet such a difference there is between myself and myself, and between the instants wherein I go from waking to sleeping and return from sleeping to waking! Is my reason, then, shut up with my eye? Is it cast into a slumber with the senses of my body?"

St. Augustine's Confessions.

The more of sleep, the more of retrospect; the more of wakefulness, the more of prospect; memory and imagination pre-dating and post-dating our personal pedigree and history. Memory marks the horizon of consciousness, imagination its zenith, and together shape the soul's eternity of existence, past, and future. As conception precedes birth, and life quickens life, in like manner our souls, from their nature and tendency, must have lived and thought before they assumed a bodily form. Before the heavens thou art, and shalt survive their decay. If one would learn his age and trace his ancestry, let him consult an older genealogy than that of the heavens.

"For souls that of His own good life partake
He loves as His own Self: dear as His eye
They are to Him. He'll never them forsake.
When they shall die, then God Himself shall die.
They live, they live in blest eternity."

* "If the soul be older than the body, then must the things of the soul also be older than those of the body; and therefore cogitation, and the several species of it, must be, in the order of nature, not only before local motion, but also before longitude, latitude, and profundity of bodies."

PLATO.

XXXIII.—*Reminiscence.*

A life without perspective tells its story imperfectly. Our better self antedates and survives the rest of us. Our genealogy opens before our descent into mortality: 'tis this better self, the immortal, whose history challenges our telling, and which alone furnishes the key to unlock the mortal. Our heart's chronometer is set to ampler cycles than our terrestrial timepieces can indicate or measure.

Heart, my heart, whose seconds' play,
Beats true my dotted destiny,
Dost all my life's terrestrial day
Dial on time my spent eternity.

I am before I find myself; for, as conception precedes birth and quickens life's pulses, in like manner our souls, from their genius and tendencies, must have lived and thought before they assumed a bodily form. "Memory, is a certain appearance left in the mind by some sense which had actually wrought before."

Says St. Augustine, "We have not utterly forgotten that which we remember ourselves to have forgotten. What, then, we have utterly forgotten, if lost, we cannot seek again." For we seek only what we have lost but not forgotten. And all men seek immortal enjoyments and an unending existence. Are not all men, therefore, by their own feelings, immortal and eternal? To forget one's self were annihilation; only what is not lost is immortal.

"If souls retained, in their descent to bodies, the memory of divine concerns of which they were conscious in the heavens, there would not be dissensions among men about divinity. But all indeed, in descending, drink of oblivion, though some more, and others less. On this account, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all have their opinions about it, *because a defect of memory is the origin of opinion*. But those discern most who have drunk least of oblivion, because they easily remember what they had then before in the heavens."

PYTHAGORAS.

"Memory," says Plato "is a preservation of sensation. It differs from recollection in that what the soul has suffered with the body, it now does without the body as much as

possible recover or remember. Moreover, when the soul, after losing the memory of things perceived, brings them back again by itself, then it recollects and remembers."

Memory is the reminder of personal immortality; it chronicles the vestiges of ourselves in the foretimes of our personal existence, recollecting the members of our experience. Without memory the world were not distinguished from our personal self, and experience were impossible. Only the immortal and infinite is memorable; of the perishable and fleeting, nothing abides or remains. Sensations pass; memories only remain of what is permanent and abiding.

Time and space are the measures which the mind conceives for enabling the senses to apprehend by means of their counters the world of finite things—the images of the infinite cast upon the finite, the mind being itself timeless and spaceless. Time is the measure of motion, and space of shape.

Nature, viewed spiritually and essentially, is a visual demonstration of the soul's personal pedigree and longevity.

The one through all in cycles goes,
And all to one returning flows.

There must be mind to assert the existence of matter. "To say there is no bridge from mind to matter, is to deny the possibility of knowing there is such a thing as matter, for the assertion sets out from mind." And only mind can affirm or deny anything; not even mind deny mind, that being itself affirmation and self-being. All things, visible and invisible, resolve themselves into their contraries; and cycle and circle, globe and sphere, are the only figures and motions in existence. Nature knows no straight lines.

XXXIV.—*Immortality.*

We are wont to perceive our relations to the animal more distinctly than to the spiritual, accepting more readily a material than an immaterial descent and destiny; dubious, meanwhile, or adrift, as to our personal origin.

We date our personal existence from our appearance on this globe, as recorded in the family registry of our birth into a body. But can our future be fathomed any better

than our past? How old are we? Does the family register tell? Our personality became individualized and apparent, but did we then and there become ourself? Are we sure of being no older than our bodies, and of surviving them? Could you date your age, you would be older than that, and another than yourself, since whatever never began to be can never cease to be. What began in time ends in time—time being the measure of perishable things. The timeless Person reveals Personality to souls timeless like Himself; nor can any think himself perishable, since the supposition involves the thinking away of his thought, annihilates mind itself. Because he is, he cannot think he is *not*—or *annihilated* into nothing. Nothing cannot be thought, since it is beingless, the absence of thought. Nothing is nothing, and cannot be conceived as something. It is predicateless and void.*

Plainly, whatever had a beginning comes of necessity to its end, since it has not the principle of perpetuity inherent in itself. And there is that in man which cannot think annihilation, but thinks continuance by the law of its being. It presupposes immortality in its thought of God, and itself in His likeness, asserting hereby its essential immortality. Like creates its like, same conceives the same. Things similar have an identical origin and essential unity. Because man is, therefore God is; and as God is, so is man.

The mind cannot by effort of thinking think itself out of existence: nothing is unthinkable, and mind thinks thoughts which thought *things* or represents as *effects* of its thinking. Thinking is literally *thinging*—the putting of thought into things to represent and image acts of thought. And thought is essentially creative—the shaping forth of itself in ideas, whereby it moulds its forms, and renders itself apparent to the senses.

“We may be justified in asserting,” says Wordsworth, “that the *sense* of Immortality, if not a coëxistent or of twin-birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her offspring; and we may further assert, that, from these conjoined, and

* “The essence of nothing is reached into by the senses looking outward, but by the mind looking inward into itself.”
CUDWORTH.

under their continuance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out." *

Were man personally finite he could not conceive of infinity; were he mortal, he could not think immortality. The finite, the mortal, are terms negative, adjective, and imply predicates. The inclusive has nothing beside or without itself, antecedent nor subsequent. Personality includes every attribute of infinity, every power. If personal, I share in and am identical with every attribute of Personality. I am one with Him and inseparably.†

If God be eternal and man partakes of His attributes, man is of necessity immortal. For how could an immortal being create anything mortal from his own essence? And if out of other essences or materials, then there were other Gods and other substances coeval with Him; and He were not the God of the living, but of the perishable.

By no effort can the mind transcend itself. Even were this possible, mind itself would lack symbols for expressing the transcendency, since Nature symbolizes only what the mind contains—namely, its ideas. And it is by divination alone that the mind frees itself in thought from symbol and type; the senses being idolaters, conversant with things, not ideas. And because mind is infinite, therefore is God ineffable. None by searching shall find Him *out* of his mind, in surrounding things. Who finds Him, finds Him *nearest, within* his own soul.

Without the thread of personality, no clue is found to conduct man beyond into a certain future of continuance. Per-

* "Soul is the oldest of all things in the corporeal world, it being the principle of all the motion and generation in it. It is affirmed by us that soul is older than body and was before it, and body younger and junior to soul; soul being that which rules, and body that which is ruled. From whence it follows that the things of soul are older than are the things of body; and therefore cogitation, intellection, volition, and appetite, are in order of Nature before length, breadth, and profundity."

PLATO.

† "It is proper," says Plato, "for any person to understand so much as this: that the generation of man neither had any beginning at all, nor will it have an end, but always was and always will be; or that the length of time which from its beginning took place is so measureless that time would not know it."

sonality is the key to the mystery of human existence; it unlocks every ward of immortality.

First know thyself, and all things see,
 God and thy fellow find in thee,
 Around, within; for thee is nought
 Save what thou findest in thy thought.

S P I N O Z A . *

By A. E. KROEGER.

With the exception of Kant, no modern philosopher probably has been the subject of so much criticism and notice as Spinoza. Indeed, there still seems to hang around his writings a curious fascination, not the less remarkable in that he still seems to be more or less of a puzzle to those he fascinates. The cause of this interest is of a twofold character; first, the personal character of the man, which inspired, as it still inspires, a reverence and admiration that extended to his works, and then from these was reflected back to the man with additional lustre. Second, the style, wherein his chief work, the work by which he became known to later ages, the *Ethics*, was composed,—a style, or method, which he, in imitation of Descartes, called the geometrical method—had about it a proud air of evidence, which aroused wonder where it did not excite implicit faith.

That the personal character of Spinoza was that of a sincere and thoroughly earnest searcher after the true in human knowing, there can be no doubt; but neither is it possible, after a perusal of his letters, to deny the fact, that he was not brave enough—had not character enough, as the Germans would say—to state the result of his investigations with a frankness disregarding all earthly consequences. Even in

* I. Benedict de Spinoza; his Life, Correspondence, and Ethics. By R. Willis, M.D. London: Trübner & Co., 1870.

II. Benedicti de Spinozæ Operæ quæ supersunt omnia. Ex editionibus principibus denuo edidit et præatus est Carolus Hermanus Bruder. Lipsiæ: Tauchnitz, 1843.

III. The Science of Knowledge. Translated from the German of J. G. Fichte, by A. E. Kroeger. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1868.

his letters to his friend Oldenburg, Spinoza shows himself timid and fearful of unpleasant results should he frankly and fully speak out his inmost mind. Nay, the very work, the *Ethics*, which remained unpublished during his lifetime from that dread, breathes it on every page, to the confusion and misapprehension of the reader; the word "God"—though throughout the work it is used merely as an equivalent for "substance" or "nature"—being retained, together with the words "immortality" and "freedom," whilst the sole object of the book is to root out the three conceptions, signified in language by those words, from the human mind forever.

That Spinoza should have written his work in a style and method borrowed from mathematics, is to be explained partly by the example set by Descartes, and partly by the extraordinary development of the mathematical sciences at that time—although the chief mover in that development, Leibnitz, showed wisdom enough not to use the mathematical method in philosophy—but perhaps also in part by reason of the obscurity that this style promised to throw over subjects which he had no intention of stating in their nakedness and with the air of mathematical certainty—which, nevertheless, seemed to be inseparably linked to it—a certainty, by the bye, which is in general considerably overrated, for in the higher regions of mathematics disputes are as endless, fruitless, vehement, and absurd, because resting upon the same grounds, as in the sciences of metaphysical physics and theology. And yet this air of certainty excited the admiration of Lessing, Jacobi and Goethe, and to them, though perhaps not to Lessing, hid a deficiency of system which led Leibnitz to characterize it as absurd and unintelligible; led Kant, who had thoroughly studied Spinoza, as is evident from the many places where he mentions him, to consider it as one of the many previous one-sided philosophies; and led Fichte to declare, that, seizing Spinoza's system as a whole, it was correct enough so far as it went, but that, in so far as it utterly overlooked the moral phenomenon in human life, it was but one part of a complete system of knowledge, indeed simply the Theoretical Part of the Science of Knowledge.

This latter deficiency, pointed out by Fichte, is in the same

way, as it may here be well enough to remark, a conspicuous feature of those metaphysical disquisitions wherewith the prominent modern works of physical science are surcharged; for whereas in these disquisitions the intellectual (theoretical) faculty of man is quietly, from the mere fact of its being a fact, assumed as such fact, the moral (practical) faculty, which surely manifests and has at all times manifested itself in the same way as a fact, is either merely overlooked, treated as if it did not exist, or, in the manner of Spinoza, treated with most absolute confusion of language as part of the intellectual faculty,—with polemical asides against those who point out the fact. This deficiency of system, when consciously planned, as in the case of Spinoza and the last mentioned class of arguers, has its ground in the opinion, that, by admitting two facts of human knowledge—the one asserting an intelligent *knowing* of things, and the other an absolute, practical, moral *acting* upon things, men can never arrive at a unit system, and that to arrive at such a system is the absolute end, and is moreover the only means to gain a comprehension of the universe.—Now, to this opinion the following suggestion might be made: supposing this were so, supposing you had succeeded in tracing all the phenomena of the universe back in time to a unit—you may call it a unit faculty, power, motion, or simply one, as you like,—would you not, before you could trace back from your present billions of phenomena to this unit phenomenon, have had to pass in a *regressus* from *two* to one? Now, since all the rest of the *regressus* is easy enough and may be at once granted—though, being infinite, it is absurd for you to undertake it—you might as well try and make clear to your mind the problem which will constitute your final difficulty: how to proceed from two to one in such a manner that in that one, or unit, there shall be absolutely nothing else contained than a one. Is it possible, conceivable, thinkable to do so? or must you not think this one, in order to explain the evolution of a two out of it, as something else than one? Must you not, supposing you think it as force, think it as having also *degrees*? if you think it as motion, in Descartes' manner, as having *directions*? if you think it as a faculty, as having *objects*? In

short, must you not always think this one as synthetical?—which means, as constituted so, that you cannot think or conceive it without another conception forcing itself upon your mind along with it. If to this you reply, “Yes”—and it is impossible to see how you can avoid doing so—then you might as well at once give up the thought of reducing all phenomena to a final one as an absurd and contradictory undertaking, and save yourself infinite labor, and the world a mass of useless—nay, obstructive—rubbish.

But if we abandon oneness in system, do we not lapse into that dreadful dualism which has been ever the curse of mankind? First, there is really no reason in the world why a dualistic system should be worse or better than a unit system; but secondly and chiefly, is it not all the same, since it is we who make the system, our intellect which constructs it, and our knowledge which knows it; and that if it were necessary for the ego to have even a triad system, the ego would just the same remain the imperishable one which it is, and the universe retain all its wonderful symmetry and multiplicity?

Moreover, that famous science of mathematics, the certainty whereof is supposed to rest upon that unit principle—which principle was thus taken by Spinoza as necessary also for a science of human knowing—has just now itself appeared as utterly unable to stand upon a unit, and geometry as utterly without a single axiom unless directions in space are presupposed, and hence duplicity, &c. Nay, it was this very defect of mathematics—if defect that can be called without which mathematics would not be—which drove Leibnitz from that science to philosophy, and there, discovering to him the secret of the synthetical character of mathematics, as well as of everything in human knowledge, brought distinctly before his vision the Calculus! For there it became clear to him how knowledge, to be knowledge, cannot think a one, complete, compact and absolute totality in itself without at the same thinking an infinity of directions in it; cannot think a circle without thinking it also as an infinite polygon; not a unit, without thinking it also as an infinity of fractions; and *vice versa* in each case. To be sure, you, who do not comprehend it, can stop me at every additional

fraction as I proceed, adding $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$, &c., and demonstrate to me clearly that I have not yet my unit—my “actual infinite,” as Leibnitz expresses it—and cannot get it at any stopping-place; but the very stipulation was that I should add *ad infinitum*, and it is this stipulation which increases the fraction to a unit, and makes the infinite actual and calculable. Most emphatically, a curved line is not straight; and a circle, therefore, wherever you interrupt my drawing it, is still a curve and not composed of straight lines;—but our very agreement is that it is an infinity of straight lines, and that hence you must at no point interrupt me. Both statements are equally correct, yours and mine; yours from the standpoint of an infinity of time, which never reaches the first original fundamental difficulty, and in its infinite *regressus* is therefore always perfectly correct; mine, from the standpoint of absolute totality, which looks into and through that difficulty. But do not now bewail on that account the sad, desperate condition of human reason, which has two views of every matter, nor rave about Kantian skepticism, when there never lived one who could lay claim to a more absolute knowledge than Kant; but consider maturely this:—I should be foolish to hold that my statement, as expressed above, were the *true* one, and yours the false; both are absolutely true; but you may hold yours and not comprehend mine, whilst I cannot comprehend mine without comprehending yours. Hence the supreme truth rests not in either view, or indeed in any view, but in this: to be able to see clearly that reason could not be reason unless it regarded the circle and the unit, for instance, in both those ways; and that if this were not so, if this duplicity were not in reason and constituted reason, you would not be able to argue with me, nay, you would not even be able to eat (as Fichte says somewhere) the bread and butter that you carry to your mouth, since neither you nor the bread and butter would exist, and indeed this whole universe would vanish into nothingness.

Certainly, if this clear insight, this surveying at one glance the whole field of knowledge, and thus becoming able to immediately prove every possible instance of a knowledge, and hence all things—since all things exist to rational beings only

as knowledge—by the only absolutely satisfactory test, that, if this particular instance of a knowledge were not as it is, reason could not be reason, and hence neither a question could be asked concerning it, nor an answer desired; if this absolute certainty in all actual and possible phenomena of life, and the unwavering self-sufficiency and reliance resulting therefrom, can be called skepticism, then Kant was a skeptic. But at this clear insight it was impossible for Spinoza to arrive, from the very fact that he chose the geometrical method for the elaboration of his investigation. For that method necessarily prevented him from going to the ultimate phenomenon before mentioned, the phenomenon of the synthetical character of the ego, and kept him halting in the *regressus* at a point chosen *ad libitum*, which point thus became his fundamental axiom. It will hereafter appear that this arbitrarily chosen fundamental axiom in Spinoza's *regressus* is the conception of Substantiality.

It may seem strange that an earnest and acute investigator of a problem should adopt a method for his investigation, which can be *a priori* shown to cancel the possibility of arriving at a solution of the problem, and be so blind to this its nature; yet the phenomenon is really not strange nor difficult to explain, though this is not the place to explain it; indeed that blindness is so universal, that up to the discovery of Kant *all* men labored under it; and, even since his discovery was made public, only the smallest number of men have worked their way out of it. That Spinoza was fully conscious of the problem—as, indeed, were Descartes, Leibnitz, and most of the great minds of that age—is evident enough from his letters, namely, the problem to discover a Science of all knowing, which should set at rest forever all metaphysical disputes, and furnish an indisputable basis for every other science. In a letter to John Bresser on the best method of arriving at absolute as distinguished from contingent knowledge, Spinoza thus expresses this point: "From what I have now said, it clearly appears what the true method must be and wherein it chiefly consists; namely, in a knowledge of pure intellect alone, its nature and its laws."

But this knowledge could clearly be obtained only from an examination of the "intellect alone," causing it to arise as it

were and construct itself before his own examining intellect, and in this self-constructing revealing necessarily all the conditions of its possibility, that is, "its nature and its laws." In this way Fichte afterwards proceeded in his Science of Knowledge; but Spinoza, utterly regardless of his purpose, and following the mathematical method, took his start from axioms; although these very axioms were, and always had been, the points in dispute among philosophers. Now geometry can very well start from axioms, for geometry does not pretend to deduce its axioms from the ultimate "laws of the intellect"; it takes space, point and line, simply as presuppositions, from philosophy, and leaves it the duty of philosophers to account for them as phenomena of the intellect; in short, geometry has nothing to do with the faculty of thinking, which faculty involves a duplicity, but simply with the faculty of contemplation, by means of which it constructs. But the science of philosophy, in the sense in which Spinoza proposed it to himself, as seen above, has no earthly *raison d'être* if it does not build itself up without any axiom, and from out of itself furnish all the axioms that any other science requires.

In addition to this ruinous defect of starting with the very axioms in dispute, and to the still worse absurdity of producing arbitrarily, at the commencement of each new part of his Ethics, new axioms, to any extent it may suit his purpose—a mode of proceeding by which anyone could easily build up any imaginary science—there occurs at the very beginning of the Ethics one of those word-subterfuges which run through the whole book, and which are contemptible when he uses them in such instances as "God," "freedom," and "immortality"; and this use he indulges in continually, although he himself warns against this abuse of words in the Second Part of the Ethics, p. 47.

Take as an instance that very famous opening definition of the Ethics wherein *causa sui* is defined as that the essence or nature whereof includes existence. Now, here the word *causa* is either utterly meaningless, or else surreptitiously carries along the conception of cause, which, in the case applied to "God" or "substance," would be the very point in dispute; so also the word "existence" has here either the surrepti-

tiously appended meaning of "existence in time," or else none at all. Now, a thing, call it "A" if you please, existing in time, can, in no meaning of the word, be called its own cause, since it would then have to be thought existing previous to its existence in order to become thinkable as its own effect. The phrase "self-cause," or "cause of itself," is, therefore, utterly meaningless and absurd. The word "cause" is simply inapplicable in the case. If existence does not include time, however, and be here merely a—very awkward, to be sure—metaphor for "being represented in mind," there would again be no cause, in any sense of the word "cause"—unless, as indeed is the case, the mind be taken as such cause; but, as this view is the only one dogmatists of every description are incapable of entertaining, the definition would have to be expressed thus: "To that which I cannot conceive except as being represented in my mind, I cannot assign another cause; hence I can assign no cause for it: hence I call it *causa sui*." But I might just as well, to all intents and purposes, call it X, or Y, or Z, or Nothing. Why not at once say boldly, that it is absurd to apply any category of Being at all to the conception of that totality of all the universe which men call God, and which Spinoza calls alternately God, Nature, or Substance; and that, just as well as call it God, we might call it X, and confess that we could say no more about it, since "every determination would be a negation," and an infinity of determinations would only be increasing the number of determinations and hence of negations. To this argument Leibnitz, indeed, had ready to oppose the great discovery of his Calculus, that the infinity of fractions do not merely increase their number but involve the conception of an "actual" unit, as the infinite straight lines of a curve involve the circle, and that this totality remains complete and determined in itself in spite of—nay, by virtue of—the infinity of the determinations.

Having here touched the fundamental basis and error of Spinoza's system—for the Ethics is a system, however unartistically built up on a wrong method and upon arbitrarily chosen axioms—let us improve the opportunity to enter upon its thorough examination. It is even the paramount problem, or subject of thought, of every self-conscious intelligence, no

matter how low in grade, that ever looked upon itself and the universe. It is, therefore, almost unnecessary to premise that we enter upon it in a spirit of utmost reverence; but having thus drawn off our shoes to tread the consecrated ground, it is of equal importance to roll up our sleeves, so to speak, and go to work in dead earnest, caring for no previous spoken or written word, but looking the thing calmly in the face. Nor let any one be afraid that we shall thereby lose sight of Spinoza; on the contrary, it is he, though his name be not mentioned always, who shall be continually kept in view; and let it be remembered, that with him falls the whole present school of popular writers on the metaphysics of physical science.

Let us, therefore, construct problematically the conception of an infinite series of fractions, $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8}$, &c. &c. Now let us attribute to one of these fractions a power to become conscious of itself. To become conscious of itself, its power so to become conscious must evidently be somewhere checked, thrown back upon itself; for only thus can it become conscious that it has a power to become conscious, and hence only thus can it become conscious. Thus checked, the fraction becomes conscious of itself and of a check; and doing so must both relate and oppose the check to itself. Clearly, the check cannot be itself, for the fraction is assumed as a power to act and not to check itself; in so far the check is, therefore, opposed to it; at the same time the check could not check it, could have no influence upon it at all, were it not related to it in some way. Now in so far as the fraction should view that check as its opposite simply, it would regard that check as the *cause* of its being checked, hence under the conception of causality; but in so far as it should view that check as related to it, it would regard that check as a self-imposed limitation, or as one of its *attributes*; and would thus regard the checkedness under the conception of substantiality. In the first case it would establish a distinction of *kind*, as the common saying is, or a *qualitative* distinction between itself and the check; in the second, a distinction of *degree*, or a *quantitative* distinction. It might still further combine the two views together in a twofold manner, and thus arrive at four different views of the relation

between itself and the check; but these four different views of regarding the relation of the mind to the universe we must leave each one to trace out by his own industry, or by referring to Fichte's Science of Knowledge. But furthermore: to become conscious of the check it would have to ascribe to itself such a power of becoming conscious of a check, a power which we call sensation; and again, to become conscious of *itself* as that which were being checked, it would have to ascribe to itself a power to cast this sensation from out of itself and behold it outside of itself, as it were,—a power which is called contemplation. But still further, it could not ascribe to itself a sensation generally, unless it ascribed to itself a power to experience a series of sensations in *succession*, and thus a power to become conscious of a series of *time*-moments; nor a power of contemplation generally, unless it ascribed to itself a power to become conscious of a series of directions in it, and thus a power to contemplate *Space*; and as these two powers must both enter consciousness, the Time-moments and Space-directions would have to be related together; and thus together with the first consciousness of the imagined fraction there would be for it a time and space universe filled up with directions moving in succession—in other words, with matter.

Now, becoming conscious of itself as a fraction in such a time and space universe, which universe it would necessarily have to view as infinite in all directions—infinite in extent, or size, because as a power to act it could never conceive or think a finite check, beyond which it would not again have the power to extend its activity; infinite in smallness, or divisibility, for the same reason; and infinite at both ends of time, beginning and end of time, again for the same reason,—let us ask: How would it regard its relation to this infinity of fractions which it encountered in all directions? Clearly, in the same way as it would become conscious of any single fraction, namely, by disregarding or skipping over the infinity of fractions into which it could re-divide every smallest fraction, the very minutest grain of sand, and seizing that infinity as a whole fraction, as a unit. Thus it would seize the infinity of fractions in time and space of the universe as one whole, as a unity and totality, and give it a new name—

calling it, say, Universe, Nature, Substance, or God. To this new conception of a totality it might now relate itself under either of the two fundamental forms of relation already mentioned, substantiality and causality. If it viewed the totality under the conception of causality, it would arrive at the conception of a Cause of the world, or of its infinity of fractions, and would view that world and itself as effects of that cause. By doing so it would utterly overlook the peculiar qualitative distinction between each of the infinite series of fractions as also a unit, and this new unit of the whole series as simply a unit having no fractional element in it whatsoever, and thus its causality conception of the new unit would also have that character of time and sequence, which it gave to the fractions. In short, the new conception would be characterized as a creator of the world, preceding it in time and calling it into existence, regulating each of its actions, and holding it by its power: in fine, the usual conception of God. The absurdity of applying to this conception of the whole series of fractions what was applicable to the fractions only *as* fractions, and what only their fractional nature involved, would either be utterly disregarded, or defiantly proclaimed as necessary and right, and thus the conception of God would be in all modes and manners anthropomorphized as Cause, Creator, Artist, Person, Self-conscious, Intelligence, Wrath, Love, Justice—and why not add Red, Yellow, Hot, Cold, &c., *ad infinitum*?

Or, secondly—and there can be only two fundamental ways of relating two together, the fraction and the unit—the fraction would regard that relation under the conception of Substantiality; that is, as simply the conceived (thought or represented) unity of the infinite series of fractions, which fractions would thus be properly enough called its attributes. (See Spinoza's Ethics, Part I., D, 3-6.)

For instance: you perceive, say a piece of gold. Through your eye you get the sensation of yellow color, which sensation within you you cast out of yourself, and put in space as a yellow body or substance; through your touch you get the sensation of hardness, which you also thus objectivate and connect with the yellow body, &c. &c.; in short, the infinite attributes, which "your understanding seizes" thus in pro-

cess of time, you, at every moment that you endeavor to think them, gather and shape into a unity, a substance, and thereupon think them as "constituting the essence of that substance." What, then, is the substance—this gold, for instance? You cannot characterize or describe it in any other way than by the different attributes you have experienced: yellowish, hard, malleable, &c. In short, the substance is nothing except the conceived unity of those attributes; is nothing at all in itself; but at the same time it accompanies every conscious perception of attributes.

Now, in this manner the fraction—when thinking under the category of substantiality—thinks the conception of the totality of *all* objects or fractions. It is clear, therefore, that whereas, if it thinks a fractional substance, it thinks it as infinite only in its determinedness, it must think the substance of the totality or "God" as "unconditionedly infinite" (*Ethics*, Pt. I., D, C & E); since whereas of the fractional substance you can "negate infinite attributes," as in the instance of gold you can negate blueness, fluidity, &c., the conception of the substance of the totality is the conception of all the infinite attributes of all the infinite fractions.

Spinoza develops this view of "God" quite at length in the first two parts of his *Ethics*, although the development is accomplished in an altogether arbitrary, empirical, and unscientific way; that is, none of the various propositions that are made to follow the preliminary definitions, axioms, &c., are logically derived from those preliminaries, nor are they even arranged in an artistic or scientific consecutiveness, but they seem to be picked at random from the various notions that chanced to flow through Spinoza's head, with no other view than to illustrate the dogmatic axioms of those preliminaries. That they do not lack connection with them, and give to the whole work an air of unwavering unity, is not therefore to be wondered at, since it could not possibly happen otherwise.

It has already been seen that the conception of the Substance of any multiplicity is simply the represented unity of that multiplicity; hence under this conception the Substance cannot be asserted to have existed previous to its attributes. Hence the question of time does not enter their relation to the

substance at all; it is, under the category of substantiality, altogether lost sight of; the view is, as Spinoza expresses it, altogether *sub specie æternitatis*. He to whom this view appears, on that account, as more profound than the view *sub specie temporis* of the causality relation, thereby only shows his blindness to the one-sidedness of stand-point he occupies. Yet almost all the students of Spinoza have conceived it, on this account only, as preëminently dignified and sublime.

The substance of the whole series of fractions being conceived thus, that is, as not preceding that series; all that occurs in the series can of course, when referred to the substance, be ascribed neither to any freedom nor to any necessity in that substance. In a letter to Oldenburg, Spinoza puts this as follows:—"I do by no means think that God is subject to fate, destiny, or necessity; but hold that all which happens comes to pass by inevitable necessity from the nature of God; even as it is generally admitted that from the nature of God it follows that God knows Himself. No one, I imagine, will deny that such knowledge follows of necessity from the divine nature; yet no one can so understand the proposition as to assume that God is subjected to fate or necessity, but, on the contrary, that God freely, though at the same time necessarily, knows Himself."

"Freely, though at the same time necessarily," is one of those verbal mistakes, or subterfuges, which disfigure all Spinoza's writings, and which, indeed, can scarcely be avoided by men who hold one-sided views and attempt to express them in language. The word "freely," in language, means either nothing at all, or it means with preceding deliberation, with consciousness of the freedom in the act, with obstacles to oppose the act; the overcoming of which obstacles that word "freely" has precisely been invented to characterize. Hence it cannot be used conjointly with "necessarily." When Spinoza says that "all which happens comes to pass by inevitable necessity from the nature of God," he means that the infinite series of fractional attributes and conditions cannot be thought separate from the thought of their common substance, God; hence, cannot be thought as being entered by any freedom of their

own, or interfered with by any chance. Under the "view of eternity," all the changes in and of those fractions must be thought as attributes of that substance, but to the substance itself neither the words "necessity" nor "freedom" can be applied; and beyond this accepting of the changes as a fact, which is unalterable and unchangeable, and which it is the highest wisdom to accept as so fixed and unalterable, the view of substantiality cannot and does not go. Here you rest in the safe beatitude of—"it is so." This is the goal of its philosophy, the goal of human and all possible rational happiness. No more asking absurdly for a cause, no more inquiring for a possible end. The end is itself: it is so; there is the end.

In the same manner, the other expression, "God knows Himself," which occurs in the above letter, misleads, and seems but the compromise of timidity with orthodoxy. What does language mean when it says of a power that it "knows itself"? Either nothing at all, or that that power passes through a series of successive conscious moments, in which series and by which series it becomes aware of and knows itself as that which is conscious in those moments. Now, does Spinoza intend to characterize his substance by any such description? In no manner! How could he? His God, or substance, or nature, as the mere equivalent expressions for "all the attributes of God" (Prop. 19, Part I.), is the thought of all those attributes without any reference to their time-succession; understanding and will, the elements of consciousness, are therefore expressly exempted from that thought of God (Part I., Prop. 17). There is no possibility of any change in your conception of that totality, "God" (Part I., Prop. 19, 20, 21, &c.); and, with this negation of any changeability, it cannot possibly arrive at such a self-knowing. If some one should hold, that a conception of self-knowing as an activity without a successive series of moments is possible, and that Spinoza used the expression "self-knowing" to describe such a conception, the answer is, first, that if Spinoza did so, he used language improperly; and, secondly, a request to describe in language such a peculiar self-knowing. The description will be found impossible.

For these same reasons the predicate "existence," which Spinoza attributes to his conception of a Substance (Part I., Prop. 7 & 11), either means nothing at all, or is a mere subterfuge, such as Kant already clearly pointed out in Descartes' attempted proof of the existence of a God. That celebrated proof had argued thus: the very thought of God—i.e. as the totality of the realities—involves that of His existence; for if it did not, all the realities would not be included in that thought. Kant annihilated this proof at one blow, as follows: either your conception of existence is already involved in that of God, is merely an *analyzed* part of it, and if so your proof is superfluous tautology; or it is not involved in it, and you now add it *synthetically*; but if you do this, you do the very thing the right to do which is denied to you, and hence you have to prove your right, or your assertion must be considered a begging of the question. Spinoza, in this much worse than Descartes, commits the same error in two ways (Part I., Proposition 7, B), as follows: "the substance cannot be produced by something else"; of course not, when once postulated as the conception of all; "hence it must be its own cause," which we have already shown to be either a wrong application of the word "cause"—which word and the whole causal relation Spinoza himself, in his first three axioms, defines as applicable only to the series of fractions—and a mere tautology, or a begging of the question; "hence its essence necessarily involves its existence": and here the word "existence" has either precisely the same meaning as "essence," and thus adds nothing to it and is also a mere tautology—and, in Definition 8, Spinoza really thus explains it, though he calls it there "eternity"—or it surreptitiously brings in from the life of the series of fractions the new empirical conception of their existence. This existence they have, however, only as fractions, and it has no element of that "eternity" or "essence" which the analysis of the word "substance" furnished Spinoza in Definition 8, and cannot therefore be possibly applied to this substance, since it contains no fractional element whatever; but is, on the contrary, simply the negation of everything fractional. The re-occurrence of these same subterfuges—as when he speaks in Part I., Prop. 16 & 17, of God as "acting" and

as "free cause," and, in a still worse way, Prop. 24, mark where he speaks of God as the *Cause* of the *beginning* of the *existence* of things (three misnomers, or subterfuges, in a breath)—it were too tedious and too unprofitable to follow here. Wherever they occur in the *Ethics*, they perplex the unbiased student, whilst from their surroundings they lose their weight with the believers in a God.

The whole First Part of the *Ethics* is, if you clear off this rubbish, nothing but a consistent enough illustration of the manner in which one of the supposed fractions of an infinite series must relate itself to the conception of the totality of the series, if it thinks that totality under the category of substantiality. This totality is, then, an empty thought, neither free nor necessitated; it is as it is: and the infinite attributes of the totality, though related to each other under the form of cause and effect, are in relation to the totality even what they are. They cannot be thought better or worse; they cannot be thought free; though neither can they be thought subject to a capricious change; they rest in eternity, and begin and finish in time. The substantiality-philosopher offers no explanation—nay, scouts it; justly laughs at the causality-philosopher, who imagines he has "explained" matters by equally scouting the "it is as it is" principle of the substantiality-philosopher, and who vociferates: We must have a cause; therefore let us have a cause; and since every cause precedes its effect in time, our cause must have preceded in time, &c. &c.

That no injustice has been done to Spinoza by this characterization of the First Part of his *Ethics* appears conclusively at the beginning of the Second Part, where he assigns to the substance, God, two chief attributes: thinking and extension. Aristotle appears to have been the first who made public, and probably discovered, the separation and classification of all phenomena of the fractional series under these two headings; but the discovery that this separation included all phenomena only in so far as they were conceived by the intellect, or the theoretical faculty, and that in another faculty of reason there was hidden an entirely independent series of phenomena which could not be classified under either of those headings, phenomena that had no extension—for goodness is neither straight nor curved, nor a thinking—in their com-

position;—this ultimate discovery, which clears up the whole region of reason for now and ever, although brought into the world by Jesus Christ, was not scientifically expounded till Kant and Fichte demonstrated it.

Now, supposing we were to stop Spinoza at this opening of his Second Part, and ask him why he ascribes to his "God," as supreme attributes, these two, "Thinking and Extension," what could he answer? Clearly only that he had found none other in his consciousness; that all phenomena known to him were either of the one or the other kind. Could any empiricism be more shallow? Why these two, and not rather one—say, Motion?—as Descartes and Swedenborg attempted, more or less successfully, to show in their respective *Principia*, and as our modern physicists of metaphysical tendency love to proclaim; though, for that matter, they might all take lessons in their favorite sciences, of whose advances they so loudly boast, from Descartes and from Swedenborg. The endeavor to trace out the correlation of forces, so called, as being all merely so many variations in the quantities and directions of motion, has by no Darwin or Spencer of these days been so successfully attempted as by Descartes two centuries ago; so that in his now almost forgotten *Principia* the scholar finds general doctrines and even special discoveries of physical science which come now-a-days over to us from Europe, heralded as the great discoveries of the new millennium of science.

But that which is of importance to us here is *the manner* in which Spinoza proves these two attributes to belong to God. The proof runs thus:

1. The infinite series of fractions exhibits to every thinking fraction, amongst other phenomena, the phenomenon of thinking.
2. All these phenomena of the fractions express the essence of "God" in a certain way.
3. Hence the phenomenon of thinking is an attribute of "God," or "God" is a thinking being.

See the 1st Prop. of the Second Part of the Ethics, and remember that all through the First Part Spinoza expressly excluded these properties from "God" *because* they belonged to the fractions as fractions.

The proof, that "God" is an extended being, takes, of course, precisely the same syllogistical pathway in the 2d Prop. of the Second Part, and its refutation is likewise to be found in the First Part—that is, if the words "extension" and "thinking" are to retain the same meaning when applied to the totality which they had when applied to its fractions. If they are not to be applied in that sense, the whole thing is a subterfuge and juggler's trick: and Spinoza says that they are not to be so applied; that thinking is not to mean understanding, will, &c., nor extension (see Prop. 12) divisibility, &c.

And now, having exhausted the conception of "God" in its two views, briefly from the stand-point of causality, and more at length from the conception of substantiality, let us review the result. From the stand-point of causality, I regard the conception of the unit, which always accompanies that of the infinite series of fractions, as the cause of that series, and overlook the fact that it is altogether an arbitrary act of my own, whereby I regard it as such cause. This overlooking leads me to change the statement which alone would express the truth, "*I may regard the unit as the cause of the series,*" into the dogmatic "*the unit is the cause,*" &c. In all my statements this oversight follows me and colors them with the same dogmatic absurdity, which however, from the very fact of misemploying the word "is," is considered plausible and reasonable by the multitude. The causality reasoner is a dogmatic realist.

Reasoning, however, from the stand-point of substantiality, I clearly perceive the error of the causality view with its doctrines of a first cause, design, final end, &c., and remove all these false notions by describing that unit as merely the represented or thought unity of the fractions, as the conception of their common substance, of which they are merely attributes, and of which, in itself, nothing can be predicated. From the view of a considerate first cause, or creating God, I am thus driven to a fatalistic acceptance of the nature of the attributes, and their succession as such, simply because they are so, and as, for that reason, the very best and wisest. Spinoza dwells eloquently on the grand calm which this view gives to the soul, and others have repeated it after him; but

this calmness and this sublimity are of a very problematic character. The view is dogmatically idealistic, as opposed to the realistic view of the causality stand-point, but its repose in a fatalistic "it is so" has certainly no higher claim to grandeur than the repose in a Final First Cause of the opposite view. The causalist is in the sad predicament of being unable to explain how he comes to attribute the predicate cause, which he has taken from the finite world, to the conception of the whole infinite totality; but neither can the substantialist explain how he can apply the conception of substance, which he has also taken from the finite world, to the totality of an infinity of attributes, and how the one substance ever changed or could change into an infinity of attributes. The defender of each category can overthrow his opponent; neither can maintain his own proposition. Nor are the views that result from the reciprocal relation of both conceptions, to-wit,

- (1) Quantitative Substantialism,
- (2) Qualitative Substantialism,
- (3) Quantitative Causalism,
- (4) Qualitative Causalism,

any more calculated to give real calm, quiet, and light. Where, then, does the light dwell? As before said, not in any particular *view*, this or that view, but in a complete surveying of the whole region of knowing as having these views and having them necessarily, since otherwise it would not be knowing at all. The true light is not, therefore, to be found in a system, to speak accurately; not to be objectivated into a dead conception; it can only be lived, experienced, applied. He who has made this survey carries this everlasting light always within him, and through it beholds all phenomena and all systems of phenomena. To him no corner of the universe is hidden in darkness; all the possible views of it he, from his survey, knows beforehand, and can at all times apply. He knows that he can and must view the totality of the infinite series as a substance, by relating himself to it; he knows also that he can and must view it, if he wants so to relate himself to it, as the cause of the series: but he knows moreover, and supremely, that these views, and their subordinate views, are views of his know-

ing; that it is his knowing which puts forth both the views and their relating links.

Now, if the ego were merely a faculty of becoming self-conscious, merely a theoretical faculty, or pure intellect, as we have hitherto supposed, the fraction to be, we should have to stop here at this ultimate and absolute development of the intellectual faculty into supreme, everlasting clearness. But now let us further suppose that the fraction is to become conscious of itself as an absolute original activity; is to be not only a knowing intellect, but also and preëminently a practical activity in that world which we have seen to arise through the mere assumption of its theoretical faculty; and let us watch the result. The points to be kept in mind are these:

That the fraction, or monad, or ego, is such an active power, is simply asserted as a fact, just as its being an intellectual power is known to us simply as a fact.

That although both powers are necessarily related to each other—namely, in this, that they are both activities—they are also absolutely, qualitatively, opposed to each other in this, that the so-called active or practical power has *direct* causality upon the universe of space and matter, whereas the so-called intellectual or theoretical power has no such direct causality at all, but merely an indirect causality by means of the practical causality, and has direct causality only *upon itself*.

That neither power can be derived—deduced—from the other, though at the same time neither can by itself be comprehended without the other; but that both are the original, absolute constituents of the ego, monad, or fraction, which is their synthesis and nothing else whatever.

The absolute qualitative distinction between thinking and extension Spinoza reluctantly enough admits, as we have seen, though he does not and cannot explain it; but an absolute distinction between the thinking faculty of the ego and its practical or moral faculty he is so utterly opposed to, that the *Ethics* may be said to have been written for no other purpose than to disprove it. In his letters, where he treats the matter at issue, namely, the freedom of the active power, with more than usual candor, he expresses himself thus:

"When I said in my last letter that we are inexcusable, because we are in the hands of God like clay in the hands of the potter, I wished this to be taken in the sense that no one has a title to reproach God with having given him a weak body or an impotent mind. For as it would be absurd if the circle complained that God had not given it the properties of the sphere . . . even so would it be absurd did a man of feeble soul complain that God had denied him strength of understanding and true knowledge and love of God himself, and moreover bestowed upon him so impotent a nature that he could neither control nor get the better of his appetites. . . . A horse is excusable for being a horse and not a man, but in spite of this he must continue in his state . . . and he who cannot subdue his passions nor hold them in check even with the terrors of the law before him, although he may be held excusable on the ground of his infirmity of nature, cannot enjoy true peace of mind or have any knowledge or love of God, but necessarily perishes."

Again:

"To your second query . . . I reply that neither the honest man nor the thief can do aught to cause pleasure or displeasure to God. If the question, however, be, whether the deeds of these, in so far as they include anything real and are caused by God, are alike perfect? I answer: *if we regard the deeds only, it may be that both are equally perfect* . . . If, finally, you ask what should move you to aspire to or to do that which I characterize as virtuous rather than anything else? I say, *I cannot know which of the infinite motives God has at His disposal, He may employ to determine you to such a course.*"

In another place, taking the example of a stone thrown by some hand, and hence impelled by an external cause:

"Now conceive, further, that the stone as it proceeds in its motion thinks and knows that it is striving, so far as in it lies, to continue in motion; then, inasmuch as it is conscious only of its endeavor and in nowise indifferent, it will believe itself to be most free, and to persevere in its motion from no other cause than that it wills to do so. *And this is precisely that human freedom of which all boast themselves possessed, but which consists of this alone: that men are conscious of their desires, and ignorant of the causes by which these are determined.*"

To remove the last objection, that we might be free at least in thinking, Spinoza adds:

"Your friend, however, affirms that we can use our reason

with perfect freedom . . . 'Who,' he asks, 'without a contradiction of his proper consciousness, can deny that he is free to think his thoughts, to write what he pleases, or to leave writing alone?' . . . I for my part, and that I may not contradict my consciousness—that is, that I may not contradict reason and experience, and yield to ignorance and prejudice—*deny that I possess any absolute power of thinking, and that at pleasure I can will, or not will, to do this or that—to write, for example.*"

In the melancholy history of the human race there are wonderful instances of blindness, lunacy, or whatever we may charitably call it; such instances as are furnished by those who keep up the search for perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle, the descent of man, the origin of the world, the evolution of thought from phosphorus, and the like self-contradictions. But can there be one more striking than this?—

One of the self-conscious fractions of a series, Benedict Spinoza, arises and says: "I deny that I can will, or not will, to do this or that, think this or that." For, if he cannot will, of what earthly value is this, in that case, *enforced* declaration? Another fraction, X, Y, or Z, arises and says: "I can will, or not will, so to do or think." Now, if that other fraction's statement is, as it is by *Spinoza's* own principle, equally enforced, necessitated, by the same substance, is it not also of the same validity? Yet, how is even this possible? How is it possible that there should enter into a thinking series of individuals, all of whom are absolutely determined in all their thinking, *the mere conception of freedom?* How can this *new* element, not in any way contained in any part or the whole of the series, enter it? The absurdity is not worth wasting words about.

The example of the stone in the above letter, which seems to have been considered strikingly clear by Spinoza, is also a very unfortunate illustration, and moreover a defective statement of the case. For the stone, to make a case in point, should have the consciousness not only of the one motion given to it, but at the same time of *innumerable other* motions in other directions, with a consciousness of a—real or assumed—power to choose between them; for such is the case in man, Spinoza himself mentioning men's desires in the plural. Now,

amplify the statement to this extent; give the stone such power to move in various directions; let it choose, after hesitation, which direction it will take; and in the sense in which the word "free" has any meaning at all, the stone *is* free.

It is very true that you may tell me that I am not free in making a choice—I am merely following my strongest impulse, an impulse that is part and parcel of nature; but this your statement is merely a metaphysical reasoning of yours, which you can never prove, whilst my assertion is the statement of a fact. Nay, furthermore, if you cavil at this, I can show to you clearly, firstly, that you can *never* prove that in acting I follow merely a natural impulse, such a proof being impossible; and secondly, when you turn upon me and assert that I also cannot prove that I act freely, I can demonstrate to you that your retort is *absurd*; for if I *could* prove it by a theoretical proof, i.e. by showing you the connecting link, or cause, I would by that very proof demonstrate it to be not a free act. A free act must be undemonstrable, must be simply an individual fact, if it is at all to be; hence each individual can have only positive knowledge of it by the fact of its occurring in him.

It is also useless to more than notice the fact, that Spinoza, in the latter parts of his *Ethics*—those parts which treat of the affections, passions, and the power of the will to control these psychological and physiological phenomena, and which parts have often been praised by men, who had become discontented with the undeniably fatalistic view of the first two parts, as of superior sublimity, and as affording an harmonious reconciliation with the view of freedom—that in them Spinoza falls into the similar self-contradiction of *urging* his readers to do certain things, whilst he utterly denies their power to do, or not to do, at will. Of course, every fatalist, who ever spoke or thought, failed not to indulge in this absurdity of nevertheless speaking and thinking as if men were free; but in Spinoza this contradiction is particularly conspicuous. For in these appeals of his he often grows quite eloquent and impassioned, speaking as if he truly believed, as he undoubtedly did, that men could adopt, or not adopt, at will, his views; and yet in the same breath ridiculing, with vehement polemical bitterness, the supposition of

freedom. The fact that he uses the word "freedom" throughout, he tries to excuse by explaining that he uses it as the equivalent for "beatitude"; but this is either a crude word-blunder, or another of his innumerable subterfuges. Of these latter, there occurs one in this connection, which is the last of the kind and that we shall attempt to point out. Scouting the proposition that such conceptions of universal validity as "good" and "bad" exist, and that "good" and "bad" are other than merely subjective feelings, which change with every individual, he instances the effect of music, which, he says, may be good for one person and bad for another.

If this were not mere trickery, it were hard to find a suitable expression for it. People certainly do talk loosely, and some persons may speak of music, in a metaphorical way, as good or bad; though there are appropriate musical adjectives that would accurately describe the conception to be conveyed; but does anyone pretend to say that the words "good" and "bad," when thus loosely applied to music, have that particular *moral* meaning against which alone Spinoza intended to direct his attacks? Is there anything in a morally good or bad act of a human being which could be made applicable to the effect of music in this manner?

The chief point which Spinoza raises in these latter parts of his *Ethics* is this, that all reasoning, willing, desiring, &c., are simply so many psychological and physiological conditions—conditions which he in these parts gathers, postulates, defines, and axiomates, in the same arbitrary, empirical way in which the first parts are put together; and that they are conditions of the two chief attributes, thinking and extension, which he in the Second Part had postulated as those of the one substance. As such conditions they are, of course, held together by the chain of causality, which rules this series of conditions, and are completely determined in every manner. Spinoza goes so far in his polemic against the possibility of a free act in these conditions—that is, an act by which something entirely new could be brought into the series, having no causal connection whatever with the preceding—that he denies (Part III., Prop. 2) the power of the soul to do anything but what it remembers. All the arts—above all, the art of music—this supreme human creation out of nothingness may,

therefore, be said to have had for him no existence; the moral universe he had no eye to see. Morality is, by his doctrine, to act "for one's own advantage" (Part IV., Prop. 24); to be free is to follow "that which we have recognized as the most important in life, and which we therefore most desire" (Part IV., Prop. 66); to extend our knowledge and cultivate our intellect is the only "good"; and the only "evil" and "sin" is not to do so; and the one is good only because it renders us more happy, as the other is bad only because it does not make our happiness so complete; though any one might just as well reverse these propositions for his individual case, since, being merely postulates of Spinoza's own empirical experience as to what he found productive of happiness in him, they can be overthrown by the empirical *dictum* of any other individual. As regards the immortality of the individual, he being a mere condition of the one substance in extended bodily form, there is of course no chance for it. (See Part V., Prop. 21 & 23, particularly the last sentence.)

Having thus sketched Spinoza's view of the possibility of free acts, as they appear when regarded from the stand-point of the substantiality-category, let us return to the instance of the assumed fraction and see how it will look upon this matter of freedom when unfettered by either category; in all likelihood it will in that very way get with its freedom a real God in place of the antropomorphic First Cause and the shadow of a represented Universal Substance. The curious in such matters would do well also to refer to Leibnitz's New System of Nature, &c., in No. 3, vol. v., of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and examine there how the greatest mind, taking it all in all, that Germany has produced, has developed the same matter in his own inimitable way.

The fraction, then, we will suppose no longer to have for its problem only the development of self-consciousness, but the problem to become conscious of itself *as a FREE ACTIVITY*. We will assume that it is no longer a mere theoretical fraction, a mere intellect becoming conscious of itself, and the chief—nay, only—aim whereof would be, as in Spinoza's system it logically enough is, to develope this intellectual consciousness; but that it is also, synthetically with that

theoretical faculty, a practical faculty—a power to do, to act, to create—under which assumption it appears even now already, that the theoretical faculty will likely turn out to be not the primary, the end, but the secondary, the means; in short, that the intellect is the means whereby we are enabled to become the creators of a world within a world—of a new, never before existent, not yet and never in time to be completed, *moral* universe.

The fraction could certainly not become conscious of itself as a free, active being by means of its power to become conscious generally, its theoretical power; for by that power it would have to view every free act of its own under the two forms of causality and substantiality, or their reciprocal determinations, under all of which forms the view of freedom is impossible, as has been abundantly shown. It would, therefore, have to become conscious of itself as such a free, moral being in quite another manner. What is this manner? Only the fact can tell; as only the fact also tells of the existence of the theoretical faculty in any fraction. It is, therefore, to be taken as a mere assertion, that this manner is an *immediate consciousness*, an impelling activity, which can assign or discover no ground for its impulsion, but knows itself immediately to be the sole ground of its exercise. Language has called this consciousness by different names: the voice of conscience, the voice of God, genius, the moral law in us, the categorical imperative, &c. That this is the manner in which the assumed fraction becomes conscious of itself as free, we have confessed to be a mere assertion; but that the assumed fraction must in some manner so become conscious is necessary under the assumption; and each one can settle the matter for himself, a dispute on it being impossible, or idle. Now, let this assumed self-conscious fraction act in this absolutely free manner, do a deed or leave a deed undone in the universe already given to it by its theoretical faculty, the universe of time and space,—how will this deed appear to it? Evidently accompanied with the consciousness of an absolute deed, independent of all other phenomena or deeds that occur or may have occurred in the time and space universe; of a deed beyond the possibility of any doubt re-

moved from any *nexus* with whatever other world of desires, affections, sympathies, psychological and physiological manifestations, might have been furnished to it by the theoretical faculty; of a deed, solely and utterly its own, expressing its own absoluteness, timelessness, and independence; the consciousness of an absolute harmony of the deed and the doer, awaking perhaps in the lower psychological and physiological affections *feelings* of self-reverence, self-awe, self-respect. Having tasted this absoluteness and unutterable bliss of freedom once, it seems impossible that the fraction would ever be able to forget or discard it.

But now, how would this same deed appear unto another fraction? If that other fraction had also arrived at such self-consciousness of its absolute freedom, it *might* take in the true character of the deed, though it never could with certainty, since the essential characteristic could be known only to the self-consciousness of the other individual fraction—hence the morality of a deed is not a subject for dispute;—but if it had not arrived at such a self-consciousness, and were still merely a theoretical intelligence, it would and could view it only as it viewed other phenomena in its serial world, that is, either as the effect of previous causes, or as a fatalistic attribute of the one substance.

Leaving this point, as sufficiently exhausted, it remains to be seen in what manner the theoretical faculty of the morally free and self-consciously free fraction would now treat and view these new phenomena given to it, for, as occurring in the same consciousness, it could not help becoming conscious of them and their particular character; though certainly it might, as also free, either ignore the problem altogether, as the so-called common people do, or blindly insist on subordinating them to its own categories, as all philosophers did so subordinate until Kant, and as all do again now. The problem before it would be: how can I arrive at a comprehension of this co-existence of two worlds within another, one of which I *must* regard under the categories of my purely theoretical faculty, since otherwise I could not comprehend its phenomena; and the other of which I must regard as the absolute creation of myself and other free moral fractions like myself, the one the kingdom of the world, the other the

kingdom of God? For this reason: through its theoretical faculty the fraction is to explain to itself the possibility of the co-existence of an infinite number of free acts on the part of infinite fractions in their common time and space world; and this co-existence must be thought, and hence must be thinkable. That they cannot be thought under the categories of the theoretical faculty, causality and substantiality, has been abundantly shown; the thinking them together, relating them to each other, is, therefore, of an entirely different character, and needs as such a new name. You may call it moral order of the universe, pre-established harmony, or whatever other term seems best to you, so it signify a new, distinct thought. Furthermore, they must be so thought together in all their infinite occurrences; hence as thus harmonious in their totality as well as in each separate occurrence; as in each instance full, complete, absolute, expressing the whole totality, and yet in each instance but a part of it; expressing it fully, but infinitely newly; the acts of infinite individual gods, expressing infinitely in the world of their theoretical faculty, and thus making manifest to themselves by its means that absolute moral freedom which they must regard as harmonizing in those infinite acts, and the harmonizing unity whereof, which never enters the world of the theoretical faculty, they, worshipping, call God.

Foolish, therefore, beyond all description, to apply to freedom and to God that theoretical faculty which has for its function simply *to make visible* the absolute freedom to an infinite number of self-conscious beings, each of whom is and must be partaker of that freedom; foolish to argue and reason metaphysically about their nature, essence, and substance, when they are altogether of another world, a world which has only one attribute: Absoluteness, or Freedom.—This absoluteness and its essential characteristic, it has already been said, was first discovered, and thereby the moral world first truly created, by Jesus Christ. This fullness of God in us he first brought to clear consciousness, and as such utterly distinctive knowledge he gave it utterance: not by theoretical reasoning, but by the immediate utterance of the fact. Hence his wonderful self-reverence—the Son of God; hence also his wonderful humility—the Son of man.

In these days of shallow reasoning and loose language, the comparing of Christ with Socrates, Buddha, Confucius, &c., has again become as common as it was with Voltaire's friends. To any one who reads the sayings of Christ and the sayings of either of those men with an unprejudiced mind, the *dissimilarity* is rather that which is most apparent. Take Socrates, as the most generally known, and take him either as Xenophon or Plato reports him, and his characteristic is argument—cleverness in the use of the theoretical faculty and its two categories. Argument on all things and subjects; argument with the sculptor how to embellish his art; with the prostitute, how to increase the number of her customers; with whomsoever lists, *pro* or *con.*, any abstract proposition whatsoever.

Take Christ, and the reiterated burden of his words is: I am the Son of God; ye are all children of God; citizens of an eternal life, of an invisible world in this very world of our theoretical faculty. He never argues; he only tells the fact: yet this distinctive character of freedom, and hence of God, that it can only be told as fact and not be *proved*—that is, if you take the word “proved” in its ordinary sense, as meaning “demonstrated by connecting links,” though, of course, in this sense, you can also not prove to me that I live and see or hear—was lost sight of by nearly all his followers, till it was in a most singular way rediscovered by Immanuel Kant in an independent, scientific way, and after him more clearly expounded by Fichte in a complete Science of Knowledge.

Spinoza closes his *Ethics* with a reference to the calm his doctrine gives to the soul. The nature of this calm, a fatalistic resignation or acquiescence, seasoned with whatever pleasure may be gained from a cultivation of the theoretical intellect, we have already seen. It may be well to refer to the effect the view of freedom gives to the soul.

On the one hand, it must be confessed, supremest agony. To be a member of a world of absolutely free individuals, and become conscious of the history of this world so far as it has yet manifested itself in time and space through the theoretical faculty; to see how through six thousand years of conscious life these individual gods, each one with the same faculty of absolute divinity, have tottered, limped,

struggled, fought; committed absurdities, stupidities, errors, crimes; plunged headlong into slavery, misery, and unspeakable degradation; fallen into cowardice the most shameful, laziness the most disgusting, self-debasement the most loathsome; how their own sublime faculties have been subverted to torturing their better and more aspiring members with their doubt and despair; how they honor their Pharisees and crucify their Christs; and in what awful abysses of mental and physical suffering so many of them are wallowing,—is horrible! Men speak of the sufferings of Christ on the cross! They were paltry, insignificant; the mere torture of physical flesh and bone. Where he suffered was in Gethsemane; how he must have suffered! With all this consciousness of the agony and misery of his fellow-gods upon his soul! The lamb of God, carrying and staggering under the sins of the world!

On the other hand, ecstasy unutterable! To be conscious of yourself as an absolutely self-subsistent, free, creative individual, a co-maker and builder of a wondrous universe, rising with every moment of your existence into newer and clearer shape and being, and when you turn by your own free choice your life from this your proper home with God to the other home of your theoretical faculty, whereby you realize it to your consciousness, to the world of nature; to know that here there is no longer any secret and mystery for you; to see clearly every atom even of this home reflect in an infinitely varied way the reflected beauty of your own kingdom of God; to have all the possible modes of thinking of your mind always ready to apply to every phenomenon and collection of phenomena, and be able to gather the infinite representations of infinite wonders and beauties into their fundamental views, and these again in the phenomena of your own world of freedom in one grand view; to live day and night this eternal life hand in hand with God, He in you and you in Him; not even to know the meaning of death, since an infinite free activity to become conscious must most assuredly receive birth, and is by that birth alone distinct from God, but can never exhaust its activity, nor the self-consciousness of it, since the activity works infinitely new shapes and forms for that self-con-

sciousness; to be thus inaccessible to all the miseries, terrors, fears, and uncertainties of life; clear, determined, radiantly blessed in your own selfhood; suffering that agony of hell and sin only when you voluntarily enter it to help to achieve the redemption of men even as Christ did,—this is an existence so glorious that it cannot even ask itself seriously the absurd question of a why or a wherefore.

NOTES OF A CONVERSATION ON SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

[Held at the Jacksonville Plato Club, by H. K. JONES, and reported by Mrs. SARAH DENMAN.]

In Shakespeare is consummated and celebrated the marriage of the Greek and Scandinavian cultures. The Greek age, the age of the ideal, the thought power, the fatherhood; the Scandinavian, the age of the actual, the will power, born of the heroic earth energies, the motherhood. And out of this Scandinavian maternity is the issue of the "Viking power," which leads modern enterprise; and without the marriage of these two cultures, the child, the realized Christianity of this age, could not have been born. Therefore, in Shakespeare are we historically in the fountains of modern Christian thought and achievement.

Shakespeare is not writing history or story, nor exhibiting mere gambollings of the imagination. His purpose is deep and living. He is portraying that which is eternal in the human soul; therefore he is immortal.

The "Tempest" is his programme. The unifying idea and key to the play is Life, in the world of time and sense. "Tempest" does not mean *a storm*, but is from "*tempus*," and signifies Life, and the two ways of life under the Divine Providences: the way of the providential and the fated experiences. To the man of righteousness and justice, the visible and invisible powers are subservient; to the man of injustice and evil, the same powers are dominant. The latter is fated, or destined, as in the speech of Ariel:

"You are three men of sin, whom destiny
 (That hath to instrument this lower world,
 And what is in 't) the never surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live," &c. (Act III., Sc. 3.)

The drama is not that which creates, but that which draws out, a portrait of what is in the soul. This poet is immortal, because he is dealing with themes which eternally live in the soul of man.

The subject, then, of this play is Life—our life. The characters are personifications of what is found in the human soul, and, accordingly, in the social life of the race. The two pictures, as designated in the idiom of our Scriptures, as viz. the natural and the spiritual man—or man generated down into nature, natural consciousness; and man regenerated back again to spirit, or spiritual consciousness. These are Prospero, the man of providential dealings, and Antonio, the man of fate.

The invisible powers serve Prospero; he is not ruled by circumstance. Safety and success are not due to human conditions and contrivance. The divine soul is superior to all natural conditions.

Miranda is daughter of a king. Sons and daughters, in all mythic language, personify wisdom and love—the affection of the spiritual mind represented by Miranda. She is moved to pity by the sight of suffering.

"O! the cry did knock
 Against my very heart"—

the piteous aspect of human affairs, in this world of time and sense. When we look upon those we see suffer, their cries do knock against our hearts, and, like Miranda, we cry,

"Poor souls! they perished."

But is it so? Prospero (wisdom) answers,

"Be collected: . . .
 No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done."

In all these strange human experiences, there is no harm done. Divine wisdom and love work perfectly in this world; they never fail. Miranda asks,

"What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?"

Affection, without the knowledge or intelligence, does not see it. There is a doctrine that it is a calamity that the soul descends into this plane of time and sense. Prospero asks,

"Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?"

Miranda.

"Certainly, Sir, I can."

Prospero.

"By what?"

Miranda.

"'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants."

The soul's reminiscence of its former life, before it entered the world of time and sense.

The true poet is not a rhymers, nor a rehearser of old stories. The story is only a canvass on which the poet's vision is represented. These themes are pictures of human history, and with us the idealization of Christianity, of human life on this sea of time, tempest-tossed and apparently wrecked. Is this mere chance and accident? Or, is it true that there is no perdition betid to any creature in the vessel?

What are these characters in the world of life? Prospero is the wise man—the spiritual—who has treasures that are not visible; he has *life-power*, power over and in himself.

Antonio is the natural man, who possesses himself of outward things:

... "he needs will be
Absolute Milan."

(*Act I., Sc. 2.*)

He is ruled by selfish and worldly desires, the man of worldly ends and ambitions.

"But I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt, ere they molest!"

(*Act II., Sc. 1.*)

He takes unlawful means to gain his ends; witness the bark upon which Prospero and his daughter were put. Did he gain his end?

Caliban is the servant of Prospero. The sensual principle of the spiritual man, the ground elements, the selfish pas-

A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop."

The light of intelligence is in the soul, born with it. "If now I court not," a strong expression, including to love and do, as well as to know. This divine light I must obey; seeing if "I omit," disaster follows. What shall bring us ashore from this tempest-tossed sea of life? Prospero answers,

"Providence Divine."

The natural, sensual principles are to be dispossessed of their sway; they are not to be extinguished, but they are to serve. Caliban cannot be possessed of a divine nature; he must be kept at a proper distance—under a master, to that work for which he is fit. Prospero says,

"But as 'tis.
We cannot miss him; he does make our fire
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us."

The growths or generations of the soul are always spoken of as sons and daughters. The love of these two young persons, Miranda and Ferdinand, is representative of what goes on in the soul.

The threefold nature of the spiritual man is personified in Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban; in the natural man, by Antonio, Ferdinand, and Trinculo with Stephano.

Gonzalo is an intermediate (he is a minister of state); he represents the wisdom of the common understanding or prudence.

. . . . "This Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course." (Act II., Sc. 1.)

It is the mind or judgment related to both the natural and spiritual man, common to them both. Gonzalo was allegiant both to Prospero and Antonio. The reason is always obedience to the affections.

The natural man usurps and appropriates the good things of the world like Antonio, and is afloat upon the sea of life in a well manned and well provisioned ship. The ship is wrecked, but nothing is lost. Prospero has conditioned things otherwise. Our safety here depends upon no earthly conditions. Circumstances cannot preserve the soul.

"Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause."

Whenever the divine intelligence and love are united in the soul, then comes prosperity. All things are new.

Miranda.

"O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world

That has such people in't."

Prospero.

"'Tis new to thee."

In the Fifth Act we come to the doctrine of Forgiveness.

"Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further."

But, for the comprehension of the Idea, we must search for it in the constitution and historic movements of the social system of life, in which Prospero is the Church and Antonio the State. The latter is spontaneously prone to determination in sensible realization, in alliance alien to spiritual realization, or to the fruitions of divine love and wisdom. Nevertheless this alien alliance, governed by an overruling Providence, returns as compensation from the kingdom of Nature (Alonso the king), researches into Nature's arcana, and the powers and treasures of scientific wisdom and use (the Ferdinand), with the reconciliation and restitution of all—even so that not a hair suffereth perdition. And lastly, by means of the instrumental conservations of the Church and the alliance of the fruits of the spiritual and natural generations of mind (the Miranda and the Ferdinand), humanity is enthroned in the earth *in perpetuum*.

For, in Christian idiom, the natural man and the spiritual man are each forms of mental generation; each are fruitful in the earth. The progeny of the one, spiritual wisdom (the Miranda); of the other, natural science (the Ferdinand); and the issues from the marriage of these are the proliferations of the human world.

We shall not have mastered Shakespeare's "Tempest" till we find in his discourse the resolution of the social problems of Justice, Injustice, Providence, Fate, Forgiveness, Reconciliation and Restitution.

SPECULUM POESIS. (II.)

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

NATURE AND ART.

I. THE JOURNEY, A SYMBOL.

A breezy softness filled the air,
 That clasped the tender hand of Spring,
 And yet no brooklet's voice might sing,
 And all was perfect stillness there,
 Unless the soft, light foliage waved ;
 The boughs all clothed in shining green,
 Through which ne'er angry tempest raved,
 And sunlight shone between.

Beneath an oak a palmer lay,
 Upon the greensward was his bed,
 And its luxuriance touched the gray,
 The silver laurel round his head:
 A picture framed in calm repose,
 A classic monument of life,
 Too placid for the storm of woes,
 Too thoughtful to be torn in strife.
 I might have passed; he bade me stay,
 And tranquilly such words did say:
 "Thou, promise of the glowing Spring,
 Thy graces to my old eyes bring
 The recollections of those years
 When sweet are shed our early tears,
 The sunny days of April weather,
 Changeful and glad with everything,
 When Youth and Hope went linked together
 Like sisters twain, and sauntering
 Down mossy paths in ancient woods,
 The garlands of such solitudes."

I passed along,
 The palmer song
 Still sounding with its clear content;
 At length, I reached my promised tent;
 Around were crags of temples piled,
 The ruins of a nation's pride;
 Within their clefts the bright stars smiled,
 And moonlight swept the courtyards wide;
 Some ivy-boughs o'erhung the wall
 And clothed the pillars smooth and tall,
 And deepening shades lay o'er the place
 That still the grandeur must efface.

Nor long my dream;—a wind awoke,
A river from the mountains came,
Wild thro' the temple's courts it broke.
As they were lit with lightning's flame.
A mightier blast, more lurid light,
The winds dispersed that sheltering fold,
I paused an instant on the night,
Then sought the mighty archway old;
I marked the glancing fire's design.
To smite the stone's colossal form
That jutted from the topmost line—
Too cold that stately heart to warm—
Then gained beyond the court a bank,
And fainting in the darkness sank.

II. A SLEEPING CHILD.

Darkness now hath overspaced
Life's swift dance, and curtained awe
Feebly lifts a sullen eye,
Wonted in this marble war;
His lips are still that sweetly spoke,
Silent space the charm hath broke.

For him mourn not, parents dear!
Measure largest he has taken,
Now he treads the sun's dominion,
Our low pastime all forsaken,
And his eyes have purer sight
From that calm, reflected light.

Let your woes dissolve in peace,
For he leads great company,
And he seeks with famous men
Statelier lines of ancestry;
He might shame the bravest one,
In his garments of the sun.

III. PRIMAVERA, THE BREATH OF SPRING.

With the rush and whirl of the fleet wild brook,
And the leap of the deer thro' the deep wild wood,
And the eyes of the flowers with that gentle look
That shines in the hearts of the truly good,
Dost thou refresh my weary mood.

And chantest thy hymn in the forest old,
Where the buds of the trees and their hearts of fire
Start to the song of thy harps of gold,
As the maiden with a timid desire
At the thrill of her love's soft lyre.

Thou passest thy hand o'er the yellow fields
 With a light caress like a mother's smile,
 And the bright, soft grass to thy impulse yields
 The green of its life that has slept the while;
 Sweet Spring! thou knowest many a wile.

And joyfully, Spring, I welcome thee down
 To the heavy hearts of my fellow-men,
 To the windows dark of the thick-built town,
 And the scholar who sits with his tiresome pen
 In the shadow of his den.

Frolic, sweet flowers, along the wall-side,
 Along the roadway where the foot-path goes,
 And, ferns, in the pines where the rivers glide,
 Be as cheerful as where the musk-rose blows,
 And gay as a child each thing that grows.

IV. POET TO THE WORLD.

A truce to care, a truce to thoughtfulness!
 O false vain world, O love, O life, O time!
 Open, ye shadowy portals where I climb!
 Behind me, thou dull present! go and bless
 The dark-ambitioned worldling on his throne,
 And leave me, leave me social care alone.

Yes! at the parting of these devious ways
 I stand; forever smiles at me dull care!
 Is there no racier morsel for thy fare,
 No lovelier pilgrim o'er thy circling ways?
 Yet must I clasp thy hands, thou iron King!
 I clasp thee;—teach me, artist, then to sing.

V. NATURE AND SONG.

The elemental shapes of happy thoughts
 Lie round us; so, from infancy to age,—
 Sweet sympathies, aspects venerable,
 Godlike realities! How dear to him,
 The poet, his early recollections;
 Of filmy, unleaved boughs o'er wandering streams,
 On whose green banks with greensward carpet bright,
 Straying with modest heart and new-born hopes,
 A new-born life, to the true good allied,
 Pressed forth, never to die!

Harmonious wind-harps sigh thro' forests old,
 Where dumbly rocks sleep in their mossy beds,
 Courageous fronts! Deep thoughts are uttered
 From the star-lit hours, to tranquil streamlets.

In the sad dells, haunts of some mourning pines,
With music's glee, the sunset birds pour forth
Their royal concert. Unnumbered flowers blow;
Broad ferns are weaving stuffs, such never wove
The grimy artisan.

Dear mother Nature!

How might I, thy feeble, falling child, return
Fit love? Impossible! For didst thou not
Still fondly please me, when my froward heart,
Turning, stood careless, and yet a son of thine?
The Universe is one harmonious hope
To him who, with a trusting mind and true
Humility, will seek and find that love.—
Meeting eternities do gird us round!
In such a peacefulness as he enjoys,
The poet in his heart can worship these,
Whether he tread the margin of earth's shores,
And hear the dash of her white-crested waves,
Or where the rocks splinter the breeze of heaven,
Kissed by some slight, wild violets at their shafts,
That tempt the whispering goddess of the wind,
On her ethereal voyage when time is past;
And grace, and joy, and gentleness, are all
The sweet employment of the people there.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL VIEW OF GOETHE AND GERMAN FICTION.

By F. G. FAIRFIELD.

Lounging about the Astor Library the other day, having just digested Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust," and his very elaborate introduction to the same, together with M. Dumas' absurd critique, I betook myself, by way of contrast with the impressions of an American poet and a Parisian dramatist, to the task of ascertaining what a German critic might have to say, and to a running commentary on the views of all three, thinking out my conclusions as I went along.

Gorged as the general public has been with versions of sentimentally sensational German novels, to the exclusion of essay and criticism, some few at least are aware that Julian Schmidt—an experienced and able German critic, and, saving

St. René Tallandier, the most elaborate analyst of Freytag which "Debit and Credit" and the "Lost Manuscript" have called forth—has recently written a book on the Literature of Prussia, in which he offers some new estimates of living and dead German masters, and discriminates acutely between the Weimar school of fiction and the school of Berlin, tracing the origin and progress of the latter from mysticism to the illuminati, and thence to the mere reporting of such writers as Mrs. Mundt, recently deceased. Mr. Schmidt's views are of high interest, as those of a man standing at the head of German criticism, and properly the historian of German literature; though he is rather a Prussian than a German, and has more sympathy with Berlin than with the nation at large. The hegemony of the Prussian capital is to him something it were treason to doubt. Hence he finds the source of Teutonic culture in the activity of the Prussian intellect, and is so deliciously direct as to trace the moral power of German literature to the disciplined social organization perpetuated by Carlyle's hero-man, Frederick the Great. According to Mr. Schmidt, Berlin is the modern Rome (*ergo*, Emperor William is the modern Cæsar); while Vienna is Corinth (perhaps, though, the critic is not explicit as to this point); Leipsic, Athens; other centres of thought being typical of other Greek cities doomed to pay tribute to the all-conquering Roman.

As Mr. Schmidt is Prussian, this is modest; were he Saxon, Bavarian, or Austrian, he might be compared to Pindar composing Olympics for the best market. Being native, he is patriotic, and expresses the self-consciousness of his state in a manner deliciously self-conscious—somewhat depreciating the merits of Goethe and his Weimar disciples, and dislodging Hegel and his, to make room for Kant and his. "Prussian literature is Roman, moral, indomitable," suggests Mr. Schmidt; "dealing in ideas of law and order, not in mere beauty-trumpery; and thus whatsoever is vital in German activity takes its motion from Berlin or subordinate Halle."

The essayist of Prussia errs in material respects: for Goethe wrote at a date when the dualism of German thought (Hegel's infinite potentiality amusing its unconscious self in blowing bubbles of egotism and creating a dumb-show

termed the phenomenal) was a somewhat distinct element in German works of imagination.

It has been this spectre of dualism—in which the ideal is one thing, the real another—that has vitiated the efforts of German imagination thus far, not only in the novel and the tale, but even in painting and the kindred arts. From a philosophical aspect represented by Hegel in theology, Strauss has pushed it to its logical deduction in his mythological theory of the origin of the Old and New Testaments, though the germ of that hypothesis was suggested by Heine. In fiction, it appears distinctly in the earlier masters, and with semi-distinctness in Goethe, though as a mystifying undercurrent that, meaning nothing distinctly, means anything the reader may prefer. The Weimar master may be regarded as the first in German fiction to subordinate the ideal to the real, at least partially: mystification forming consequently one of the elements of his literary art. Conscious that in the manner of the old masters, which is openly allegorical, and regards the body of fiction as but the expression of an ideal soul, no realism is possible, he so far subordinates the idea to the organic body as to give an air of reality to the latter while preserving the perspective of the former. With him, the literary purpose is not allegorical, but realistic; but none the less is he so far affected by the earlier canons as to simulate an ideal undercurrent—his works thus marking a transition age, in which the interpretation of the ideal is no longer regarded as necessary to true fiction, but in which, notwithstanding, a background of something resembling the ideal in its antique form takes the place of its definite presence.

It is in the misapprehension of his method that Goethe has puzzled his critics, Mr. Taylor and M. Dumas, no less than the rest: in the fact that he represents almost uniquely the transition of German fiction from dualism to realism, and is therefore distinctly representative neither of the one nor of the other, but of qualities common to both. He deludes with jack-o'-lanterns of inner meaning and elaborate and carefully conjured will-o'-the-wisps of suggestion—which the reader follows only to find himself exploring dismal marshes of nothingness or swamped in dreamy ferns of illusion; and so vividly is the student impressed with the mystifications of

the romancer, so clever are their *simulacra* of the ideas that rendered early German fiction but a body of elaborate fables, that even the keenest have been deluded into endless speculation as to inner meanings that are not (and were not intended to be) definitely present. Like Schlegel in his estimate of *Hamlet*, students have been overprofound in their dissection of the method of Goethe, having interpreted him by the mystic dualism of his predecessors, rather than as the connecting link between a fiction that bordered upon mythology and a later and distinct realism as illustrated by Freytag. In his "Wilhelm Meister," for instance, the critic who judges from the stand-point of historical progress will see a work in which the ideal atmosphere of the antique masters is artistically feigned, not one in which it serves an allegorical purpose.

The difference is this: with them, the ideal was a substance, the form merely an expression; with him, the ideal is an atmosphere, not a substance—an element of literary art, not an inner reality. With them, form was but a symbol of subjective potentiality. Distinctly the idea is potential, the form phenomenal, in Hegel's sense of the word; the universe of fact and fiction, one vast and long-drawn allegory. Form fluctuates to every pulsation of the potential idea; and, as with Novalis, the ideal and real run in parallel series.

The fluctuating element with Goethe is, on the other hand, the ideal, not the real; and, like a pendulum, he oscillates between the symbolism of the antique and the unmixed life-painting of the modern, dimly recognizing the fact that life is infinitely broader and fuller than any system of ideas and morals, but so far obedient to the artistic consciousness of his day as to find his art in the simulation of that which to him is vaguely unequal to the demand of the literary purpose. He felt the inadequacy of the old, but could not shuffle it off. Hence his enigmas, his contradictions, his suggestions of undercurrent, the crystallization of his ideas here and there into gnomic maxims;—in short, his conscious and determinate mystification. Like Pindar, who represents a somewhat similar transition in Greek lyric poetry, he is a consummate artist in a somewhat imperfect school of art. Like Pindar's dramatic contemporary, the sullen son of Euphion, whom Cole-

ridge with just a grain of reason styles the poet of philosophical mystics, his mysticism is a conscious element of effect, not the lurid fullness of illumination that appears in the earlier exponents of idealism; and, like Pindar's tragic contemporary, he is rather transcendental than mystical. He presents the curious phenomenon in fiction, of a conscious control of the lightning that flickers from the clouds of fantastic revery common to his predecessors. He intellectualizes fog and mist.

As Mr. Lewes has very justly remarked, no man with the fear of the critics before his eyes would have dared to mystify the public as Goethe did in Wilhelm Meister's *Wanderjahre*. Mr. Lewes should have qualified, however, by saying *English critics*; for German criticism, quite without notable exception, regards fiction merely as a means of philosophical instruction, and dips so deep into inner senses as to forget questions of execution. Profound in its discourse upon the laws of fiction, it has no room for the discussion of its rules. The question it moots is not whether this or that is unnatural, but what were the motives of the author for leaving the trodden path.

*"Erkenne, Freund, was er geleistet hat,
Und dann erkenne was er leisten wolte,"*

says one of the wisest of the Teutonic poets. "Regard the writer's purpose, and thus interpret his work"—an aphorism not far from correct in its intent to be just to authors, but wofully abused by German critics in the practical application.

One single consideration—that of his own keen insight into the laws of art as he interpreted them—seems to me conclusively to establish the hypothesis that Goethe employed the philosophical, and often the mystical, atmosphere as a mere element of coloring. He knew his public, his critics, himself. Of all literary artists, he is the least instinctive and the most self-conscious in his work, and comes nearest to Poe's idea of a man voluntarily creating, managing, and modulating predetermined and predigested effects. Indeed, in this self-conscious spontaneity of poesy, Poe curiously resembles and peculiarly reproduces Goethe; and if, as Meres, the author of the "*Palladis Tamia*," contended, the soul of Euphorbos

reappeared in Pythagoras, that of sweet and witty Ovid in mellifluous Shakespeare, surely the soul of the German master migrated to America in Poe. Not that their results, but that their methods, are akin: both being conscious of their artistic processes, and as far removed from instinctive as can possibly be imagined. Poe had a vanity in working deliberately, or pretending that he did, that may well occasion a doubt of his veracity in the version he gives of the composition of the *Raven*, though it is neither a great nor a spontaneous poem, and is one that might have been produced under the conditions so minutely dissected. Goethe's self-analysis and artistic introspection were the results of longing to find the true method. Yet so overbearing was the mastery that Hegel's philosophical system had obtained in German thought, so thoroughly imbued with vain speculations about the phenomenal and the potential, the real and the ideal (the first mere visionary nothing that seemed to be something, the last a blind and unconscious infinite becoming conscious in dumb spectacle), was the German mind in his age, that, acute as he was, it did not occur to the poet to doubt the precepts of the philosopher. "The rational is the real," said Hegel. "Therefore," said the poet to himself, and his works say the same, "the processes of art must be rationally conscious, step by step, through all the windings of artistic elaboration"; and to the extent of his ability he persisted in making them so. That which with Poe was a pet vanity, a kind of ferocious exultation of the powers of analysis, was with Goethe a philosophical dogma which he struggled to apply.

This was Goethe's limitation: that he could not get rid of the everlasting spectre of himself at his work. Had it occurred to him to doubt Hegel, had he been a materialist, he would have been greater than he was, though less puzzling, in poetry and fiction; for in fiction, as in painting, anything is preferable to the gum-elastic dualism, working itself out in myth and allegory, incident always to a certain stage of philosophical thought.

Jean Paul exhibits the sentimental and humorous phases of it. And what droning sentences he pens about groves being the footsteps of angels; and how ineffably more beau-

tiful than this elaborate sentiment, conscious of its own prettiness and spreading its tail peacock fashion, is the dreamy and solemn hush of pervading and soul-felt mysticism that colors the work of the elder masters in Germany!

Defer to Carlyle—defer to Longfellow—defer to the German-mad critics of London and New York as one may, and there are fewer of the German-mad to whom to defer than was the case before German reading had become general—defer to vague and somewhat transcendental dicta, because they come from Goethe, or Lessing, or Julian Schmidt, 'till the German impulse is worn as threadbare as "*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*" at the Academy of Music,—but it is still certain that the fiction of Germany is thirty years behind that of England, and that German criticism is equally inadequate and impracticable. Deals the one in vast and fantastic pagodas of literary creation, the other in vast and fantastic pagodas of abstract ratiocination.

Thus Bunsen, eminent as a critic among Germans, in his introduction to a translation of one of Freytag's novels, maintains propositions like these:—"Every romance is intended as a new *Iliad* or *Odyssey*; in other words, a poetic representation of a course of events consistent with the highest laws of moral government, whether it delineates the general history of a people, or follows the fortunes of an ideal hero; and whoever passes in review the romances of the last three centuries, will find that those only have arrested the attention of more than one or two generations which have satisfied this condition of fiction. Every other romance, be it ever so blatant in its moralizations, is still really immoral."

In harmony with this theory of romance, high but impracticable, the author of "*On the Heights*," in his very able essay on *Goethe and the Art of Narration*, styles Wilhelm Meister the modern Ulysses, indulging in numerous long-drawn parallels more profound than just; for, though Goethe's story is replete with the elements of permanence, it is permanent by reason of the nature there is in it, not on account of its constructive mystifications. In fact, the whole philosophy of novel writing is summed up by Lessing in the single sentence, "Good stories, well told"—a definition of more value than the subtleties that qualify it—and had Goethe been governed

by it, and not by the speculative theories of art that came near vitiating his mighty powers, his romances would have embodied nobler elements than those which now puzzle translators. What if the Pindar of Latin poetry did set up wisdom as a sort of grand fetich of fiction :

"Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons?"

It by no means results that Horace was a profound critic on that account; for the wisdom needed by the novelist is that of the human heart, not that of philosophical gossamers. Indeed, the same dualism that vitiates the primitive fiction of the Germans, and has led Teutonic critics into tangles of incomprehensible and useless speculation, is with the Greeks and Romans a fixed condition of thought, whence Plato, with all his subtlety, was unable to escape, and which compelled him to adopt the *mythos* as the real basis of fiction. A noble lie was poetry — "looking through a glass darkly" was romance. Fiction was not truth, but, not being so consummate a liar as ordinary fact, it was important as an educator in the direction of truth.

What did Goethe in his theory of art but affect to repeat the Platonic definition, and attempt an impossible combination of that definition with dawning modern realism? What was the result? An endless series of mystifications, in which the truth to nature struggles with the limitations created by an effort to imbue full, large, natural life-painting, with a perspective of symbolism. An arcanum of enigmas only to be guessed by reference to the key: that of a conscious recognition of the fact that the interpretation of life as it is observed is the only road to powerful results, with an endeavor, either conscious or instinctive (fair analysis favors the former), to marry the old and new in one body. Thus his works represent the dusky twilight of later realism, and should be studied as examples of a transition going on, but not completed: indeed, only half fruited in the later fiction of Freytag, Paul Heyse, and the vast horde of imitators of Dickens, who imitate nothing except his *grotesquerie* and tension, now overslaughing the native originality of Germany, and struggling to effect an impossible combination of philosophical bombast with observation from life. Those who grope after deep philosophical symbolism in Goethe's fiction, grope

after shadow : after that which seems to be, but is not. His symbolism and smack of the allegorical are affected, not real; dodges of art and tricks of literary legerdemain, not earnest presentations of the ideal through the fluctuating rhythm of the real; effects deliberately adopted; the antique idealism of the old masters measured off by the yard, by way of literary gilding and atmosphere. He deals in artistic mystifications, not in mysticism.

U R A N I A .

By JOHN ALBER.

Thick grow beneath my feet the clover leaves,
 Yet I the four-leaved never chance to find;
 Some blank and fatal number always weaves
 Its cipher strange on all my moody kind.

But once by love my idle youth was stirred,
 When the heart yearns nor knows for what it yearns;
 When we are captive to a glance or word
 From the same fire that in our bosom burns.

That flame expires; but life some glow retains,
 Beneath the ashes of the passions' strife;
 In me the fond heart as of old hath pains,
 But hides like other men its inward life.

When comes the afternoon the day is done;
 A gentler warmth, but no resistless heat;
 From what proud heights looked down the radiant sun
 When first I, honored, sat beside her feet!

The ground with clover blooms was fragrant then,
 And all the happy flowers she knelt above
 Looked into eyes which made them bloom again
 And keep a longer summer for her love.

Wave fell on wave of unbound, sunny hair;
 And her faint eyebrow's pencilled curve was drawn
 Across a low, sweet forehead, chaste and fair
 As hers who hunts the deer at early dawn.

Thenceforth such fearful hopes and hopeful fears
 As all first lovers' eager hearts control
 Rose in me day and night, in joy or tears,
 Till self was gone and she possessed my soul.

Nathless by thought infirm my fate I sealed.

Would my unconquered take this gemmed ring?

Ah! if at last herself she did not yield,

Could I, ah! could I do, undo one thing?

Could I act my part—O! would nature teach—

If, sometime sitting in the falling eve,

That strange prophetic silence we should reach

Which holds the only word the lips must leave?

O ere that pause be broke, and word be brought

Upon thy parted lips, do thou restore

My timid purpose in thy perfect thought,

As soul calls back the doubting soul once more!

Why should I doubt the most what is most dear?

They say that love makes bold; timidly I

From all I most desire still most do fear,

While pass the slow, swift hours unacted by.

* * * * *

As two birds journeying from different lands

Rest in the green-leaved tree, then hold their way,

Each for some other home where fate commands,

So stayed, so passed two souls one blissful day.

Now hope and fear are dead—nor all, nor quite,

For oft in dreams returns to me more sweet,

Like distant music in a summer night,

The love that bound me captive at her feet.

All passions, all desires return no more;

The beauty and the worth in her I loved

Remade the world, and opened wide the door

To realms of thought with calmer beauty moved.

SHAKESPEARE'S "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

By D. J. SNIDER.

This play belongs to the class of special or mediated dramas in accordance with the distinction made in the preceding essays. The collision has a tragic depth and earnestness; the fundamental tone of the whole work is serious and even dark, notwithstanding the comic nature of certain portions. The conflict, however, is mediated, and the persons are saved

from a tragic fate by the intervention of the World of Mercy. This form of mediation is the main thing to be noticed, and constitutes the distinguishing characteristic of the play. Hitherto we have seen pastoral communities and ideal realms of various kinds introduced for the purpose of healing the disrupted elements of society. Now it is religion as an organized system which is brought in with its principles, and which seeks to determine the affairs and harmonize the conflicts of the State. Another peculiarity of the present drama is that the religious world is not transferred to a territory entirely removed from the political world, but both exist together in this country of Vienna. The ideal realm is hence the Church in one of its manifestations, namely, monastic life. The treatment will be accordingly quite distinct from that of other Special Dramas.

There are three general movements of the entire action. The first is short, but must be considered as a part coördinate with the other two. It shows the disruption which is taking place in the whole social fabric of the country. The ruler, who is the embodiment of mercy, is unable to administer the law on account of excessive leniency towards crime; he leaves the State and betakes himself to the religious realm—enters a monastery. The woman, who is the representative of chastity, is preparing to abandon society and the Family; she also is eager to lead the religious life of the cloister. That is, Mercy and Chastity have taken flight from the secular world. The second movement portrays the conflict in this secular world between formal justice and incontinence; the religious sphere, as a distinct organized system, undertakes *from without* to mediate the difficulty, and fails. The third movement indicates the true solution: the diremption between the secular and religious elements is overcome, and both are united into a principle higher than either taken separately; mercy becomes a constituent of the State, and chastity of the Family; formal justice or injustice ceases, as well as the illicit relation of the sexes, in the two grand ethical institutions of man. The merciful monk returns and becomes the just ruler, while the chaste woman is made his wife. It is thus a double restoration from a double disruption.

In the first movement, the first thread has its central figure in the person of the Duke. Mercy is his predominating trait, but mercy in its one-sided manifestation. Through the pardon of offences and their tacit permission, he has suffered the law to become of no validity, and indeed to fall into utter contempt. The result is universal crime and disregard of all authority. He is aware of the evils, but cannot bring himself to execute those enactments which he has permitted to be violated. He must, therefore, abandon the helm of government to others and flee. The office of ruler who is to administer justice is too severe for his merciful nature, and, moreover, he has a preference for a retired, contemplative life. Accordingly, the very first scene of the play represents him as transferring his authority to his deputy.

He recognizes his mistake to be excessive leniency; to restore respect for law and to secure society there is need of a sharp, decisive remedy. He, therefore, selects as his substitute a man of quite the opposite character, a man who will enforce the law rigidly to the letter. Angelo is taken, whose temperament is cold and inflexible, and whose knowledge of the statutes is most ample. But his chief characteristic is the strictest adherence to formal justice. He is, therefore, the person best fitted by nature to enforce the old enactments which have fallen into desuetude, and, in general, to restore the reign of law, which seemed to have taken its departure from society. Angelo, too, is as rigid with himself as with others: he has reduced to submission the fierce appetites and passions of the body; he is ready to subsume himself under his own principles. Such are the grounds for his selection by the Duke. We may now expect the sway of justice in all its severity, for it is the world in which Angelo moves, is the fundamental consciousness from which spring all his convictions and actions.

It would seem, however, that the Duke, notwithstanding his laudations, has still a lingering suspicion of his deputy's weakness, or at least believes that mercy cannot be entirely banished from the administration of the law. One ugly fact in Angelo's history is known to him, as will hereafter appear, namely, the treatment of Mariana. Hence the Duke will not leave Vienna, though he gives out that he has gone

to Poland; but he must remain in the country to watch an experiment whose success he does not regard as absolutely certain, if he be true to his sense of duty and to his benevolent character. He cannot deliver his people over entirely to formal justice, if he have any faith at all in his own principle of mercy. His stay is, therefore, necessitated by the situation.

The Duke has also thrown up another bulwark against the extreme tendencies of Angelo's disposition. Escalus has been appointed to the second position in the State, with large authority, and he possesses also great influence on account of his character and his age. In this man the element of mercy again becomes the predominant trait. He will try to tame the legal ferocity of his associate, and in his own judicial capacity he will decide with moderation, indeed with leniency. The Duke to a certain extent reappears in him, not as supreme now, but as subordinate; for it is the principle of both of them which has broken down in the administration of the State, and hence must not again be made paramount. Such seems to be the reason of this double authority, and such the true relation between Angelo and Escalus. Mercy and justice thus form the contrast of their characters.

But, whither will the Duke go when he quits the State with its laws and institutions? He can only follow the bent of his nature and enter the pure realm of mercy, if there be such in existence. He will find it in the Christian doctrine. When, therefore, he abandons secular life, he can only betake himself to a religious life. Accordingly he enters a monastery, assumes the habit of a holy friar whose life is devoted to works of benevolence and mercy. His special duty is now that of an adviser, confessor, mediator; he is to soothe the individual in affliction, and to harmonize the struggles incident to weak humanity. He is not of the world, but descends into it as a power from without, as a messenger from Heaven, in order to reconcile its difficulties and to banish its doubts. Religion means mediation, and the priest must mediate not only between God and man, but also between man and man. Therefore the Duke, as friar, henceforth becomes the chief mediator of the play.

But we must not fail to notice the other determinations which flow from his situation. He will have to be in disguise, for he remains in his own city, and in his ordinary garb cannot help being generally known to the citizens. He is thus compelled to act a species of falsehood from the start. Moreover, his influence is external, comes from a sphere beyond, for he no longer possesses any authority to realize his views and intentions. He is hence forced to resort to trickery and deception in order to accomplish his ends. Thus a moral taint is thrown upon his character and calling which no plea of good results can wholly remove. But his shrewd devices totally fail of their purpose. The lesson seems to be that this separation of the secular and religious worlds has a tendency to pervert both from their true nature; they must be united and reconciled in the institutions of man.

Let us now attempt to state the movement of which the Duke is the centre, in abstract terms. Mercy finds itself unable to stem the lawlessness of the time; it is too kind-hearted, and rests too much in the emotions. It permits offenders to go free and violence to remain unpunished; it therefore saps the foundation of law and institutions, which always must rest upon the responsibility of man for his deed. The whole realized world of right seems to be crumbling to ruin; such is the result of mercy in its one-sidedness. It therefore takes its flight from the State, after resigning all authority into the hands of justice, justice in its extreme severity, which now in its turn undertakes to control society. The course of the play will show that justice, too, breaks down; it destroys what it ought to protect, and violates its own principle; it becomes, in fact, just the opposite of itself, namely, the direst wrong. Such is the outcome of justice in its one-sidedness. Mercy, therefore, must return to the world, but not in order to destroy or even to displace justice, for thus the old conflict would be renewed; but both must be reconciled and united in one principle. Each one taken by itself is inadequate and one-sided; only their unity is true justice or true mercy.

We are now ready to take up the second thread of the first movement. The Duke alone cannot completely represent the dissatisfaction with the present condition of things; he

must have his counterpart in the other sex, whose principle is chastity, and whose institution is the Family. Isabella is the embodiment of this element of female virtue; but we observe that she, too, is about to abandon the world for a religious life. The motives to this step on her part are not fully stated, but are sufficiently implied. The licentiousness of the time must make society distasteful to her pure nature; she will therefore leave it, and seek a life of perpetual chastity in the nunnery. But even there the rules are not strict enough for her. The intensity of her principle is thus made manifest. Religion is hence the ideal realm to which she flees in order to avoid the conflicts of life, and to preserve intact her deepest conviction. She will also perform important mediations hereafter in the play.

To express this thought abstractly, chastity sees itself assailed and disregarded in the world; it can only find a solution of the difficulty by an entire annihilation of the sexual relation. That is, mankind will be pure when it is destroyed. Chastity, therefore, betakes itself to a realm of its own, and leaves behind merely incontinence, which is also destructive of man. Both sides are thus negative, inadequate. The true solution of the problem is that chastity and the sexual relation must be reconciled and united in the Family, which then controls both elements, and becomes a religious institution in the truest sense. The Duke and Isabella in their devotion to one virtue, or to one phase of a virtue, have abjured the domestic relation; the Poet in the end makes the monk a husband and the nun a wife.

Let us now sum up our results and mark the necessary transition to the next movement. There has taken place a split which produces two worlds, the religious and secular. The religious world has two principles, mercy and chastity, which principles have been taken away from the secular world. In the latter, therefore, remain abstract justice, on the one hand, for mercy has departed; and the illicit sexual relation, on the other hand, for chastity has fled from society to the cloister. Such is the logical result of the flight of the Duke and Isabella to their monastic life. In the secular world, therefore, two principles are now found which can

only produce the most bitter conflict; formal law undertakes to root out licentiousness.

The second movement exhibits this conflict, which is the main theme and constitutes the greatest portion of the play. Its elements have already been indicated, and may be divided into three classes. The first class comprises the religious element—the Duke and Isabella, and some other minor characters, who by their functions are the mediators of the conflicts which are about to arise. The second class is made up of the instruments of justice, from the deputy down to the pettiest officer. The characters in this class are contrasted on the principles of mercy and justice. The difference between Angelo and Escalus in this respect was before noted. In the humane Provost of the prison mercy becomes again the predominant trait, while in the brutal executioner, Abhorsen, justice shows its most revolting feature. The constable Elbow, in a low sphere, is a stickler for legality, like Escalus in a high sphere; both, too, are guilty of a violation of the law which they execute.

The law must now be enforced in all its severity. The particular form of its violation which will be taken by the Poet can easily be inferred from the flight of Isabella, the representative of virgin purity. One of the primal institutions of man is the Family, whose true existence depends not only upon the mutual fidelity of husband and wife, but also upon the chastity of man and woman. Hence legislation has always sought to erect barriers against the passions of the human race in order to protect this institution. But in spite of every effort the evil has not been extirpated, and in all civilized societies there is a despised and outlawed class which has been called the negative Family. So it is, so it has been, and will probably continue to be; the fact alone is sufficient for our present purpose.

The law against incontinence was the one that was first taken by Angelo, and of whose enforcement there was, of course, the greatest need. An old enactment which had long lain dormant, and which prescribed death as the punishment for the offence, is suddenly raked from its obscurity and executed with rigor. Here was formal justice undoubtedly.

Angelo was technically correct; the law had never been repealed; yet his conduct under the circumstances was palpably unjust. But the character of the deputy is to adhere simply to this formal side to the neglect of all others.

The third class now appears. The whole world of incontinence in all its phases must come up for portraiture, since it is the object against which the law directs its shaft: Angelo proposes to sweep it out of existence; hence it must appear in order to be swept out of existence. Such is the reason for the introduction of this element; to be exhaustive, the theme had to be treated. But it has brought the play into great discredit. The question has been asked whether such a subject is suitable for artistic treatment. If Art excludes the Ugly and Repulsive — in general, the Negative — then there can be but one answer. But a critical canon of this sort would exclude from Art every great poem of modern times. Such a subject cannot upon any general principle be stricken from the list of artistic themes; the most that can be said is that the Poet was unnecessarily coarse and revolting in his portraiture. But to anyone who takes delight in depth of thought and completeness of treatment, this drama must furnish a great and permanent satisfaction.

The incontinent 'world, which the critic also has to consider, is divided into two very distinct groups of people, between whom the Poet makes the greatest difference, quite the difference between guilt and innocence. Yet both are liable to the law, and must suffer punishment. The first group is composed of the most degraded members of the negative Family above mentioned; those who have lost both chastity and fidelity to the individual, these two virtues being an object of purchase and sale. Here we remark that loathsome sore of modern society known as "social evil." As before stated, it assails the existence of the Family, since the latter depends upon the absolute and unreserved devotion of one man and one woman to each other. "Social evil," therefore, destroys the primitive natural basis of the Family.

The Poet has laid much stress and gone into great detail upon this thread of his play. All its essential phases are portrayed, the persons, their talk, their consciousness. The woman is there, the "unfortunate female," also the besotted

habitués. Still again the more fashionable customers, soldiers apparently, Lucio, and two other "gentlemen." Upon them the law falls with heavy hand; they are dragged before court, and dismissed with an admonition by the good Escalus. For a second offence they are again brought in, and all sent to prison, which is now full of this class of people, so that the clown compares it with Mistress Overdone's own house.

Lucio, one of these persons, seems to be not very consistently drawn in his various acts and relations. His connection with Isabella is surprising, since they cannot have much in common. He is, perhaps, the meanest character to be found in Shakespeare. The only content to his life is lust; this is his chief end: he is utterly devoid of any ethical principle, hence absolutely hollow. Decency, truth, fidelity, are meaningless to him except as they may subserve his passion. He jeers at and betrays the clown, his own tool; he vilifies the Duke; he informs on the woman who has taken care of his own illegitimate offspring. Thus he is faithless, lying, slanderous, as well as lecherous. Shakespeare has elsewhere portrayed villainy in colossal proportions, yet with some powerful motive, but meanness he has concentrated in Lucio. The reader or hearer will excuse me from giving further details upon this part of the drama, though the Poet evidently considered it of great importance.

It is the second group, however, of this incontinent world which give rise to the leading incidents of the play. They differ from the persons of the first group in the fact that both parties, men and women, have fidelity, but have lost chastity. That is, they are true to one another, though they have violated the commandment. It is the class which are often said to love "not wisely but too well." Such are Claudio and Juliet. It will be noticed that these possess the essential basis of the Family, namely, fidelity to the individual; but their fault, equally with the former case, comes under a violation of law, which inflicts the penalty of death upon the man. Claudio is willing to have the marital rite performed; his intention is to be true to his betrothed: but nothing can help him against the stern deputy. Such is the conflict; Claudio is in spirit the husband of Juliet, but has failed to comply

with the form, which, however, he is ready to do at once. Shall he now suffer the same punishment as one who transgresses in full, one who is both unchaste and faithless?

In order to rescue him from death the mediations of the poem are introduced. Claudio's sister Isabella, who is just about to become a nun, is hastily called upon to intercede with the deputy for the life of her brother. She at once strikes the heart of the subject; she pleads the cause of mercy against the rigor of the law; she alludes to the redemption of all mankind through the Saviour against the strict demands of justice. Her thought is similar to that of Portia, in the "*Merchant of Venice*," on a similar occasion. Finally, she bids him think whether he is not guilty of the same offence, and so condemns himself in his own sentence. In the second interview, the deputy says that he will save the life of her brother on condition she yields up her honor to him, which she indignantly refuses.

Let us consider for a moment the logical bearing of these two scenes. Virgin innocence comes to plead for incontinence. Isabella feels the conflict within herself in making such a plea, but, on the other hand, the life of a brother is at stake. She tries to soften the offence in every way, she who has placed chastity the highest in her vow. This is what seduces the deputy with all his severity of character. Virtue pleading for its own overthrow alone can touch his rigor. Accordingly, he replies in substance with logical precision: if incontinence be so trivial an offence, yield to me. Thus Angelo falls, becomes the violator of his own deepest principle, namely, legality. The man who adheres to form alone must always exhibit the same weakness. If he had loved chastity as much as he did the law, he could never have fallen. Just the opposite is the case with Isabella. Though inconsistent in her request, she spurns his proposal; for her, chastity is the highest principle. Isabella, therefore, can no longer plead for her brother on such grounds, and Angelo can no longer assert his own innocence. Angelo has lost his integrity, but Isabella has not obtained her request; Claudio's safety must be brought about by some new means.

But another conflict and more anguish await Isabella. She goes to her brother and tells him of her rejection of the base

proposition of the deputy, expecting his admiration and approval. Great is her disappointment. But how could she expect that her brother, who cared so little for chastity, would be willing to sacrifice his life for her purity? He asks her to submit, but she, true to her principle, indignantly refuses—breaks out into a curse upon her incontinent brother. Thus Isabella passes triumphantly through her double ordeal against deputy and brother.

This plan has now failed to save Claudio; another mediator must be brought to his rescue. This is the Duke, disguised as a friar. He designs to overreach Angelo in his lustful proposal. A young lady, once betrothed to, but now abandoned by, the deputy, is substituted for Isabella. This is the essential turning-point of the drama, and it must be carefully noted. The disguised Duke, in order to save Claudio from death, brings about the very same offence for which Claudio was condemned. It is the demand of mercy to rescue the unfortunate man, for law has inflicted an unjust punishment—has become Wrong. To get rid of the injustice of law, the offence is repeated; law thus condemns, indeed logically destroys itself, since it forces the very crime which it seeks to punish, in order to thwart its own injustice. Also the highest officer of the law is made guilty of the same crime which he unrelentingly punishes. Thus the inherent contradiction of law is shown in the plainest manner.

The injustice of the statute is amply motivated by the Poet. It is, in the first place, an old enactment which has long lain unexecuted and unknown; in the second place, the punishment is wholly disproportionate to the offence. But the main point of its wrong is that Claudio is still true to the spirit of the law, whose whole object was the protection of the Family; for he was faithful to the one person, and ready to fulfil the ceremony. He is caught in the letter of the enactment, which no doubt he had violated. To avoid the monstrous injustice of the penalty, the law is trampled underfoot.

But even by this last scheme Claudio is not rescued; Angelo violates his promise to release him. It is perfectly natural that the deputy should act thus. He has violated his own deepest principle, why should he now be restrained merely by his promise? In fact, it is just the strength of that

principle of abstract justice within him which drives him to to disregard his word and to give orders for Claudio's death. The deputy had previously broken loose from his principle, now his fall is accomplished in act. He can hardly be called a villain, though he is narrow, bigoted, and even cruel. His conduct springs directly from his conviction, which is adherence to form rather than regard for the spirit of justice. He loves the law more than the essential object of the law, hence he falls into contradiction just at this point. His abandonment of his betrothed was from a formal ground: she did not live up to her contract in furnishing dower. Finally, he exhibits the same trait in the last words which he utters in the play, when he says, in substance, "Execute me according to law." He thus shows what is his ultimate principle, as well his own readiness to have it applied to himself.

The result of the disruption between the secular and religious worlds is now manifest; the one has become criminal, the other helpless. Justice has turned out utterly contradictory of itself, and mercy has sought in vain to mediate the wrong. The nun, whose vow is eternal chastity, has been compelled to plead for incontinence, and even then has failed. The monk, who left society for religious works, has been forced to resort to trickery and deception in order to accomplish his humane end; and he, too, has not succeeded. The purposes and principles of all are shattered and broken, and death is still hanging over Claudio. It is clear that external mediation cannot rescue him, nor indeed can it save society. There remains one alternative, the return of the Duke to power.

This is the theme of the third movement, which is now to be considered. We shall therefore behold the restoration of mercy to the State, which cannot dispense with it. The abstract form of justice grinds the world to death. That form, however, is necessary to society: our purpose is not to underrate it; only it is not absolute, it has limits. The question is always to ascertain these limits. Mercy also without justice is equally impotent—means social disorder and violence. The play starts from an anarchy produced by undue leniency. The Duke must come back from his religious life; the result is true justice, of which mercy is a constituent.

The Duke is now to judge the world before him in accordance to his two principles. The first class of offenders are left in prison to atone for their guilt; the Duke does not discharge them, for they are truly amenable to justice. Their punishment was mild in the first place, compared to the penalties of the law. The gentle Provost and the good Escalus receive his approbation for the happy blending of mercy and justice in their actions. Barnardine, the prisoner from youth and the victim of the forms of law, is brought in and pardoned. This character does not fit well into any particular thread of the play; still he is a striking illustration of its general theme. Each person gets his dues, yet none perish, not even Angelo, who repents of his deed, and must be forgiven; he has, too, a wife, whose claims cannot be forgotten. The Duke has learned to be just as well as merciful.

Four pairs are brought up before us, representing various phases of marriage. Lowest of all is the union of Lucio, who is compelled to wed one of his kind as a punishment. Man and woman are in this case both unchaste and faithless, yet the child born to them necessitates the Family. The second pair is Claudio and Juliet, who love and are willing to comply with the inherent result of their conduct; they have been faithful to one another, but unchaste. The third pair, Angelo and Mariana, represent the same phase in general; the woman here has at least love and fidelity. In all these cases, the Duke makes marriage the solution of the difficulty instead of destroying the offender. The object of the law could only have been the security of the Family. Yet that object would certainly not be obtained by killing the husband. Thus the Duke by his decision reaches the great purpose of the law, and at the same time shows mercy in its true sense and limitation.

But the fourth pair, the Duke and Isabella, have the indispensable condition of the true union; for they alone possess chastity before marriage. This element has been dwelt upon by the Poet in other dramas with great force and beauty. Isabella intended to take the vow of perpetual chastity; that is the best reason why she should enter the Family. It is Mistress Overdone and her class who ought to take such a vow. The Duke also has entered monastic life, but his virtue can-

not be spared from a society in which there is none to throw away. He and Isabella are thus modelled after a similar pattern, and go through with quite the same experience. Both of them, independently of each other, fled from the prevailing corruption; they sought to annihilate the sexual relation entirely, since it is productive of so much evil. But they discover their own chastity and fidelity, which form the true ethical basis of marriage; thus they belong together, and are united at the end of the play. Conventual life is inadequate and passes away; the disruption between the secular and religious worlds is healed; their reconciliation and union are found in the institutions of man, in which religion becomes the most potent principle, but loses its forms, its organization, and even its name.

The historical groundwork of this drama lies deep in the development of European nations. The same separation is witnessed; the various monastic orders, and indeed the church, have stood outside of the life of society, yet have tried to control it by manifold instrumentalities, very often in the manner of the Duke, by intrigue and cunning. A time of general violence like the Middle Ages may receive much benefit from such a system. But monasticism gives only a negative solution to the problem of sin; it makes the world holy by destroying it. Man is hence not likely to remain contented with the solution. The Reformation struck at celibacy and attempted to sanctify the Family, so that it became not merely a tolerated evil, but a positive religious institution. Luther the monk, like the Duke, took a wife. The Poet has presented both sides of the subject in their truest aspects; he manifests no bigoted or partisan prejudice in his treatment; there is portrayed the pure conflict between two principles, but it can be seen that he has given the solution of his own age and nation to the question of monasticism.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

*Mind and Organism.**Editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy :*

I have thought for some time that I should like to point out just how Physiology has been at a stand-still ever since the innovation of Haller, about the middle of the last century; how facts have accumulated until they have become a drug in the market; how no progress has been made towards the systemization of them, and how none can be until we repudiate the "*vis in situ*" or the irritability of Haller, and retrace our steps to the old Aristotelian track. The conceptions of vitality that have grown out of this doctrine, such as the vital endowments or properties of nerves, must give place to the simple conceptions of mind and body, of spirit and matter. The purpose of organization must be seen to be to enable the mind to avail itself of the physical properties that grow out of that organization; and not to have, after these physical qualities are attained, superadded to them a series of unknown and unknowable entities which render organization meaningless. Most of the generally accepted doctrines, including even the celebrated one of the sensitive and motor nerves of Bell, now taught in all our schools, can be demonstrated to be erroneous. The abnormal reactions of the nerves, consequent on the mind's employing them in its functions of sensation and motion, are universally mistaken for the causes of sensation and motion: an illusion of the senses which is the counterpart, if not the repetition, in Physiology of that which in Astronomy prevented for centuries the systemization of the motions of the planets. If it is not putting the cart before the horse, it is seeing the cart push the horse instead of being drawn by that animal. It would seem that the multiplied contradictions of Experimental Physiology would have long ere this opened the eyes of the Carpenters and Magendies of the present day to the unphilosophical character of their method. But they only serve to incite them to find fault with the vivisectors. The aim of their science is not to discover a principle which, penetrating the facts of physiology and anatomy, strings them into a systematic and harmonious whole, but they are content to bundle them in parcels, and label them "motor" and "sensitive," "sensitive-motor," "ideo-motor," "reflex," and "inhibitory" nerves, &c. And if, perchance, a fact is discovered empirically which is plainly deducible, from the structure and position of the parts, according to the laws of physics—such an one, for instance, as the crossing of sensation in the spinal marrow announced by Brown-Sequard—all the cocks begin to crow lustily over the wonderful progress of Physiology.

When one is sensible of his own ignorance, he has reached the starting-point towards true knowledge. The greatest bar towards the advancement of Physiological Science is the impression that it is now in a very advanced state. It is too humiliating to be told, when it assumes to dictate to Philosophy and Theology, that it must go back a century and rub out all it has done and begin again. It impoverishes the publisher in feeling, to

learn that much of his capital invested in books is lost. It wounds the pride of the Professor to be called on to revise his lectures which he has stereotyped for the benefit of his pupils, whom he has often congratulated on their good fortune in coming to the surface at a time when so much light has been thrown on the mysteries of life. To tell them that that light in them is darkness, and then to help them find out how great is that darkness, is to swallow his own words. Yet this will have to be done, unpleasant as the task may be, not in the interest of Religion or of Philosophy, but in the interest of Physiology itself.

Rockport, Mass., Jan. 11, 1875.

BENJ. HASKELL, M.D.

Thomas Aquinas.

[The following poem, by Dr. T. W. Parsons, appeared in the *Catholic World*. The accomplished translator of Dante, himself a follower of Thomas Aquinas, quite naturally lives into the spirit of that time and feels the import of the gigantic struggle between the Arabian thinkers and the Christian, of whom Thomas Aquinas was chief. It was a contest between Oriental abstract Monism and European concrete Trinitarianism. The great problem then as now was that of the Person *versus* the Thing or mere animal. If there is no discrete degree between the Thing of Nature and Man, then absorption of the soul and loss of individuality will supervene at death. Pantheism *versus* Christian Theism was on trial. In this contest we find not only the originating cause of scholasticism, but also of the founding of the universities, and the revival of learning, and the emancipation of thought. Christian Theology was obliged to make its dogma justify itself before the intellect, or else succumb to doctrine taught in the Arabian schools. Albertus Magnus, who, like Hegel and Schelling long after him, was born in Suabia, came down to Cologne and Paris, and taught Aristotle in such a way as to reconcile his doctrines with the Christian dogmas. Among his pupils were Meister Eckhart, founder of Teutonic mysticism, and Thomas Aquinas, mightiest of theologians. The former built a system of philosophy on the Trinity as central principle, as did Jacob Boehme after him; the latter stated the Christian Idea so clearly in the language of the Intellect that the development of six hundred years has not superseded his philosophic forms. In fact, his comprehension is confirmed by the profoundest thought of our time. The necessity of a philosophic system that shall make personality its central principle, and exhibit the true difference between the beings of nature and human souls, should revive in our theological seminaries the study of Aquinas. With this study should be combined that of Meister Eckhart, who made his philosophical technique out of the language of the dogma, and was able to think therewith the profoundest thoughts.—EDITOR.]

Turning from Darwin to Thomas Aquinas.

Unless in thought with thee I often live,
 Angelic Doctor! life seems poor to me:
 What *are* these bounties if they only be
 Such boon as farmers to their servants give?
 That I am fed, and that mine oxen thrive,
 That my lambs fatten, that mine hours are free,—
 These ask my nightly thanks on bended knee,

And I *do* thank Him, Who hath blest my hive,
 And made content my herd, my flock, my bee.
 But, Father! nobler things I ask from Thee.
 Fishes have sunshine—worms have everything!
 Are we but apes?—O give me, God! to know
 I am death's master; not a scaffolding,
 But a true temple, where Christ's word could grow.

Recognition.

After the German of Rückhart, by C. E. LACKLAND.

What if on Earth thou goest! the Genius of Earth art,
 Since Earth doth know thee not, whose beauty charms thine heart.

Upon the Sun dost stand? the Sun's bright essence art;
 The Sun can know thee not, whose radiance lights thine heart.

If in the Air thou sighest, the Zephyr's life-breath art;
 The breeze still knows thee not, whose waftings thrill thine heart.

In Water dwellest thou, the Water-Spirit art;
 The clear stream knows thee not, whose murmurings lull thine heart.

But in the Heart thy home, and thou Love's fire art;
 Then art thou recognized in Love, who owns thy heart!

Pantheism, or God the Universe.

A correspondent calls attention to our notice of "The Logic of Reason," by Dr. Hickok, in the last number of this journal, and supports the position taken in that work against "Transcendental Logic," including under that term logic as developed in the systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. He characterizes Transcendental Logic as resulting in a system whose highest principle is a "totality of all potentialities, things, and men," a totality which "is but an abstract generalization from experience, though known as the idea of the Universe and taken as self-determining thought-activity, and so a divine Ideal at the source and centre of the Universe in actual evolution is still found and put there in logical deduction from empirical observation. The "God of the Universe," he thinks, according to this view, would be "one with the universe, and our philosophy and theology must determine themselves accordingly. Our speculation is [i.e. would thus be] our thinking out God's thought in its process of universal development, and our theology is [would be] the thought of God as a logical process unfolding the universe as a becoming through perpetual beginnings *à parte ante*, and perpetual ceasings *à parte post*."

"To be satisfactory to reason," he thinks, "we must find a God independent of the universe, intelligibly competent to begin and cease action in the known right and claim of what intrinsically he is, and so an originator of his own ideals, and a creator by expressing his ideals in steadfast, universal forces."

To assert that the Transcendental Logic, as conceived by either one of the thinkers above named, is "but an abstract generalization from experience," is, of course, the most direct repudiation of the claims that they one and all set up for their systems. It was Kant who taught us how to recognize *a priori* ideas by the criteria of *universality* and *necessity*. The *a priori* ideas of the mind are the logical conditions of experience, and hence cannot be derived *from* experience, but are rather the presuppositions of it. Upon this basis—established by Kant—Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, erected their systems and set up their claims to announce therein the logical conditions of experience, the conditioning laws of empirical existence in time and space. Indeed, the clear perception of the implication of universality and necessity in ideas constitutes the great merit of the system of Dr. Hickok. Such sweeping repudiation of the claims of those thinkers to found their systems on an *a priori* basis ought therefore to exhibit with some detail the grounds which justify it. We will not attempt to declare that these systems are not understood, by many readers, in the sense defined by our correspondent. No doubt, every thinker who has reached only the stand-point of the lower stages of reflection will see in all systems that he reads only an empirical connection. He will also find only arbitrary links between the premises and conclusions of Dr. Hickok, because his mind is incapable of making the synthesis or combination required to follow the thoughts of that thinker. The inability to see the necessary connection between the members of a system does not prove that such necessity is not there. Still less does it prove that it is there. But if the author claims to see it, and if his claim is verified by the ability of others to see it, the claim should be refuted by showing that there can be no such necessary connection as that claimed, because another and a different necessity prevails.

Of course, he who verifies the claim of the author, and finds necessity where the author asserts it, cannot be convinced except by demonstration to the contrary. He does not simply hold an *opinion*, but has an insight, or at least thinks that he has, and will be moved from it only by a clearer perception of a necessity annulling the former one.

But we apprehend that this charge against Transcendental Logic, that it reaches only an empirical universality, is based upon a misconception of the claims of the system. This, of course, we must say with due deference. It is simply a matter of individual interpretation. We ourselves confess to have found the systems of thought as established by Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, something—we will not say *altogether*, but something *essentially* different from what Dr. Hickok makes of them. And yet we must accredit to his own system a genuine speculative basis.—Inasmuch as our correspondent differs from us in the interpretation which he gives to Hegel and the others—following Dr. Hickok in this—it will, perhaps, be most conducive to mutual understanding to state on our part what we hold, and what we believe those thinkers hold. It frequently happens that two persons hold the same views, but neither can recognize them in the technique of the other.

I. We hold (and believe Hegel to hold) that we possess universal and necessary ideas (and may possess them consciously), and that these uni-

versal and necessary ideas are the logical conditions of our experience, and also logical conditions of the existence of objects in time and space.

II. We hold (and conceive Hegel to have demonstrated) that each thought or idea is a product of the self-determination of mind, and that each thought or idea as determined implies other thoughts or ideas as its definition or limitation: hence that it is implied in each thought, that the mind, being self-determined in this process, can go from any one thought to any or all others simply by tracing out the implied limitation or definition by means of other thoughts. Hence all thought is a system expressed or implied. The complete evolution of the necessary connection implied in ordinary thinking is pure science. If all definition or limitation of thought is through others coördinate with it, then the system of science must necessarily be incapable of being exhausted; the process is an indefinite one, and never can reach a first principle. On the other hand, if a thought or idea can be reached which involves no limitation or determination by means of other thought—in other words, is above and beyond multiplicity—we shall have only an abstract unity cut off from all relation to other thoughts, and hence by its very terms impossible: for by supposition it was to have been reached by tracing out the implied relations or determinations of other thoughts, and thus was necessarily to contain the relations by which it was found.

III. An actual realization of this systematic thinking-out of implied determinations and relations of thought we hold (and Hegel seems to have consciously attempted this realization) will result, if applied first to our ordinary consciousness—our sensuous certitude—in discovering one by one the presuppositions of our civilization: the practical and theoretical wants and needs of each stage of consciousness will unfold *à priori*, but the *where-with* these wants and needs have been historically supplied must be sought for and recognized in history itself. This process of unfolding and developing presuppositions and recognizing the same in the world of time and space is twofold, involving in its analysis universality and necessity, in its recognition only empirical verification. "Such a want or presupposition necessarily exists, thus and so it seems actually to have been supplied." This is intended as a description of the process of Hegel's "Phenomenology of Mind." It is a recognition of the necessity of Reason (and by Reason is not meant Intellect alone, but also Will) as the explanation of all phenomena in time and space. The world is finally seen to be not the Absolute, but essentially a Revelation; and now we are ready to investigate the problem, "Of what is the World a Revelation?" Here we come to a different science, if you will. Hegel calls it Logic. The universality and necessity of ideas themselves shall now be investigated, and not the real presuppositions of consciousness. Ideas shall be investigated to find what relations or implications they have among themselves. In this investigation we must begin with the simplest. If we do not, we shall soon come to the simplest, on account of the necessity of analysis to take an inventory of the determinations of each idea. Our system then will sooner or later find its beginning in the simplest idea and pursue a synthetical course, finding that the simple idea implies another for its definition or necessary limitation in thought; and having found this other, adding the same to the former as being neces-

sary to the thought of that former—both being implied in the thinking of either. The synthesis here made is an explicit one, and will be found to have its name as a distinct thought or idea—the ordinary consciousness using it, unconscious either of its constituent determinations or of higher presuppositions which it will be found to have in union with others. Here, therefore, even in Pure Science or Logic there is an empirical activity to be discovered. A synthesis of two thoughts having been discovered as *necessary*, it is requisite to consider empirically what name has been applied in language as a historical affair to a thought or idea corresponding to this definition. Empiricism in this sense is not to be denied; and were its denial possible, we should be obliged to confess that the science of pure thought thus established had, or at least showed, no relation whatever to the actual world of thought, to the ideas and scientific activity of the race. Such a confession would acknowledge the science of pure thought to be no science of thought as it actually exists, but something else of no possible interest to man, any more than the succession of notions in the mind of a lunatic.

IV. The outcome of such science of pure thought we hold to be necessarily one result: (a) The discovery that all ideas of being or immediate existence are in synthesis with others or their *altera*, and the net result of this synthesis is to find that such beings or somewhats are sides of relations, and that Relation is the truth of them and their explanation. They exist only in transition, they are dependent beings, and mutual dependence is their essence. Here we come, therefore, to consider the idea of Relation. (*Note, it may be remarked that the natural science of the day has come to this basis.*) (b) Relative existence, that which is only in relation—called “reflected existence,” because it is only the appearance or reflection of something else—investigated, proves to be insufficient by itself. All phases of relation—and these include matter and form, force and manifestation, as well as causal and substantial relations—presuppose as their logical condition a self-determining being. We learn by this investigation that all predicates of relation such as cause, or substance, or force, &c. &c., are inadequate when applied to the First Principle; but our investigation at this stage would not have discovered what the First Principle is, except that it is self-determined. (c) Investigation of the presuppositions of self-determined being: It is found that self-determined being involves duality (action upon itself by itself) and unity. It involves self-externality, but also recovery of itself from self-externality—otherwise it would be one of two sides, a positive *or* a negative, a *this* to some *that*. It must be its *own* other, its *own negative*, its *own* determination. But thus it implies life, cognition, and will. But these three as isolated and sundered are finite and inadequate: they can neither of them be the highest principle. A life which did not know itself would be implicit, and have presuppositions beyond itself both as regards motives and potentialities and as its energizing principle. These must become actual in cognition and will in order that life may become explicit—its own object. Cognition by itself remains a dualism. Only in its highest potency is it self-determining absolutely, and then it is pure will. Will devoid of cognition sinks back to mere Life, and

becomes the external impulse called instinct. Neither is the mere union of these in one person adequate. Man as individual unites these, but in a finite manner. These must be in absolute identity in order to be adequate, and in order that self-determination may be perfect. The Absolute Idea, the Highest Principle, or God, then, must be this union of life, knowledge, and will, each in its perfection and in such identity that each is the other; so that to know is to will and to will is to know, and so that the immediateness of life belongs to it. Now, of course, this is transcendental inasmuch as it cannot possibly be derived from experience; but it is a necessary result of the dialectical examination of ideas in search of one that is adequate for a first principle, or, in other words, to find an idea that does not presuppose something else upon which it depends. Herewith logic as pure science ends, for it has found the object of its search—it has found the adequate Idea, the Eternal Being.

Now, what relation has nature and finite spirit to the Absolute? They certainly cannot be confounded one with the other so long as one has in mind the proved inadequacy of all categories of nature and spirit when set up for first principles. It is manifest that in the Absolute Idea alone we are to find the sufficient reason for nature and man. In God, knowing and willing are one. Hence He is essentially Creator. But not from any external constraint; not from Necessity, or Fate; but solely through freedom and because of freedom. Were He in any way necessitated, were there other being independent and alien to Him, He could not be creative. His self-knowledge is therefore the creation of the world, and of man as an image, object, or reflection of Himself. The World or created Universe is not God, but his Image, his Reflection, his Creation. If we analytically separate any phase or element of the universe and consider it, still less is it God—it is not even his Image. The imperfect concept of freedom as the deliberative state wherein one can do or not do anything, is to blame for this difficulty in thinking the Absolute freedom of God. Instead of adding anything to the perfection of God, to conceive him as capable of creating, or refusing to create, we annul his essential attributes. For, why should the person hesitate when he sees absolutely the one best way, and nothing hinders him from doing it? Will and cognition are separate in man because both are imperfect in him.

Again, the idea that God is a Becoming never could be a clear thought. For that which renders possible a becoming is the separation of the ideal and real. There must be something potential and not real in God if he is a Becoming. But time alone separates the potential from its realization. Now in the past there has been indefinite time, and more than sufficient for the realization of all that is potential. Hence the Absolute must have become all that it could, and that, too, long ago—even from eternity. But the world—creation—as His image or reflection, must exhibit progress and becoming. For out of Chaos He creates the semblance of eternal reason, and this He does eternally in order that He may behold a reflection of Himself in the place of Chaos. As a whole, it does not become; for all stages of its progress were realized from eternity. But any given phase or stage of existence exhibits a progress or struggle toward the more perfect realization

of God's reflection. Thus the inorganic gives place to the organic, plant to animal, animal to man, man the savage to man the human. The final link of this progressive scale of the reflection of God, is man as spirit; for man possesses the capacity of infinite progress through self-activity. He can make not only the external and temporal a sensuous reflection of God, but he can reflect God in his holy will and in his intellectual vision of truth. He can by self-activity come to union with God. This is a self-activity which involves abnegation of self—a yielding up of naturalness, and an assumption of the forms of truth and of the divine will in place of selfishness and finite knowing; hence it is called a process of divine grace, although it is the very acme of self-activity in the individual—his highest freedom, in fact.

Again, this highest reflection of God as it appears in the human spirit cannot by any possibility be confined to one epoch of time and to one globe in the universe. It is necessarily the goal of all creation, and must have been realized from all eternity, so that the stream of souls coming into time and attaining to immortal existence is perpetual and always has been. Herein is the realization in the world of the reflection of the mystery of the Trinity: that God, though one and absolute and the only, yet is personal and spiritual, and demands from eternity recognition of Himself in others; and hence exists as Three Persons, who are yet One God. Thus God's creative activity has the effect to continually produce independent immortal beings, who become more independent and self-active and free the more they realize Him in their lives and thus become one with Him.

This we believe to be Hegel's view of the relation of Creator and Creation, although very imperfectly and hastily stated. He makes God transcendent over Nature, and free and non-identical with aught in Nature except what comes by its own conscious activity (as man does) into concrete identity with Him. And yet Nature reflects, in various degrees, Him. Its lower phases reflect His mechanical power, force, &c. &c.; His self-determination is reflected in various degrees from the crystal up to the self-moving animal. His Will and Intellect and Heart are reflected in various degrees in human history. But all of these are as nought beside the actuality of Him. Their own inadequateness is the negative principle which destroys them and makes them evanescent. Each link, compared with the one next below, is a manifestation of creative Reason, causing the higher to rise from the lower; but compared with its ideal it is inadequate, and gives way to another. Man only because he possesses conscious will preserves his identity in this progress.

Man is not a "logical machine," nor a machine at all. A free machine is a self-contradictory concept. Man's highest ideal is to realize a cognition adequate to his will and life, and to realize the latter in the former. This ideal, when realized, will be free in the highest sense. In fact, the thought of absolute freedom involves this identity of will and cognition, and is not possible on any other terms.

A Life which is so full and perfect that it includes all possibilities is a necessary one (in the sense Kant speaks of Necessity as the union of reality and possibility), for there is nothing else possible to it. In this sense, God's

life and cognition and will and freedom, and other attributes, are necessary. They realize the entire sphere of possibility. If water could be ice and liquid and vapor all at once, it would become less a contingent being. Ordinarily, two of its states are potential.

As in the above we have not attempted to give any account of the *a priori* dialectical process which we have asserted to exist in pure science, we may be permitted to refer to two articles upon this point already published in this Journal: "On Hegel's Philosophic Method" (January, 1874) and "Trendelenburg and Hegel" (January, 1875).

EDITOR.

BOOK NOTICES.

Die Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Philosophische Kritik. Edited and published by J. H. von Fichte, Hermann Ulrici, and J. U. Wirth.

The last volume of this journal noticed by us was the sixtieth; since then we have received five more volumes, bringing this interesting periodical up to 1875. The contents of the five volumes are as follows:

Vol. 61—"Kant's Doctrine of Religion," by Dr. Wm. Bender; "Kant's Transcendental Idealism and von Hartmann's Thing-in-Itself," by Dr. Grapengieser; "Investigations concerning the Association of Ideas and their Influence on Cognition," by Max Schiesl; "The Sources for Plato's Life," by Dr. Steinhart; and "Dynamism Atomism," by H. Ulrici. The most important reviews in this volume are: Dr. Arthur Richter on "Schelling's Life"; Professor Harms's lecture on "Hegel," also reviewed by Richter; and Ulrici's criticism of Luthe's "Contributions to Logic."

Vol. 62—Continuation of Dr. Schiesl's and Dr. Grapengieser's articles; "The Problem of Knowledge at the Time of Socrates and of the Sophists," by Dr. Siebeck; and "The Ontological Question in relation to J. G. Fichte," by G. Mehring. Most interesting among the reviews are: Ulrici on Strauss's "Old and New Faith"; H. Bonitz "In Memory of Trendelenburg," reviewed by Dr. Richter; and a criticism of Zoellner's "On the Nature of Comets," also by Ulrici.

Vol. 63—Continuation of Dr. Grapengieser's and G. Mehring's articles; "Contribution to the History of Æsthetics," by M. Schasler, reviewed by Dr. Lasson. And of book criticisms: Ulrici on DuBois-Reymond's lecture upon "The Limits of Natural Science"; Ulrici on Noah Porter's "The Human Intellect," and Hodgson's "Time and Space" and "The Theory of Practice"; and Dr. Richter on Zeller's "History of German Philosophy since Leibnitz," Dr. Jodl's Life and Philosophy of David Hume, and John Volkelt's "Pantheism and Individualism in the System of Spinoza."

Vol. 64—"The Origin of Conceptions," by Max Schiesl; Count Mamiani's "Theory of Perception," by Seb. Turbiglio, translated by J. Schumann; and "The Platonic Dialectic," by Dr. J. Wolff. Professor Reichlin-Meldegg reviews G. Tiberghien's "*Introduction à la Philosophie et préparation à la Métaphysique*"; J. H. Fichte, M. Carrière's "Art in Relation to the Growth of Culture and the Ideals of Mankind"; and Ulrici, three different works on Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious."

Vol. 65—Ulrici "On the Darwinian Question"; continuation of Dr. Wolff's article; Prof. Grapengieser, "Transcendental Deduction"; A. Dörner, "The Principles of Kant's Ethics"; R. Rochol, "Empirical Foundation of Christian Speculation"; and Dr. H. Schwarz, "God and the World." J. H. v. Fichte contributes a lengthy and exhaustive review of Perty's "Anthropology"; Ulrici, one on Dr. Wm. Windelband's work "On the Certainty of Cognition"; and Prof. Fr. Hoffmann, a criticism of "Darwinism in relation to the Investigations of Newton and Cuvier." A. E. K.

Philosophische Monatshefte. Herausgegeben von Dr. Ascherson, Dr. Bergmann, und Dr. Bratuscheck. Berlin.

We have received ten numbers of the eighth volume of this periodical, under its new management. The volume opens with a sketch of Trendelenburg's Life by Bratuscheck, which is followed by an article on "The Logical Question of Philosophy at the Present Time," by Conrad Hermann; Dr. Bergmann, "On a New Theory of Time"; and a review of "Italian Philosophy," by Josef Weisz. Then follow: Otto Liebmann "On Relative and Absolute Motion"; Ed. Maetzner "On Steinthal's Philosophy of Language"; "The Real Size of the World," by Dr. E. Johnson; "Relation of Morality and Religion," by Dr. Riehl; "Contribution to the Philosophy of History," by Dr. Freund; "Weisse's System of Æsthetics," a lecture by Dr. Gustav Engel; "Possibility and Actuality," by the same; a "Criticism of Hegel's Logic," by Dr. Hermann; several reviews, and quite a number of interesting notices on various subjects of philosophy, or more or less connected with philosophy. A. E. K.

The Undivine Comedy and other Poems. by the anonymous poet of Poland, Count Sigmund Krasinski; accompanied by his Polish annotators, Adam and Ladislas Mickiewicz; Polish Poetry in the Nineteenth Century, by Julian Klaczko; a short Biography of the Poet. Translated by Martha Walker Cook. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

In this translation, the last literary work of the estimable lady who made it, we have a very valuable contribution to our literature. The strange, intense, ideal consciousness of the Poles, made familiar through the music of Chopin, is here portrayed in two dramas, some prose criticism, a poetic prophecy, and a prose tale. In the "Undivine Comedy" two excesses are portrayed: "that alluring enthusiasm which is born of the imagination rather than of the heart, which seduces by its antique and brilliant forms, but is powerless to understand, and consequently to create, anything in the present; the second is that excess of material force which destroys without rebuilding, which pulls down without reconstructing, because, like the baseless idealism, it also lacks the vivifying inspiration of the heart." Two persons, Count Henry and Pancras, represent these excesses. The former is led astray by dreams of love and glory, and sacrifices his family and country to a twofold chimera; the latter seeks not external power and glory, but the triumph of the intellect, at the expense of his ethical nature. The logical tendencies of two one-sided strivings are given with great force. These tendencies, as developed in the drama, are in a peculiar sense Polish. The geographical position of Poland, forming a middle ground between the oriental and occidental phases of European life, develops a tension in the

national character between Aspiration and Accomplishment too strong to be perfectly united in one people. The striving for the vast, unlimited ideal acts negatively and destructively on the practical realizations in fixed results. Great hopes flame upward suddenly with a divine intensity, but before anything is achieved the fervor has burnt out and despair has intervened. No history is worthier of study by democratic peoples than that of Poland in the light of the philosophy of history. Its literature, art, and philosophy, all express the national principle with its dualism and the attempt (*saltum mortale*) to rise out of it to that oriental unity which it feels as a deep sentiment inherited from a prehistoric life. Our readers will remember in this connection the translation from Trentowski in the fourth volume of this journal.

Theodore Parker: A Biography. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. 1874.

This volume is issued with a view to supply a want long felt for a popular biography of this wonderful man. It is said that the two-volume edition of Mr. Weiss's excellent "Life of Theodore Parker" failed to command the attention it deserved, by reason of its size and cost, and because its author, in a conscientious attempt to present original sources of information rather than subjective views and impressions, omitted the personal coloring which should belong to a popular presentation. However this may be, Mr. Frothingham's book is entirely adequate in the respects mentioned. It is a work of art.

The Bhagavad Gita, or a Discourse on Divine Matters between Krishna and Arjuna. A Sanscrit Philosophical Poem, translated, with copious Notes, an Introduction on Sanscrit Philosophy, and other matter, by J. Cockburn Thompson. Chicago; Religio-philosophical Publishing House, S. S. Jones, Prop'r, 1874.

This reprint of the far-famed Indian episode, as translated by a pupil of the great orientalist Wilson, makes the work easy of access to any one in this country who desires to know something of the flavor of East Indian Idealism. Emerson has well epitomized it in his mystic verses on Brahma:

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.
Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame."

The Sankhya doctrine, as applied in the *Bhagavad Gita*, is of the most extraordinary character. The perfection of the soul is to be accomplished through fifteen forms of devotion, including action, spiritual knowledge, renunciation, self-restraint, insight, devotion to the supreme spirit, kingly knowledge, divine virtues, worship, faith, &c. &c. "He who believes that the spirit can kill or be killed," says Krishna, "is wrong in judgment. It neither kills, nor is killed. It is not born, nor dies at any time. It has had no origin, nor will it ever have one. Unborn, changeless, eternal, both as to future and past time, it is not slain when the body is killed." "As a man abandons worn-out clothes and takes other new ones, so does the soul quit worn-out bodies and enter other new ones."

THE JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Vol. IX.

October, 1875.

No. 4.

MR. BUCKLE AND THE AUFKLÄRUNG.

By J. HUTCHISON STIRLING.

However it may be with the *form* of Mr. Buckle,* his *matter*—demonstrably, as we think—is the *Aufklärung*. So, namely, he would *fulfil* his form. It would appear, nevertheless, that he can effect this only in a certain miscellaneousness; and, accordingly, it is only in a certain miscellaneousness that we can hope to see it. He has no sooner done with preliminaries, for example, than he places us, we find, in the midst of statistics. And not unnaturally, so far; for what likelier suggestion than statistics when it is a basis of registration that is in quest, and when, moreover, the first look at history, it may be, has, to some degree, disappointed? As we seem to see, at all events, Mr. Buckle exhibits something of exhilaration at the very sight of them: he certainly proceeds to chant a pæan over them. Statistics, he avers, have “thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together.” The regularity of mental phenomena is proved with mathematical rigor by those utterly impartial formulas; and the conclusions that found on them rest, he declares, “on broad and tangible proofs, accessible to all the world, and which cannot be overturned or even impeached by any of those hypotheses with which metaphysicians and theologians have hitherto perplexed the

* A previous article on “Buckle, His Problem and His Metaphysics,” published in the *North American Review*, July, 1872, from the pen of Dr. Stirling, may be profitably read in this connection.—ED.

study of past events." They are generalized, he says, from an "exhaustive statement," consisting of "many millions of observations, extending over countries in different grades of civilization, with different laws, different opinions, different morals, different habits." Moreover, they cover "a wide surface"; they have been made with "extraordinary precautions"; and more may be learned from them "respecting the moral nature of Man than can be gathered from all the accumulated experience of preceding ages."

A chanting and a pæan truly—prelusive to the apparition, surely, of some grand ultimate! But, alas! it all comes to this: There are so many misdirected letters a-year; there are so many murders a-year; there are so many suicides a-year. Really, that is all; and we sigh in disappointment. With rapt attention we had listened to the whole scheme. We had hung on every sentence. We had eagerly looked forward to a promised revelation of humanity in greater light at length than any thrown by all the sciences put together. We had longingly waited to learn more of it, as assured, than can be gathered from all the accumulated experience of preceding ages. And, positively, when it is all over, we know of nothing that has been revealed, we know of nothing that has been learned; for that numbers numbered, we never doubted. With such a result, therefore, we do not wonder that, about his vast laws, Mr. Buckle should fall silent again, and find it expedient to make of statistics only an illustration. To be sure, he asserts the illustration to be still one of uniformity, "predictable" uniformity; but there may be question of value even in that event; and, after the prodigious challenge of the words of Mr. Buckle, we may, allowably, feel warranted to ask: What statistics, as statistics, and in general, amount to?

Does it lie in the nature of the case that we shall attain to vast laws, or to a vast law—even those of Mr. Buckle apart—by the simple record of instances, and the easy process of taking an average? It was certainly not thus that the movements of nature were determined by a Kepler or by a Newton. By deduction in necessary matter we elicit a *must* (universality), and by induction in contingent matter we obtain a *most* (generality); but by an average we can neither hope to universal-

ize nor to generalize, neither to secure a *must*, nor—causally—a *most*. We are limited to averages, in fact, when all else fails us, when we are reduced to the mere appearance of equality, community, and law. And this necessity befalls us when we have before us such mere disjointed externalities as irritate intelligence, and compel it, as it were, to grope for a principle. Burns, in writing to Alison, author of the *Essay on Taste*, expresses himself thus: "That the martial clangor of a trumpet had something in it vastly more grand, heroic, and sublime, than the twingle-twangle of a jewsharp; that the delicate flexure of a rose-twig, when the half-blown flower is heavy with the tears of the dawn, was infinitely more beautiful and elegant than the upright stub of a burdock; and that from something innate and independent of all association of ideas—these I had set down as irrefragable, orthodox truths, until perusing your book shook my faith." Consciously, or semi-consciously, there is in Burns an irony here that saps the whole doctrine—which, indeed, arose from the wish of *Aufklärung* then to reduce whatever we might assume as of a mysterious or divine origin—Awe, Virtue, Beauty—to common elements and motives of every-day. Now, to this in Burns there is, as regards statistics, a remarkable parallel in Emerson, who is to be found speaking somewhere to this effect: It results, therefore, from the terrible calculations of the French statisticians, that, if one man in a thousand eats shoe-leather or marries his grandmother, then one man in a thousand will continue to eat shoe-leather or marry his grandmother. Here, too, is refutation by an irony more or less conscious. Such mere contingencies cannot be predicted; and, if it concerned society to do so, it certainly *could* very summarily establish a sufficient interdict. It is idle for what is only formal, external, and externally ordinative, to pretend to the authority of what is substantial, internal, and internally causative.

But Mr. Buckle thinks differently. For him, "statistics have thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together." Marriages, too, he declares, "instead of having any connection with personal feelings, are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people; so that this immense social and religious in-

stitution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and the rate of wages." O, if it only were so! Such was the sigh of Malthus when he looked at these things; and, since Malthus, the same sigh is re-echoed by the whole of political economy to this very day. It is "singular" that so eminent a political economist as Mr. Buckle should have "forgotten" this. But, Mr. Buckle being right, what curious mistakes are made in life! For language is language, and if marriages are "completely controlled" by the price of food and the rate of wages, then they are completely so controlled, and it is idle to suppose that Shakespeare married Anne, Shelley Mary, or Burns Jean, out of any reference to "personal feelings." The royal Victoria shall have married the princely Albert, Napoleon Eugenie, because of the price of the four-pound loaf!

Further, Mr. Buckle feels empowered by statistics to animadvert—severely—on "the folly of lawgivers thinking that by their enactments they can diminish suicide." Fools, then, we must reflect, were the Frankfort magistrates, who, in view of the suicides of young ladies following the production of the *Sorrows of Werther*, proclaimed, for the future, public exposure of their dead bodies—naked. Fools too, similarly, were the authorities of Scotland Yard when they posted the policeman on that certain arch of Waterloo bridge. And not less fools were the aldermen of London who ordered the cage to the top of the monument. War to all such! For they not only thought to diminish suicide; they actually did diminish it.

But if it be thus with suicide, it is not different with murder. "Murder," Mr. Buckle assures us, "is committed with as much regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances[?], as do the movements of the tides and the rotation of the seasons." We may think that it is only "the crowning act of a long career of vice"; that "it is often the immediate result of what seems a sudden impulse"; that "its committal requires a rare combination of favorable circumstances for which the criminal will frequently wait"; that "he has thus to bide his time and look for opportunities he cannot control"; that, in short, there are a vast variety of considerations compelling us to suppose mur-

der "of all offences one of the most arbitrary and irregular"; we may think thus, he allows; but if we do so, we shall only be mistaken. Murder is the result of "the prodigious energy of vast social laws" which "triumph over every obstacle"; it is "the product of the general condition of society"; "the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances"; and that necessary consequence is realized "without regard to the volition of those particular men of whom society is composed." Now this is very striking. Of course there have been a good many murders in England, and we suppose that they are all, or the most of them, accurately chronicled. We know of them so, then, that each appears an absolutely individual case, with a character absolutely its own, and absolutely different from that of the rest—that each of them seems due to the absolutely individual motive of an absolutely individual man; but we are only mistaken. What alone acted was a vast social law, of which, in fact, the criminal was but the innocent and involuntary victim. Burke and Hare never suffocated a single unfortunate as of themselves or from themselves. It was the law. There is, certainly, a little welcome consolation here for our Pritchards and our Palmers—perhaps even a little needful encouragement! Miss Madeline Smith, when she gave a piece of bread and butter to a Jersey Frenchman on the outside of an area-window in Blythswood square, Glasgow, ought to have known that it was not she who really did so (if she ever did so), but the law. It is right that innocence should be established, justice vindicated, and wrong redressed.

For all these marvels, then, or rather just by reason of them, we take leave to say that statistics constitute, in truth, about the most risky premises possible on which anyone may desire to found a serious conclusion. Formal in themselves, they usually cover a *variety* of substantial principles, and it is not seldom merely fallacious to elevate from their midst any one of them singly as the dominant or only one. On a fall of temperature our pivoting population die off and swell the death-lists; it does not follow, nevertheless, but that frost, by bracing those of us who can re-act against it, may not prolong life on the whole. In general, an increas-

ing death-rate may cover a plurality of influences, and, certainly, does not of itself indicate what or how many deleterious agents it is for society to take measures against.

And here we see what statistics are, and what they are good for. The development of man is the development of consciousness; and as for the individual, so for the state. It, too, must become self-conscious, and to that statistics are an indispensable condition. In every state there are many and various interests over which a certain social gauge is necessary. Registration, nevertheless, is not a thing in itself; it is only for another—it is only a means. A people's registration is not for the purpose of discovering laws of nature which, as Mr. Buckle plainly intimates, we can only observe, but, on the contrary, laws of reason, which we must obey, and through which we shall modify or subvert. It is not for us simply to enumerate and classify deaths, murders, suicides, &c.; it is for us to commit the "folly" of attempting to "diminish" them. Mr. Buckle, as usual, perorates grandly about "those vast laws which by aid of large numbers scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation"; but it is just possible that we only delude ourselves by "aid of those large numbers." It is just possible, namely, that the *discreta*, the unequal separate amounts, as they are in nature or in fact, are alone significant; and that by throwing them into vast *continua*, and then dividing, we not only render them "insensible" but null. That great law, the regularity of misdirected letters, may claim the awe of Mr. Buckle; but, really now, should ten letters in a million prove, *on an average of years* (a *continuum* thus distributed into *discreta* only *speciously* uniform), to have been misdirected, would that indicate a vast vital principle substantial in humanity itself? The sum of £45,000 was once dropped into a letter-box, it is said, but only once: shall we hide from ourselves that "perturbation"?—shall we arbitrarily and artificially render it "insensible," by contemplating only a *continuum* of many years, which absorbs it and yields, when divided, *discreta* more and more like each other? That is a simple trick.

Insurance offices, too, it is said with wonder, can predict how many of us shall die next week, and at what ages. Human life is a certain force, and it exists amid such and such

conditions : are the averages that adjust payments, and give security on the whole to monetary speculations with large numbers in regard—are such calculations capable of being truly considered predictions? On an average the force is uniform, on an average the conditions are uniform : the consequent calculations and results, therefore, are not by any means mysteries. An average in such circumstances, indeed, means just this : the immunity of the many shall pay for the accidents of the individual ; that is, it is at once a protest against, and a proof of, the fact, not that we can predict, but that we can *not* predict. It is the very inability to predict that has introduced the expedient. The fluctuations in death-rates are at times really vast, however much classified numbers may tend to render them insensible. It is but a cheap tripod that inspires prediction of average numerical uniformities in the case of our own mortality : the constitutive category of the whole business is the simple supposition, *other things being equal*. In short, statistics, once again, are not substantial and causative, but formal and indicative—there, not unfrequently, indeed, just that we may put an end to the need of them ; and so averages : not less frequently, they are but arbitrary artifices for levelling out in equalities that are alone substantial.

We must understand, once for all, that there are such things as contingencies in this world, and that contingencies are susceptible of no law but that of averages—a uniformity, namely, that is only external, formal, arbitrary, and artificial. The English language, for example, as it stands together in a dictionary, a simple aggregate of words, is largely the result of mere contingency. What and how many words have been adopted from Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Arabic, Hindustani, Bengali—what and how many Celtic or Saxon words have been allowed to remain—how, from one or the other source, those words shall be spelled or written : all that, greatly, is a matter of contingency. And yet by averages, in regard to letters, syllables, accent, &c., it would be easy to educe many uniformities which, nevertheless, would cover nothing. Suppose we find the average number of letters in all our English words, would the resultant formal regularity indicate aught but the operation itself? Just

for this that existence is externality, and that externality is externality *as* externality, we must be exposed to, and prepared for, an infinite multitude of incalculable contingencies, which may indeed be reduced to the artificial uniformity of averages, but never to the substantial necessities of laws. Even Mr. Buckle's own words destroy Mr. Buckle's own case. It is a peculiar excellence of the statistical generalization, as he very specially boasts, that it has been made from observations "extending over countries in different grades of civilization, with different laws, different opinions, different morals, different habits." Mr. Buckle is referring to a single common result here, and not to the result of country compared with country: what can we say of any uniformity that shall be so produced, then—what but that it must be specious, spurious, fraudulent, false? Countries *so described* are essentially different, and to reduce them into a common uniformity is to reduce them also into the mere mush of the genus *summum*; is to eliminate the truth; is to suppress and bury out of sight the only element that in the special case is of any human importance—that, namely, of the difference. In short, to sum up on the whole, if it is easy to drive a coach and six through any act of parliament, it is still easier, "by the aid of large numbers," to render any difference, any fact whatever, utterly "insensible."

But, as has been said, Mr. Buckle's conclusion on the general consideration, indicates a result in the end not very widely different from our own. He is compelled to present statistics only as an illustration. So far as laws are concerned, he makes nothing, in effect, of averages and statistics. Murders, suicides, and misdirected letters, lead him, after all, nowhither. The "great law" that is to settle the universe of man, and subject it, like the movements of the planets, to prediction, is still to seek. It is in vain that he exclaims, statistics throw more light on the movements of man than all the sciences put together; for, in spite of the cry: Light, light! all around remains obstinately dark. Statistics seem as suddenly dropped as seized; and, immediately upon their heels, we are in presence only of a miscellaneous mist of miscellaneous history, from which miscellaneously descend Dates, Rice, and The Potato, Virtue and Vice,

Motives, Charles the Second and William the Third, Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze, Protection, Gunpowder, Steam, Walled Towns, and the French Revolution. We do not say that all this is not legibly enough given; but we miss the conclusion every now and then of what had riveted our attention as a work begun. We remember, too, to have already read a good deal of the story in a work on Charles the Fifth by a Scotchman of the name of Robertson; and, though we are expressly told that "this is the first attempt that has ever been made to study the antecedents of the French Revolution according to a scheme wide enough to include the whole of their intellectual bearings," we cannot help thinking of another Scotchman whose name is Carlyle, and wondering what it was in such boyish pretensions that caused them to be received, not with the encouraging, or tolerating, or even rejecting disapproval which alone they certainly merited, but with an almost universal acclaim of enthusiastic *io triumphe*.

But we have still to see closer some of the characteristic details in Mr. Buckle's miscellaneousness. His consideration of motives, for example—motives from within, motives from without—and then the elimination of the weaker before the stronger: why this last? That M. Comte set the example, is that enough to legitimate the *legerdemain*? Why *should* the weaker be eliminated before the stronger? Because intellectual motives show to Mr. Buckle a much larger field than moral, is that any reason why the action of these latter, so far as it is an action, should be ignored? Is capillary attraction, is magnetic attraction—these and other subordinate and smaller attractions, are they all to disappear beside that of gravitation? Are the weaker elective affinities to be held not to exist? Or does not every smallest member belong to the one grand whole, which, without a single such, would be defective and incomplete. Annihilate an atom, and you annihilate the universe. All is in each, and each in all. This sudden whipping away of objects from before our very eyes—with a dexterous shuffle and a few big words—certainly surprises more than it satisfies.

Perhaps, in this moral reference, we do not know our duties any better than Cicero and Horace (not that any such

admission can without further ceremony at all be made); but perhaps a larger number of us do them better. Mr. Buckle styles the Romans barbarians, and with justice; but whether was it intellectually or morally that they were such? Again, as regards the Middle Ages, whether is it the intellectual or the moral gain during them that is the valuable one? Intellect grew then, doubtless, under "subtle," "wonderful," and other "Doctors"—formally; but that is no consideration for Mr. Buckle, with whom knowledge, information, is all in all, and of which he loudly proclaims there was none then. No; it is in morals that during the Middle Ages there is the important gain for mankind: life then, indeed, was for long but a moral discipline under the Church, and under the various accumulating, gradually coalescing elements of the State. In fact, the key-note to Mr. Buckle's dislike to morality is that he confounds it, under the *enlightened* guise of mistaken good intentions, wrong-headed, mischievous philanthropy, with what religion always is for him—superstition, namely. Morality and religion are quite as much human possessions, at the same time, as science itself; and it is to be suspected, indeed, that all that plausible hither and thither of Mr. Buckle's is but a kind of make-believe, a sort of playing a ratiocination, where the *pro* might be quite as well the *contra*, and the *contra* the *pro*.

By way of further example, it is Mr. Buckle's faith that the military profession, *pari passu* with the theological, has declined, and declined in consequence of an advancing third class, the mercantile, which Mr. Buckle styles—though one does not quite see why, any *books* (what Mr. Buckle values) but office ones being certainly at a discount there—the intellectual class. For proof, parent and son are talked of as occupying now-a-days this relation: "If the inferiority of the boy is obvious, a suitable remedy is at hand: he is made either a soldier or a clergyman; he is sent into the army, or hidden in the church." Very different was it, Mr. Buckle opines, in ancient times: then it was the highest intellects, and not as now the lowest, that composed the bulk of their armies. Demosthenes and Æschines were "members of the military profession." Tyrtæus, too, it seems, had adopted "the same profession." Plato, Mr. Buckle assures us, was

"a soldier"; and the assurance must be received thankfully, seeing that we have only suppositions in any authority else—further, that is, than this, that the Greek youth generally was trained to arms. Similarly, as it is only probable that Melissus the writer was Melissus the admiral on one certain occasion, it is highly satisfactory to have the advantage of the unhesitating confidence of Mr. Buckle that Melissus "who developed the Eleatic philosophy" was a "well-known general, famous alike in literature and in war." Then Descartes, who, "as remarkable for the exquisite beauty of his style as for the depth and originality of his inquiries" (!)—Descartes, who found out at twenty-five that the army was a mistake so far as he was concerned, shall have excelled in the military profession! He, however, is but the modern exception: all the rest are plainly such as have been "consigned" by their paternal governors. Raleigh and Napier may be praised for style, but "they have never been reputed profound thinkers on difficult subjects, nor have they added anything of moment to the stock of our knowledge"—*à propos* the profundity and relevancy of which will please everybody, and a category of marvellous convenience in its trenchant comprehensiveness! Frederick of Prussia "failed ignominiously," it seems, according to the lights of Mr. Buckle, "in domestic policy and the arts of peace." "Marlborough was a man not only of the most idle and frivolous pursuits, but was so miserably ignorant that his deficiencies made him the ridicule of his contemporaries." And then the Duke—why the Duke "showed himself utterly unequal to the complicated exigencies of political life." O brave friend Ruge! you who know almost everything, you who translate into German the big book itself (Buckle's), it was you also who taught me to exclaim, and you said it of a good man, "*Welch' ein Qualm!*"

Probably we may assume that it will not be denied, that the leading proposition, as well as the contingent illustrations, adduced here, are of such a nature as to throw no small light on the remarkable gallantry with which Mr. Buckle would maintain and defend any assertion which he might be pleased to adopt. In fact, it is to be feared that this great writer is as apt to fall into the infirmity of, What we wish we believe, as the smallest among us. It suits him, by way of

a very signal and striking proof of this, seeing that, as he says, German literature is now the first in Europe, and that the philosophers of that "great country" have displayed a singular boldness and unsparing candor in speculation, to attribute the "movement" involved to the spirit of skepticism—to believe that, as a hint or two of Kant have already persuaded him, he will easily find, when the turn of that part of his work comes, the issue contemplated then to be the same with his own now, and to have no purpose but the freeing of man from the remaining influences of received prejudice and traditional superstition—it suits him, we say, so to attribute and so to believe, and, in addition, not less does it suit him to discover the origin of all this in the impulse given to the German nation by the presence at the court of Frederick, "commonly called the Great," of those wretched Frenchmen, Maupertuis, D'Argens, &c.!

Mr. Buckle certainly adduces in his own support here quotations from Tennemann—hardly apposite. But, letting that pass, surely French influence on English literature was dominant from Dryden and the reign of the second Charles down to Cowper, and at least the talk of the Regency. This it seems, however, will *not* suit Mr. Buckle. The French Revolution must be found to be largely due to motives from England—he himself, perhaps, is to be saved from Comte—at all events, it does not suit one's own pretty story that any influence, unless that of fashion or the court, should have been exercised by France on England, whether during the reign of Charles the Second, or long afterwards when, &c. Obviously, there is a contrast here as regards France and England on the one hand, and France and Germany on the other, which, to say the least, supplies as much and as little support to the contention of Mr. Buckle as to its very reverse.

A certain simplicity, a certain youthfulness seemingly, must not be overlooked in Mr. Buckle's conscientious thoroughness of adherence to the circle of opinions he has adopted. Hence that readiness of denial which has just been exemplified. Hence also his facility of wonder: millet and rice "laws," the potato a vast "law"! Not but that all three are most important articles of consumption. And hence, in general, just his *expatiation*—the peculiar expansion in which

through text and note he is enabled at full length to luxuriate—the broad, ultimate expansion of what to Mr. Buckle alone of mortals is not a commonplace. That an accumulation of food and the possibility of leisure must precede all speculative inquiry—this has been a commonplace since Aristotle. The relation involved is the exact height of Mr. Buckle, however, and his intelligent admiration of it issues in the most self-indulgent expatiation. Quoting Tennemann (not Aristotle!) in support, he begins: “In every country, as soon as the accumulation of wealth has reached a certain point, the produce of each man’s labor becomes more than sufficient for his own support,” &c. &c. The sound, as one perceives, is at once excellent: the roll of oratory never slackens, indeed, till consequents and results have reached a reticulation ultimate, on which the philosopher himself, be it with his reader as it may, can always turn back calmly to contemplate his own vast insight. One would like to know, however, what, when, how that “certain point” just is.

Expatiation, in short, that is but self-congratulation on one’s own triumphant treading broad of platitudes endlessly—that is the work of Mr. Buckle. The subject of Gunpowder, he complains loftily, has been considered “very superficially by Fr. Schiller and by Dugald Stewart, and by no means exhaustively by either A. Smith, Herder, or Hallam.” Accordingly he collects himself, and proceeds to do it justice—the justice of a completed spread. It is to be doubted still that even Mr. Buckle has effected this, seeing that each of us, perhaps, if asked, might be able to *add* a few uses more. It is satisfactory to learn epigrammatically, in the end, that gunpowder has simply put an end to the state of things “formerly”—formerly, “when there were many soldiers and many priests, many battles and many sermons”; and here Mr. Buckle superiorly smiles to himself, without the slightest suspicion that he has been simply silly!

On Political Economy, Mr. Buckle, in a similar manner, enlarges. And here, while the subject itself is exceptionally grateful, Mr. Buckle feels himself so much at home in it that he must give himself the relief of telling us every now and then—“and yet, so far as I am aware, they” (the uses of it) “have escaped the attention of all the historians of political

economy." It will certainly be in vain to deny the comprehensiveness and exhaustiveness of Mr. Buckle's studies in such circumstances; and, indeed, a like reflection is equally relevant everywhere else; for it is always wonderful the number of authorities to whom Mr. Buckle, grandly preceptor-like, holds up—or, rather, perhaps, holds down—the admonitory notice, "escaped your attention"! We learn, among other things here, that "statesmen and politicians are always in the rear of their age"; that "the Wealth of Nations is the most important book that has ever been written"; that Hume is inferior to Smith "in comprehensiveness as well as in industry"; and that "this solitary Scotchman," &c. &c.! It is dejecting to be obliged to hear the sigh, in conclusion, that "the practical value of this noble study is perhaps only fully known to the more advanced thinkers"! But, alas! it is infinitely more dejecting to be obliged to be aware, that, do as we may, a fear will haunt us in regard to the pertinent knowledge even of Mr. Buckle himself. We have heard from him already, for example, that "the great law of the ratio between the cost of labor and the profits of stock is the highest generalization we have reached respecting the distribution of wealth; but it cannot be consistently admitted by anyone who holds that rent enters into price"; and what he himself considers true of rent is not obscure. "It is now known that price is a compound of wages and profit, and that rent is not an element of it, but a result of it. This discovery is the corner stone of political economy; but it is established by an argument so long and so refined, that most minds are unable to pursue it without stumbling, and the majority of those who acquiesce in it are influenced by the great writers to whom they pay deference, and whose judgment they follow." This is a passage that occurs in Mr. Buckle's second (original) volume; but here, where we are in the first, there are utterances to the same effect, as "Rent is not an element of price, but a consequence of it." Now, the theory of rent really comes to this: A goes before B to a new country, and B before C. A takes the best land, B the second best, and C has left for him only what is inferior. A and B, then, with the same labor, produce more than C—produce, compared with C, a surplus. It is quite evident,

accordingly, that it will be the same result to C, whether he continues to work his own land, or whether he agrees to work that of A or that of B, with sacrifice of the respective surplus—rent; which, consequently, does not enter into price.

Something of the more usual statement we shall see again, but this may be taken as, in its own way, not by any means incorrectly conveying it. We wonder then, in the first place, why Mr. Buckle should be so misgivingly modest as to shrink to say as much. We wonder still more, indeed, that he should characterize the simple rationale in question as “an argument so long and so refined” that most minds stumble at it, and find themselves constrained to accept it only blindly at second hand and on authority. But if we wonder at these things, we wonder still more, in the second place, at this. Rent in America, Mr. Buckle tells us, is much lower than in Europe—describes it, indeed, as being “in some parts merely nominal”; and then he appends this note: “Owing to the immense supply of land preventing the cultivation of those inferior soils which older countries are glad to use, and are therefore willing to pay a rent for the right of using, in the United States profits and wages (i.e. the reward of the laborer, not the cost of labor) are both high, which would be impossible if rent were also high.” Our concern at present is with what is said of rent; but we may notice, in passing, that, from what we have just learned, it is evidently the superior, and not the “inferior” soils which Mr. Buckle should have mentioned as coming in process of time to yield rent. A soil, indeed, so inferior that it only returns compensation for the labor expended on it, will never yield rent at all. As to what is said of rent itself, now, though it seems a mere reflection of common sense that what rent withdraws must be a diminution of what there is to divide, and so, consequently, of wages also, it is, in effect, wholly untenable. This will clearly appear, perhaps, in the light of the following passages from the same page and the immediately preceding ones: “Rent and interest being always very high, and interest varying, as it must do, according to the rate of profits, it is evident that wages must have been very low; for since there was in India a specific amount of wealth to be divided into rent, interest, profits, and wages, it is clear that the first

three could only have been increased at the expense of the fourth. Inasmuch as the wealth of a country can only be divided into wages, rent, profits, and interest, and inasmuch as interest is on an average an exact measure of profits, it follows that if among any people rent and interest are both high, wages must be low." "Wages are the residue, that is, they are what is left to the laborers after rent, interest, and profits have been paid." "We find those by whose labor the wealth is created, receiving the smallest possible share of it; the remainder being absorbed by the higher ranks in the form either of rent or of profits." These are not obscure expressions, and they certainly intimate wages to be affected by rent. They declare, indeed, that rent is a part of *the wealth created by the laborers*; and that, to the prejudice (injury, robbery) of these (who receive the least possible share of what they themselves create), it is absorbed by the higher ranks. They declare wages to be a "residue"—the remainder of a sum from which rent, with other things, has been withdrawn. That is, they directly affirm wages to be a consequence of rent. Now, that is not so. Rent, directly taken, is a consideration entirely apart from wages, and, according to the theory, exercises no influence whatever upon wages. Rent is certainly a result of labor (population in the first place), but it enters not into labor, nor, consequently, into price, at all. It is, in a certain way, a necessity—a fatality, if you will—of nature itself; and were it remitted to-day, it would be in full operation to-morrow. But it cannot be remitted. Remission of rent, so long as population compels cultivation of inferior soils, is an impossibility; and its very supposition, for the relief of wages or whatever else, cannot for a moment be entertained. Such is the inexorable decree of the theory. Wages are, to be sure, higher when there is *no* rent; but when there is no rent, there is great relative productiveness, combined with a small relative population. That is, there is much to give, and few to get; so that wages, which depend wholly on the relative amounts of population and production, must be high. They are not high *because* of the absence of rent, however—which is a consideration only collateral. Profits and wages are certainly, for their parts, less or more, naturally antagonistic *on the whole*;

but still, productiveness being high, they may both be high. Rent again is, for its part, different, and occupies a category apart. Rent occurs when the population is such that even the cultivation of the inferior lands will yield a profit. This (least) profit is a necessity (for the cultivation would cease if it ceased); and, consequently, the price that yields it is, for the entire sphere of production, the determinative and ruling one. But, that being so, competition will readily work the superior lands with sacrifice of the surplus returned by their superiority—viz. rent. Rent, then, though a consequence of production (population first of all), is not an element of it; and it is out of production alone that the laborer can look for his wage. If I have twice the strength of another man, or twice the skill, I get (for piece-work) twice the pay; and this is a natural advantage of which I cannot justly be deprived. In like manner, if my land have naturally a better soil, or if, as regards markets, it be better placed than another, it is quite unavoidable that, in the event of my finding it desirable to let or sell, I should look for compensation for the advantage.

So it is with inventions, machines, discoveries, &c.: these, too, are exceptional advantages to the exceptional possessors. Rent in general, then, or in the words of Mr. McCulloch, "the sum paid by the occupiers of [a] land for the use of its [comparatively superior] natural and inherent powers," may be regarded as a privilege, a monopoly, put into the hands of an individual by nature itself—and this, without restriction to such specific or singular localities as the *Clos de Vougeot* or the *Berg Johannes*.

Absolutely, then, rent is no component of price. But with Mr. Buckle, on the contrary, and just by virtue of his reasonings, it is a component of price. That is, if wages are a remainder, a residue of a compound into which rent enters, and if that compound be the fund out of which wages are paid, then, manifestly, rent is also a component of that fund. But that fund is price. Rent is, therefore, a component of price. And Mr. Buckle has withdrawn in action the "corner-stone" which he had set up in words. What Mr. Buckle would illustrate or prove by all this matter is the familiar fact that, in warm countries, where food is cheap, wages are low—a fact

which we learn, as well as the reason of it, with perfect clearness, from our very primers. It is, again, a fact, however, quite to the height of Mr. Buckle, and no wonder that he enlarges on it, as usual, with the complacency of a Mississippi in sight at last of the sea. It has heretofore been always dark, he is sure; but now, after that his wonderful expatiation, he trusts we shall be able to discern it "with a clearness hitherto unknown"! "After putting all these things together," he says, "we shall, I trust, be able to discern, with a clearness hitherto unknown, the intimate connection between the physical and moral world"; the enormous, and now for the first time demonstrated, bridge between the two being our daily bread—"cheap food." We would not be supposed to undervalue our daily bread, or to deny cheap food the demonstrated immensity of its moral influence. We desire to signalize only the air of prestidigitation with which Mr. Buckle would *escamoter* a palpable goose into a declared swan. We have no objection to goose as goose; we object only that it should be miscalled swan. So far as rent is concerned, it may be urged, in favor of Mr. Buckle, here, that his general picture goes to show that the cheap fed and consequently slavish populations of warm countries become a prey to the exactions of tyranny under many names, and under that of rent among others. But we must remind ourselves that Mr. Buckle has no idea of illustrating what is called oppression, or what is attributed to individual volition; that he will demonstrate all to be the result, not of any such volition, but of necessary laws; and here, specially, he is engaged tracing the effects of physical laws in a moral reference. The enterprise, therefore, is on the same level with that of political economy in general; and must, accordingly, either follow its immediate findings, or correct them. But, let pretension with Mr. Buckle be as it may, surely he has none to the correction of political economy. He certainly speaks of distribution depending on different circumstances at different stages of society, "advanced" or "very early"; and, on the latter stage, he asserts it to be "governed entirely by physical laws." He has no idea whatever, however, of the possibility of any words of his suggesting heresy to the principles of political economy. These principles are them-

selves largely "physical," he knows; and he never dreams of their possible supercession by the "physical laws" he has in his head. The current laws of political economy are everywhere implicitly assumed as, in Kant's phrase, "lying at the bottom," as constituting (that is) the underlying and functioning basis.

Of India, to which subject belong all the expressions we have seen in reference to rent, wages, profits, cheap food, physical laws, &c., he expressly says that he "selects" it as "an example," and "uses" it "to illustrate those laws which, though generalized from political economy," &c., "may be verified by that more extensive survey, the means of which history can alone supply." From this, then, and there are other supports, it is quite evident that Mr. Buckle supposes himself to be engaged verifying the generalizations of political economy, the "economical laws of distribution," by the actual facts of history. Tyranny, exaction, oppression, the despotism of the East—there is nothing of that kind, nothing so romantic, at all in his mind: he seeks no shudder from his reader as at a picture of lawlessness; on the contrary, he expects satisfaction only as at demonstration of a reign of law. All his quotations from the principles of political economy are made in the most implicit good faith: they are made in his own support: they are made, indeed, for no other reason than to rationalize the phenomena he exhibits. It is not tyranny, it is not exaction, therefore, that robs the Ryot; on the contrary, as Mr. Buckle again and again assures us, it is very specially the law of rent that irresistibly controls him. "In India," we hear, "rents, in many cases, are raised so high, that the cultivator receives not only less than half the produce, but receives so little as to have scarcely the means of providing seed to sow the ground for the next harvest." All here, then, is to the same effect as we have already seen. Rent, explicitly asserted to be no element of price, is demonstrated at every step to be precisely there the active and dominant element: it is actually the *ruinous* element to the wages of the laborer. Dare we suspect at last, then, that, despite all his crowned and robed and anointed utterances, Mr. Buckle himself has been unable to "pursue" the "argument so long and so refined" that

establishes the theory of rent, without "stumbling"; and that he has probably only "acquiesced" in it as "influenced" by the "great writers" to whom he pays "deference," and whose judgment he "follows"? Ah, and "the practical value of this noble study is perhaps only fully known to the more advanced thinkers"—"fully" to them only, and yet not to the most advanced of all advanced, Mr. Buckle himself, namely! Nay, can we even put faith now in Mr. Buckle's knowledge of "the great law of the ratio between the cost of labor and the profits of stock"? But, respecting our own space and the patience of our readers, we leave this for the present, and pass on.

So far political economy. But now, in its turn, comes steam. It, too, must be rolled out. And, if possible, Mr. Buckle excels himself in the contingent operation. The theme he knows to be, to a certain extent, recent, if not, in a manner, virgin; and, accordingly, he applies himself to what he calls the "study" of it with even a more than usual zeal, with even a more than usual conscientiousness. In view of all that now presses on us, however, we shall not expatiate on Mr. Buckle's relative expatiation, or enlarge on his respective enlargement. We can readily suppose that all he contrives to say in the new connection, will be accompanied by that now so familiar, invariable and ineffable air of satisfaction and complacency—satisfaction and complacency filled to the full and to the flowing over—as in presence of an originality, a depth, and a comprehensiveness, hitherto unexampled.

Perhaps, in general, it would facilitate such an industry as this of Mr. Buckle's to offer our schoolboys, in our various educational establishments, prizes for the best catalogues of uses—no matter in what! But alas! to the most of us "padding" is a bore now-a-days; and we exclaim to the mariner's needle, or the printing press, to gunpowder, steam, or the telegraph: *Connu, connu!* Mr. Buckle might have spared himself, then, much very dispensable, but very facile, pains. It was his happiness, however, to platitudinize—it was his vocation to platitudinize, and we must not altogether grumble that things are as they are. Still, it is singular, we cannot help adding, that this learned writer should have omitted

to observe that perhaps of all the agents, to the influence of which modern civilization is to be attributed, the most remarkable, if not the most powerful, is—the Novel. A careless or an ordinary reader may deem it unworthy of the philosopher to condescend in any way to notice what constitutes, in the great majority of instances, a mere means of pastime and dissipation for the idle and the frivolous. But, however natural, however pardonable, in circumstances so very peculiar, on the part of the serious student, such preoccupation may be, it is the duty of him whose survey is at once of a large and all-embracing nature to pronounce it an error, and an error not the least important of those to which a confidence in partial views but too often misleads. We have seen how that great law, steam, salutarily operates by throwing down the barriers of accidental locality, and promoting by irresistible necessity, reciprocal intercourse: but, with a similar scope, there is exerted, if possible, a still greater influence by the species of publication to which attention is now, for the first time, perhaps, and with such penetrating and pervading issues, drawn. It is not, then, to be rashly supposed that it is these trivial compositions themselves to which we propose to direct the consideration of those who are accustomed in a larger manner to judge; but, rather, the interesting and curious modifications which, as social units, they contribute to the social aggregate. Equality has been, hitherto, little more than the benevolent and unrealized dream of the speculative philosopher; and if it appears, in any degree, more practicable now, it is to our apparently insignificant works of fiction that we owe it. The day was when the interior of a rich man's dwelling was an arcanum as mysterious and inaccessible to the poor as the sanctuary of the temple to the plebeian Jew; when, consequently, the manners of the upper classes and the manners of the lower classes were separated by a difference as wide and extreme as if the diameter of the universe had been jealously interposed between them; and when, accordingly, any hope of a fusion of interests, any prospect of a mutual understanding, any expectation of a common reverence for the rights of man and the dignity of the human intellect, was a problem as remote from resolution as the squaring of the circle. But the barriers which

had been set up by pride have been cast down by vanity, and the prejudices of the class have yielded to the passions of the individual, The carriage, and the opera, and the rout—perhaps less innocent amusements—have been insufficient to fill up the intolerable vacuity of idleness on the part of those who, incapable of learned inquiries or philosophical pursuits, have yet a sufficiency of education to render the art of composition, in its lighter forms, not too difficult, but fitted rather to constitute, in the melancholy circumstances, on the contrary, a welcome and agreeable diversion; and thus it is that the majority of Novelists belong now to the frivolous classes. And the effects are manifest. Of the men, tweed is the universal wear; and the bonnet of the maid is no less stylish than the bonnet of the mistress; while, as for speech, it would not too severely tax the ingenuity of a Vaucanson to bestow the whole accomplishment of conversation, as it is now anywhere practised, on the windpipe of an automaton.

But we need not carry the illustration farther, or dilate at full on consequences and results, which must be as obvious to everyone as the sentinels at the Horseguards. It must be universally apparent, in short, that, through such an inconsiderable agent as the Novel, while the accumulation of knowledge is by no means uninfluenced, its diffusion is promoted to a degree which must be incredible for those who are unaccustomed to think!

For all this there is a single name now, and it is written *Aufklärung*. Mr. Buckle is as pure a representative of *Aufklärung* as ever published a book.

“*Aufklärung*” means *enlightenment*; and *the Aufklärung* is that reaction on the part of general intelligence against political privilege and ecclesiastical dictation, which has constituted the history of Europe since Spinoza, Descartes, Bacon, or even Luther. The *Aufklärung* means at bottom, therefore, only what is legitimate. No one would wish to see perpetuated the social wrongs or the religious tyranny of the Middle Ages; on the contrary, the historical movement that did victorious battle here must be pronounced *the* movement the most important to humanity that humanity as yet knows. It was a necessity—a necessity for the hearts and souls of men; and we now who think and act and speak in

this full freedom ought to feel that there is imposed upon us a most real burthen of the deepest gratitude to those who lived in suffering, and in suffering labored, for what they knew full well would bring no reward to them. All honor to the *Aufklärung*! One wonders only how it is that such a name should seem to bring with it, now, always, a certain odor of reproach. The reason is not far to seek: it lies partly in the movement itself, and partly in what it opposed. In the latter reference, for example, Religion and the State constitute humanity; and he who rejects the principles of both has ceased to be substantial and a concrete, and has become instead superficial and an abstract—a superficial, vain, opinionated, isolated *self*. One can readily see in the *Aufklärung* such a danger for its members, as well in consequence of the bias due to the work, as of the character of those whom it was necessitated to accept as workmen. Opposition to a religion and a state passes but too easily into opposition to these interests generally and as such. And as for the workmen again, it is men of the understanding merely, men of quick parts and clear intelligence, but generally light heads, shallow as to practical human sagacity, and void of any depth of feeling, that we are called upon to honor as such. For illustration here, we—whatever country we may belong to—have, even in these days, only to look round us. Grotes and Mills and Comtes are not confined to France and England: universally they are our only speakers at present—and not without an audience. What we live in now, that is, is the result we hint at—*Aufklärung* degenerated into *Aufklärerei*; for *Aufklärerei* is to *Aufklärung* what abuse is to use, followers to leaders, criticasters to critics, poetasters to poets.

This, however, is only the state of the surface: the underground powers, as it were, that really function for the peoples, and establish their future, have left *Aufklärung* and *Aufklärerei* a hundred years behind them. In Great Britain, for example, the general movement culminated in the person of David Hume, whose Essays appeared in 1742 and 1752, and to those concerned constituted for long, and even to a considerable extent constitute still, a species of text-book, not to say Bible. Hume was himself largely genuine and sound, a born

thinker, a subtle spirit, of delicate endowments, gracious accomplishments, deep glances, wide views—writing a style that, but for the strain of the time, were nature itself; but, even in Hume, his most partial admirers must acknowledge a vein of Aufklärerei, especially when, with what he evidently hugs himself on as an irony fine to invisibility, he takes his insidious fun off the priest. It is this irony that Gibbon has borrowed, to make of it the vehicle of his solid industry, and, in general, by no means superficial reflection; but in him it is broader, and with a deeper tinge of Aufklärerei still. And, *à propos* here, let me quote these words from Gibbon: "The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful." Mr. Buckle seems, on the whole, to eliminate the "magistrate" from this connection; but still the sentence itself may strike many as, both in matter and manner, an excellent key-note to Mr. Buckle's performance, and of itself to justify the term "*pseudo-Gibbonian*," which has been used in the general reference.

Nearer Hume than even Gibbon, however, it is not difficult to discover types of the Aufklärerei almost pure and simple. To speak generally, such types will be suggested by our well-brushed broadcloth, our preciseness, our sort of "prunes and prism" primness, our stiffness, our thinness, our prejudices, our vanity. In our devotion to Nature, we are to be seen impressed with the advantages of early rising, but not an early riser. The morning hour has gold in dower, that we are sure of our paper, where also we contrive to fill out certain other well-balanced, self-complacent periods about the loveliness of the morning, the healthfulness of the morning, the fresh intellectual vigor of the morning. Nature, indeed is our goddess, and we would profess to follow her in all things. We rise from our frugal meals satisfied but clear, free from reflection, able for that matter, like Napoleon, to sit down and begin again. Our business now is the improvement of the mind, the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of all the finer parts of our nature—in the company of the best authors. It cannot be denied, nevertheless, that somehow *style* seems to be the consideration that principal-

ly, not to say exclusively, occupies us. Slovenly writing, whatever burthen of content it carries, cannot be admitted to a moment's audience. To our refined taste such writing is simply nauseous, let the thought in it be what it may; and it is rejected with loathing. What we can read must "flow," and it must be "perspicuous"; we cannot tolerate a moment's check, a moment's cloud. Smoothness of sound, directness of meaning—these are our wants, though we name them elegance, neatness, and the like. For, if we have a predilection at all, we like to discuss literature; and it is an endless happiness for us to speak of Homer and Virgil and Horace, of Dryden, Pope and Goldsmith, with references to the sublime, the florid, the harmonious, and innumerable side-strokes at bombast, obscurity, fustian, and the like, which, in general, mean only Shakespeare. We are eminently moral, too, and we endlessly meander plausibly about passions, about the controlling of our passions, anger, revenge, avarice, ambition (every fold in whose mantle is loaded with care)—with much comfort to our own infallible self-righteousness. All here, indeed, is the well-regulated mind. Respectable morality—a little prone to Gallic politeness! Respectable intelligence and knowledge!

We are not obliged to go back to the time of Hume for such types either: they are to be found abundantly around us. For, have we not all of us met those clear-starched, well-regulated, intellectually refined, highly civilized, fierce-hearted, self-complacent, sharp-nailed illuminati, who read forever, desultorily, a straitened library, and have really no faults but intense selfishness, explosive passion, and what we have called *Gallic* politeness. Men who have saws of wisdom forever in their mouths—for others; but, notwithstanding their repelling carriage, are as babes themselves to leap to every touch: who, to their own minds, have no prejudices, no superstitions; who cut their nails of a Sunday fearlessly, and put the left foot foremost habitually; who are imperturbable in the dark, and wholly irreminiscent of dreams. Who correct us perpetually—our walk and conduct, our little habits, our grammar and pronunciation, and, above all, our style. Who are serene and complacent in themselves, but fidgety to fornication with wife and child, with father and with mo-

ther, with sister and with brother. Who inhabit the world as it is astronomically, patronize the "author" of it as the "Deity," and smile at the Devil. Who stand by Political Economy, and, from his second petition, threaten the beggar with the policeman. Who like science, history, mathematics, useful information generally. Who stick by Pope and loathe Wordsworth, and could set you on fire with their eyes if you differ from them. Who have the rage of explanation, who will have no mystery, nothing inexplicable by the laws of Physics; who perhorresce Mesmerism, and are never phrenologists—unless, indeed, they happen to be exceptionally under-refined, somewhat clownish, autodidact individuals, whose hats are at *least* a seven-and-a-quarter. Who are above the weakness of patriotism, and too enlightened to believe in national characters or the vulgarity of race. Who have a nausea of battles, and regard with contempt all warlike apparatus and enthusiasm. To whom the people are the vulgar and the aristocracy the frivolous classes. Who hesitate about allowing themselves to be buried, and incline to leave their bodies for the promotion of science. Who have no wedding-cards, leave no P.P.C.'s, and enunciate endless strictures on our various coverings of head, or back, or foot. Who detest those bloodthirsty barbarians the Jews, perorate on the antiquity of Egypt, and laugh superciliously at the idea of a single Adam. To whom the past is ignorance, and the Middle Ages night. Whose stomachs rise at the customs of our ancestors, nor less at the brutality of our national sports. Who, in a word, have no test of intellect, worth, or wisdom, but—belief or disbelief in the Bible. Who have this book, indeed, almost as their single thought—feeling about as if it were the one vast tomb-stone that shut down this world into a valley of lies, and ignorance, and narrowness, and prejudiced hate. Who, accordingly, despise and abhor the priest, sneer at his loaves and his fishes, and are never done wondering, Does he really believe? Who venerate Socrates and Confucius, but abominate Moses and the Prophets. Who can talk composedly of Mahomet, but very uncomposedly of our Saviour. Who call geology *the* book, and ratiocinate perpetually about other nations, creeds and customs, but speaking at *us* all the time, and literally loathing the infamous

ignorance and absurdity in which under the name of religion we live and believe.

All of us must have had opportunities of encountering many most conscientious, most upright, most sincere, most intelligent individuals, who, though of course differing here and there, the one from the other, agreed in the majority of the characters signalized, and, above all, in what we call the "*pang*" of the Aufklärung—that facility of hatred that could burn and rack and ruin, that could throttle with its own fingers any poor wretch deluded enough to believe just any the smallest tittle of "these lies." But, be that as it may, said characters signalized will, perhaps, not too imperfectly suggest in what manner the Aufklärung has degenerated into Aufklärerei; and Aufklärerei is that which, with an eye and a hand and a belief for the visible only, sneers at things invisible. The result, at last, seems *understanding* merely, and an understanding that is entirely on the surface. Surface to surface, indeed, seems pretty well the whole intellectual act now. All must be direct. Inference (i.e. of one thing from another), Reference (i.e. to a reason)—these are interminable *détours* to which no man will trust himself. Just *show* what you mean—let me *see* it—*hold it up!*

In fairness we dare not say, nevertheless, that the Aufklärung is alone to blame for this. What grew the very re-action to the Aufklärung has contributed to the same result; and almost it would seem as if the course of history in general in England had been such as to leave us without the power, in strict sense, to *think*. In the mighty wars that, both by land and sea, followed the French Revolution, men's minds were stirred to their very depths, but in a direction *outwards*—towards events, namely, characters, actions, passions. Accordingly, the literature that came with them was a literature akin; a literature of feeling, of imagination—a literature of the picture. But words and deeds went still together, and all was sound. Very different was it in the next generation, where, without call to action, the picture became but a goad to subjective convulsions. Think of the "Sturm" and "Drang" of such writers as Dobell and Alexander Smith! Nay, reverencing Carlyle as the veritable and victorious hero that undoubtedly he is, may we not, without prejudice to the one

grand whole, allude to a certain aspect even of his activity in illustration here? What of the optic glares from that lime-lit *Vorstellung* of his? Are not these, with the blunt, *anschaulich-machenden* words that accompany them, peculiarly fitted to minister to young literary ambition, picture-goaded, and as yet green? Lamoignon, according to the "French Revolution, a History," had "ideas" and ideas are certainly the forces of Thomas Carlyle; but the expressing element at the same time is (sailing on those seas) the *Vorstellung*, the picture; and the *Vorstellung*, the picture, is always *unmittelbar*. It always deals, namely, in what is direct and immediate—instinctive feeling, intuitive vision, instantaneous will. It will have surface to surface—so—there—and at once. It will not tolerate means, have patience for a middle term. And yet movement *through another*, instrumentality, *Vermittelung*, that alone is reason—that alone is thought.

Give to the eye now this picture-craving, and throw into it a skeptical cast, an *aufgeklärt* cast! What can happen but what we see—in ministers of religion, in men of science, in government officials?

The *Aufklärung* as *Aufklärerei*, namely, despite the determined check of Philosophy, is still the dominant movement everywhere. This dominancy now, however, is principally on the surface; the *Aufklärung*, as already said, has long left the underground powers that substantially function. Indeed, the classes on whom the *Aufklärung* seems still to burn are—as hinted, but leaving out of view the mentioned men of science and others who have simply inherited and now keep up the action—those of the clergy and, their *clientèle*, the women. That is the last fuel—these are the last billets. Why the clergy and the women are belated, it will not be difficult to conjecture. We have indicated great general motive powers that, historically, operate universally; but we can readily realize to ourselves the circumstances of position that left the clergy and the women, as a whole, comparatively untouched. That is no longer the case; and that it is no longer the case is, publicly and privately, the prevailing nuisance now. To listen to the comically exaggerated infidelity and red republicanism of our women may amuse; but to sit

under those serene intelligences in the pulpit who are smilingly superior to orthodoxy is, at least, to fidget with uneasiness. They, with their clients, whatever our feelings may be, are indeed about the whole outer support that, in the way of *audience*, is now left the *Aufklärung*. They are the greediest readers of whatever expositors of the *Aufklärung*—"men of science" or others—still from time to time appear. They alone, or almost alone, buy the books of these expositors, and what a roaring trade among them these last drive! Only what denies their own business can seem to the priests "advanced" now; and that alone they accept—that alone they empty their pockets for—let it come from Germany or from wherever it may! The tendency to sensuous pictures has, with the other influence, made all the great truths of religion inconceivable; and so it is that the story-tellers of science, especially in view of the turn which, religiously or metaphysically, they give their stories, become our priests to our priests now. It is under the control of these priests of the priests that we are expected to see now-a-days, not only the *middle* of existence (science), but the Creation and the Day of Judgment, the *beginning* and the *end*, as well. The priests themselves, facts being looked at, largely admit as much; and it is they, in great part, who are responsible for a clique of sciolists that unnaturally, considering its acquirements, is largely dominant at present. What a changed church thirty, twenty, ten years have made! The church itself has opened its eyes to see, with the sciolists, "crass superstitions" in what it is only left for Philosophy to see the central and abiding truths of the universe. The complaints we hear, therefore, about materialism in the world are at least so far idle, as it is largely the complainants themselves who have themselves to blame for it. If the scientist rises from his retorts and his crucibles into the prophet and the hierophant, he has been well encouraged thereto. There are many scientists who are not by any means sciolists indeed; but surely a large section of them produce only illustrated story-books at present. They write to please—they dance a tight-rope of their own—they seek effect, effulgency, iridescence. Accordingly, in room of the old rubbish of the past, it is their pictures that are now alone received:

pictures they are, so said, of the middle, pictures of the beginning, pictures of the end. For the "old rubbish" seems largely rubbish in these days quite as much to the priest as ever it was rubbish to the Aufgeklärter. And so it is that the scientists must be declared in relation to the priests eminently ungrateful. Practically, the priests not only resign their main function to the scientists, but, as we have said, they even buy their books! Yet the scientists ignore this: they still treat the priests as their natural enemies, and not a drop of ink do they shed but will prove, they hope, so much poison to them. What will they say to that, now? What the priests will say to it, is ever present to the thoughts of the enlightened scientist, let him be engaged on what he may. When he tells you, for instance, that there are to be found the bones of men in the world who must have existed thousands of years before the Creation, he looks you in the face with the smile that intimates as clearly as the tongue could: How will you take that? There seems, indeed, but a single rush now-a-days on the part of all the naturally belated ones—a rush to the feet of the scientist, who has become the prophet, the hierophant. He, then, may wield the unexpected crosier in his hand a little more mercifully. He need not be so very hard on the priest. Why, openly or covertly, all these "digs" at him? The priest no longer deserves his wrath—hardly any longer his envy. The priest is very humble now; he licks the feet of the scientist; he follows his shadow. The scientist is right, he says to himself; it is "rubbish," and I and the rest have been all wrong. So he gets him into his pulpit, and declares—declares—well, declares the Aufklärung! The divinity in the universe, God's grace, and man's struggles—these are antiquated, effete, obsolete, dull, and uninteresting. The old fables pall: they are dead. Let us have the new fables, the pictorial stories for children on the part of the scientists.

What a strange change! The world, from Pierre Abelard onwards, seemed to be pretty much divided among Doctors of Theology, Subtle, Seraphic, Ineffable, and other; but behold it now at the foot of an Olympus, on which there sit with the airs of gods some half dozen scientists. There they are, no longer merely privileged men to feed us with the bread of

time—stars, and plants, shells, and all that—but actual gods to unveil to us the mysteries of eternity. Each in his own way, too! The revelation of the physiologist, for example, is not quite that of the physicist; they differ rather, and exchange a fisty-cuff or two. Still they agree in their pretensions: each of them regards his own specialty as for general human kind the summary and surrogate of all science, all philosophy, all religion—the only Bible.

There are those of them who, principally, as intimated, would explain the beginning; and it is conceived by them as a welter of matter, in a welter of conditions, through a welter of space, under a welter of a time. Here is a good deal already “to the fore”—the beginning—by no inconsiderable amount of ready-wrought material already begun; but there is no need to think of that. In the midst of the welters a nebula forms. How, why, whence, we are not obliged to tell; but the nebula is the beginning: that out of the welter (chaos), or just say out of nothing, is the *first*, and it already holds within it all that follows. So in all that follows in things as they are, there is no difficulty. Had you but a glass strong enough, you would be able to discover in the nebula its whole future—not only suns, planets, satellites, &c., but actually the entire fauna and flora of the next universe, nay, the identical Pope’s toe, presumably, that in the new system will be kissed a million years hence; for in the nebula, potentially, all already is. It is here, however, that the scientist is obliged to have a spar with the physicist proper. For, while the former holds that the clash of the solids which ends a system is but a return to the initial nebula with all the original possibilities, the latter, with no little pride, and with very considerable austerity of emphasis, asserts that all matter will yet be a dead cold lump in the centre of infinite space, and that that, thenceforth and forever, will be existence. *That* through all eternity! A very pretty *existence* truly! Infinite matter, in infinite space, in infinite time: what a very useful time, what a very useful space, what a very useful matter! The contriver of them, too, the Maker, Creator, how very admirable! For, indeed, we cannot conceive that even matter alone, that even space alone, nay, that even time alone—that all or any of them could come by *chance*.

But, be this as it may, it is now another of them "takes up the wondrous tale," and perorates eloquently about matter, somehow of itself, becoming organized—somehow of itself assuming life—somehow of itself rising, and rising through motion and feeling and passion, to will and consciousness. For the organic only *issues* from the inorganic. Make *flow* only *slow* enough, says the wonderful Dr. Strauss, and you will *see* the issue: its name is Bathybius? Or, to put it otherwise, it is easy to account for all that is organic simply by *natural* stress of the pre-conditions of what is inorganic. And thus all sense of sin and shame, of justice and injustice—all thinking and considering—all intellectual employment—is but a *mechanical* consequence of the involuntary action of mere matter in its own native conditions and qualities!

After all, what a pity the full force of this is not seen. If all that is *internal* is but a *consequence* of the peculiar nature of what is *external*, then, evidently, for an explanation absolute—fulfilled philosophy at length—it is to what is external we have alone to turn. It is the important element—it is *the* element—in it alone lies the whole problem, mystery, secret wonder. What then, whence then, why then, the mere *elements* of externality? What is time? Whence is time? Why is time? So of space. One wonders why there should be such a thing as space. Would the scientist but really begin his problem, and only tell us! That would, indeed, be to do a service, and much better than to "rile" the priest, or our own poor selves, with our "hoigh and moighty" religions and moralities. Just consider, in comparison, these tales of the whale or the giraffe—or the Loves of the Feathers—or take the story of the Fur! It is the story of how, when we assumed the erect position, and placed our abdominal regions in the sun, their original fur (the hair) retreated, like snow before the heat, into the shelter of our two or three natural crutches—where it still remains. That the snow or fur should have largely left back as well as belly, seeing that the former must have been even more exposed to the sun when we walked on all-fours, is due, as anyone may understand, to the exigencies of *position*. When the body rose, the fur fell. Why, in that case, it keeps its hold, and remains undis-solved, or free from falling, on the giddiest height and most

exposed spot of all, the top of the head—that, too, is plain—plain as the necessity of thatch for the roof. Or, for that part, we may grant the difficulty, and, though the entire argument shall have been then vitiated, the politeness of the reader will readily re-establish it again in consideration of our—"great candor"!

Ah, and the story of that other, too! We are all of us—plants, animals, and sponges—the whole kith and kin of us—one, one in a single unity: we are all one and the same in protoplasm, and thought is but a—"contraction"! The universe is not a rational many that rises into the unity of its own self-reflexion or self-reflection, in a thinking being. There is no such gradation. Space is a vacancy of chance; through which time strikes by chance; where there are nebulæ by chance; which nebulæ have laws by chance; and, by virtue of these laws, grow, in their unkempt meshes, here the parasite of an elephant, and there the parasite of a man; till all *naturally* falls to pieces again, and the same job is, once more, to be done over:

"The creature's at its dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of its thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!"

We do not wonder at water, a thing so different, resulting from hydrogen and oxygen; why, then, for any reason of difference, should we wonder at *life* resulting from hydrogen and oxygen *plus* nitrogen and carbon? Ah, the irrefragable logic! Because there is darkness there, it is quite plain that there must be light here. But do we not, then, wonder at the darkness there—that water, this such and such liquid, should result from these such and such, so different gases? Or, are we unable to see—"divide et impera" says Strauss—by means of "insensible degrees," the gases thicker and thicker till the said water is nothing new, nothing different? On touch of an electric spark, there shall be no *instantaneous* wink together of ever so *much* AIR into ever so *little* WATER—there shall be no *sudden* new and altogether *different* qualitative ganglion? Ah, the genesis of water is so and so, and why should not the genesis of consciousness be so and so—a mere result of molecular chemistry? Slowness of change, insensible degrees, *divide et impera*—these are the

categories that render all easy to us. "The enormous progress," says the keen-eyed, and not by any means facile, Dr. Strauss, "becomes intelligible to us when we split it up into a countless number of imperceptibly small progresses Infinitely minute steps, and infinitely vast periods: these are the two magical words by which natural science now solves the enigma of the universe."

It is worth while actually observing, at the same time, the real nature of the expedient by which the manipulators of all these wonders secure for themselves success, or the show of success. These men would reduce all to daily life and what goes familiarly on around us—just to the finite world of common sense which we see and feel. *But this they cannot do without the aid of the infinite—the infinite which they neither feel nor see—which they disown—which they believe themselves to have vanished!* Invisible changes, insensible changes, infinitesimal degrees—that is, infinite division, infinite continuation—in short, the INFINITE is indispensable to them. To make all finite, even in their own sober common-sense hands, the *infinite* is the very rod of the "magic" they expressly claim. To get the infinite *continuation*, too, they are obliged to have recourse to infinite *division*; and are quite unaware that they have brought together two direct opposites. "Infinitely minute steps, and infinitely vast periods: these are the two magical words by which natural science now solves the enigma of the universe": then to render the unintelligible at once intelligible, we have only to follow this prescription: "Split it up into a *countless* number of *imperceptible* smalls!" When we say, "*imperceptible*," &c., have we not simply shut our eyes, and granted the problem? Yet with what an earnest face of grave conviction the meek Dr. Strauss inculcates all this! Positively, it is scarcely possible to imagine that an intellect adjusted to so very misty a focus ever got to vision even of the integument of Hegel.

If the scientists who think with Dr. Strauss here will but consider it, they will see also that the infinite they have been obliged to call in concerns quantity alone, and from quantity alone they will never develop quality. To that, measure at least is necessary. Accordingly, the operation before them,

when actually looked at, is not any single smooth nerve of uniform continuity, but an irregular and unequal chain of ganglia, all more or less connected certainly, but each instantaneously itself, and of quality peculiar to itself and distinct from the rest. Water does not pass by insensible degrees into steam in the one direction, nor by insensible degrees into ice in the other direction: it is at once ice; it is at once steam. Each is a ganglion of quality absolutely its own; and it arose at once, and at once inexplicably. No infinitesimal division, make it of what order you please—no absolutely infinite division will ever lead so gradually to such a change as this, that you have no difficulty in understanding it all, in actually *seeing* it all. And yet it were sufficiently worthy of wonder, for all that, how insensible degrees *could* convert difference into identity (for that is the problem)—a wonder that might lead to the thought: What have I done by the *insensibility*, the *invisibility*? Have I not thereby simply made the change *inexplicable* at the very moment that I fancied I was making it as plain and easy as a pike-staff? In truth, I have done all that I ridicule in others: I explain only by what is unperceived and unknown, by what is simply a veil over the *fact*, by what then is mysterious and to me supernatural. Red, yellow, and blue: it is impossible to explain either of these three in the spectrum by any insensibility of gradation among them. Life and death are not separated simply by insensible degrees: each is itself, and a wholly other to its wholly other. Similar contradistinguished ganglia are sleep and its opposite, and there is a similarly qualitative instantaneousness between them. Mechanism, chemism, vitality, consciousness: these are four stages, four different levels, four successive ascents; and not one of all the four can be explained by insensible transition from the others or any other. The whole character of chemism is different from that of mechanism, as that of vitality, for its part, differs essentially from that of both. Thought, again, is absolutely itself, “not Lancelot, nor another.” Each character is a new power; and, even grant matter to be the substratum or basis of all (and what that may mean demands a determination of its own), the series is a teleological one: it is a series with an idea in it, an idea

that can never be accounted for by the nature of the constituents of the stages themselves. Chemism controls, sublates mechanism and life both. No acid, no alkali, can act on the living stomach as they respectively act on the dead one. Pick up the terminal cushion of your finger, which you may have just accidentally sliced off, and wipe it: the fibre ends do not fall, and remain, in the direction which the cloth impresses on them, as they would if dead; rather they bristle up against the cloth, and resist it. *They assert themselves*: they do not simply *repeat*, like an *effect* in the mechanical world, the import, the meaning, the pressure or motion that was contained in the *cause*, the cloth. Similarly my ego cannot be conceived as a mere flame that issues, naturally as it were, from the simple disposition of my body: in that case, it would be a consequence, nothing else; it could not react against the body, as an independent power, on its own side, and in its own right. But my ego does react against the body, and precisely as such power: it is no mere consequence or inoperative result that just obeys: my ego controls my body; gives laws to it; can inflict disease on what is sound, and restore to health what is unsound. Here is a woman with a red, swelled, painful ankle—the very tissues seemingly affected: a pleasing letter arrives, and the one foot is as sound as the other in a marvellously short space of time.

Naturalists, then, ought to think of these characteristic differences, and of their plainly teleological or ideal—of their certainly non-material connections or relations. It is our right to demand that they should take these things into account, and that they should become sensible of what they themselves do when they resort to what they ridicule in others—the infinite. And such infinite, such inexplicable, such supernatural, such *salto* more than *mortale*, is the *step* that is really actual under the cloak of darkness they so innocently hold up as a lens of light—*insensible* degrees. The *step*—let it be as small as you please—between quality and quality, is really a chasm infinite. What is, is immense system of qualitative ganglia, each itself and no other.

Influences, similarly conditioned, and in the same general direction on the priests and others, we find in our popular

psychologists, who, in their road to externality, fall naturally on sensation; from which, then, they would deduce all, forgetting that they have, in this manner, accepted at the hands of the unknown an infinite chaos, absolutely unexplained, and vastly more inexplicable than thought, reason itself. These, too, are "advanced thinkers," and have seats on Olympus, by no means the lowest.

The physicists proper, though, on the whole, but hovering, as it were, distantly and doubtfully, only on the outskirts of the common Olympus, are, in effect and in their own department, no less hierophantic and prophetic as respects claims and character than their fellows of the other sciences. It is they who are the eloquent expounders of the disasters that would have befallen the whole universe, had the shadow really retrograded on the dial of Ahaz. But what they are proudest of, the one tall feather which they continually flutter and flirt is (as has, indeed, been already matter of allusion) their *ability to predict the future of the whole physical universe*.* The final state of the universe, they declare, will be an aggregation of all its matter in one mass of a uniform temperature, in the centre of space—wherever that may be. This is their feather, and it is truly wonderful how jauntily they wear it. They have acquired the most enormous general and special accomplishments—the most enormous mathematical powers—and through years of the most abstruse labor; they carry the weight of a Newton, of a Leibnitz, in their skulls, and the result is this—that feather! A feather, too, that is quite capable of scientific subversion. It is no wonder that a power of reasoning so severely simple, a scientific sense so easily pleased and satisfied, should hate, literally hate the metaphysician, whom physicists liken to one of those miserable "indigènes qui habitent l'Amérique septentrionale, ou de ces animaux sauvages, bêtes farouches

* What follows in the text has its supports in a certain French weekly publication, from the title of which I may quote as follows:—"Revue des Cours Scientifiques de la France et de l'Etranger. Sommaire du N^o. 18: Université d'Edinbourg.—Philosophie Naturelle.—Cours de M. P. G. Thit: Les Caractères d'une véritable science. 1869-1870."—Of course, it is to be understood that, in signaling the influence of pictures and the *Aufklärung* on science, there is not the slightest wish to throw even a shadow of disrespect on science itself, or the great men who at present represent it.

du désert"! Positively these are their own words, and, in regard to these "misérables," they follow them up by the very natural query and reply: "Quel objet remplissent-ils dans le plan gigantesque de la création! C'est ce qu'il serait malaisé de dire. Incapables par eux mêmes d'aucun progrès, et rebelles de leur nature à toute influence civilisatrice, ils fuient devant le colon civilisé; et lorsque la contrée qu'ils habitaient est entièrement cultivée, ils ont disparu sans laisser d'eux la moindre trace." Whewell is undoubtedly a great writer, and we very certainly owe him a debt of gratitude. Sincere pity, then, is our only feeling when we see that he must be held responsible for these deplorable results of his own insufficient German. It lies on the very surface of every page (we may almost say) of Hegel, that gravitation was the one great external fact—to him, indeed, the very nature of body as body, the very idea of matter as matter: yet, *mirabile dictu*, Whewell told his brethren that Hegel denied gravitation, as another prodigious mathematician told them that Hegel thought it incorrect to throw out *dxdy*, and had a calculus of his own in refutation and supercession of those of all others? These are monstrous mistakes, and they rest on monstrous ignorance; but even in exhibiting the penalty of mere quotation, as above, we really feel pity; for we know that very genuinely great men are here almost innocently implicated—led away by the authority of some, or practised on by the conceit of others.

We do not wonder, then, that mathematicians who have been so erroneously, but on their part excusably, incensed against Hegel, should regard all metaphysicians as "animaux sauvages" and "bêtes farouches." Still we may almost pardonably raise our eyes, perhaps to find, after Hegel, Plato brought forward as the one proof most signally in place. "N'est-il pas vrai que," we quote from the same publication in French as before, "de nos jours encore, les livres de Platon peuvent être placés au nombre des ouvrages les plus profonds que les hommes aient jamais écrits sur les sujets dont traitent? [whereas] où sont maintenant, au contraire, Euclide et Archimède?" The argument here plainly is, metaphysicians are mere wild animals that, rebellious in themselves and incapable of improvement, ought to be extirpated: look

at Plato, the biggest and strongest of the whole ugly troop of them, is he not still the biggest and strongest after more than two thousand years? Whereas we—why, where are such men as Euclid and Archimedes now? Nowhere!

No doubt, it is all very crushing; but, in the first place, is it not a little contradictory? We were told, a moment ago, that it was the Platos who disappeared before the Euclids, without leaving of themselves “la moindre trace”; and now it is the Euclids who disappear and the Platos who persist! Nay, it is the distinction of the Euclids that they disappear: it is the disgrace of the Platos that they persist!

Very curiously, too, despite a word of Kant, metaphysic, or philosophy, actually congratulates itself on the position, and even presumes to fling back the missile: “Every philosophy, like every true work of art, comprises totality, is complete, within itself. As little as Raphael and Shakespeare would have considered the works of Apelles and Sophocles, if known to them, not kindred creations of genius, but mere preparations for themselves, so little can reason regard its earlier forms as only usefully preliminary. And if Virgil did, for himself and that refined epoch, treat Homer so, *en revanche* his work remains an imitation.” (Hegel, “Differenz,” &c.) For human advantage, it by no means appears absolutely necessary that a Swinburne should supersede a Chaucer. Philosophy, then, is content with the position; and, to reverse the missile, we have but to remind the enemy that he himself, like Archimedes, will be presently obsolete in his turn—nay, that even to-morrow he may be followed by another performer on his particular tight-rope, who, laughing, perhaps, at the stone-rattles, in the shape of comets, provided for the amusement of the sun, and at that marvellously prolific scale of the smashed tortoise that carries the crocodile, that carries the elephant, that carries the earth (but this is ironical?), will declare the disappearance of heat (energy) from the system as an unfortunate delusion and an unaccountable mistake. We ourselves can say this now: “If all energy *must* end, why *has it not ended?* The infinitude of the past gives the same possibility of an end in the past, as the infinitude of the future the possibility of an end in the future. Energy,

then, has either begun or always been. If *begun*, the principles of the beginning, in all probability, *still are*; if *always been*, then it *always will be*." (As regards Protoplasm, new ed., p. 70:) In fact, when one hears it said of Force, "it is possible, it is even very probable, *that*, with the progress of science, the idea of it, to-day extremely useful and indispensable, will gradually lose its importance and end by being left aside useless"—when one hears this said of "Force," we say, one wonders whether the same thing will not be said, ought not to be said—why, indeed, it is not already said of "Energy." But it is to be hoped, for the sake of the physicist, that Force is no permanent category of the understanding, and that Energy, in that regard, is something in its own nature *toto cælo* different! We are told that "enterprising mathematicians" make, from all sides, incursions daily into the domains of the metaphysician, whose imminent disappearance is to be for the mathematician the loss of a source of "inexhaustible but innocent amusement"! Must the metaphysician account the forfeiture of the category of Force as resulting from some such triumphant incursion on the part of the mathematician? That were certainly something of a hardship, but how small compared with this: "In proportion as the enterprising mathematicians advance the metaphysician retires, he flees before the light, and it is difficult to see what remains to him, de quel côté il va chercher quelque heureuse veine à exploiter, maintenant que Sylvester, notre illustre mathématicien a déclaré, avec sa toute puissante autorité, que même l'Imaginaire et l'Inconcevable seront avant peu soumis à la domination des mathématiques!"

Hitherto mathematics, or physics, have placed what we may call their very stroke of business, their very *coup de grâce*, against metaphysics in derision of the Imaginary and the Inconceivable as all that was left metaphysics. After all, then, the Imaginary and Inconceivable cannot be anything so very worthless, seeing the rapturous chuckle manifested by mathematics and physics when offered the slightest chance of making such categories theirs! I wonder if mathematics will set to work to "observe" the "Inconceivable" and "experiment" on the "Imaginary"! What has become of "fact," conjoined with "calculation" on fact alone? One is

curious to see "irresistible analysis" actually employed on "inductions" of the "Imaginary"—one is curious to see an actual "calculus" of the "Inconceivable"! I do hope, however, that his own good sense, to say nothing of his metaphysics, will save the great man mentioned from false conclusions against space in consequence of curves whose very condition is space, and that nothing on earth will ever tempt him to try to prove that there are in space *all* directions and — *some others!* Here, truly, were an unexpected establishment of "*De omnibus rebus et — quibusdam aliis!*"

It is rather pleasing, at the same time, to watch the mathematicians, from the uncertain outskirts of Olympus, *boulder* at the more firmly seated scientists. Physics and mathematics have as good a right to be seen as any of the others;—nay, theirs is the superior hierophancy, the superior prophecy, and they will assert it. Accordingly, as we have seen, they are never done bragging about their ability to prove the "non-permanence de l'état de choses actuellement existant sur notre globe"—to predict, eschatologically, the end of all things "par la transformation finale de l'énergie tout entière dans sa forme kinétique la plus dégradée"; and then they speak as follows: "Il y a quelques années, les écoles de Lyell et de Darwin nous avaient étrangement surpris et presque effrayés [metaphysics dare not talk of being *effrayés*—it is unscientific], en exigeant de notre crédulité les plus invraisemblables concessions, au sujet du temps qui s'est écoulé depuis la première apparition d'êtres vivants sur notre globe... Darwin a besoin de ces énormes durées (trois cents millions d'années depuis la fin de la période secondaire) pour soutenir jusqu'au bout sa théorie, et il est naturellement ravi de trouver une autorité aussi importante que celle de Lyell toute disposée à les lui accorder... Les géologues se figurent qu'ils ont le monopole de ces sujets-là... Malheureusement, la philosophie naturelle a eu aussi son mot à dire—a déjà démontré, par trois preuves physiques complètes et indépendantes, l'impossibilité d'admettre l'existence de pareilles périodes... et l'on peut dire, comme conclusion, que dès aujourd'hui la philosophie naturelle a démontré que la durée passée maximum de la vie animale sur notre globe peut être approximativement évaluée à quelques dizaines, à une cinquantaine peut être de millions

d'années, tout au plus ; et que les progrès ultérieurs de notre science n'élèveront jamais cette estimation, mais tendrant au contraire probablement à la restreindre de plus en plus. Le professeur Huxley a essayé naguère d'invalider la valeur de cette conclusion ; mais sa tentative a échoué complètement." And thus has natural philosophy placed its little "mot" and emitted its protest against the "monopole" of the scientist: it is to be hoped that the latter will conciliate, and that the pair may be yet seen making common cause for all that, if only for a season !

Perhaps, indeed, as concerns the above ratiocination of natural philosophy, it may be possible to say that all this is already altered now ; but, if so, then—as sometimes happens in other cases when mathematics would make a show of such objection—all the stronger are we. But, passing that, and taking the statements for permanent facts, it is not unpleasant for mere lookers-on, metaphysical or other, to observe these differences among the prophets, the hierophants, themselves. We may say more, indeed ; we may compare statement with statement—perhaps to the extinction of the whole business. Thus we may adduce, in immediate reference to what is directly above, the fact that the Philologists are, for their part, quite certain that man and his world have existed *as they are now* not less (probably much more) than ten thousand years. Here is a space of ten thousand years at least during which men spoke, spiders span, and bees hived honey—without a change. Are we to suppose, then, that for ten thousand years, and probably much more, bees, spiders, and men, have remained the same, but in only five thousand times that space of time (which is the very maximum that natural philosophy will allow), or even much less than that (as natural philosophy is not indisposed to think likely), spiders and their webs, bees and their hives, peacocks and their tails, swallows and their nests, elephants and their trunks, snails and their shells, turtles and their cases, stags and their horns, horses and their hoofs, snakes and their skins, men and their houses, whales and their blubber—"Finner whales," "Indian figs," and "Californian pines," have all had time to grow gradually out of one another, and out of the primitive protoplasm, that did itself grow (after how long one knows

not) out of its initial pool of smelling-salts, which, moreover, in the first instance, had to get itself together?

And this is what pictures have to answer for — pictures, and the *Aufklärung*, that began with the ways and wives of David!

With such ample illustration on the topic before us from scientists and priests, we shall, on the part of "Government officials," merely refer to many political programmes which must be within the recollection of the majority of readers.

Passing these, then, and assuming *Aufklärung* and *Aufklärerei* to be once for all before us, we ask now: Of all this, is not Mr. Buckle a striking and manifest exemplar? What has been already said, indeed, is probably sufficient proof in place; but it may be well to add a few other instances, just to bring all home again.

In this connection, for example, we have already seen Mr. Buckle's horror of war; and cannot wonder at the grave satisfaction with which he further points out that the Crimean war was not produced by any civilized interests, and only concerned Turkey and Russia, the two most barbarous nations in Europe. Mr. Buckle, had he lived, might not have been able to say precisely the same thing, but he, no doubt, would have said something equally cogent of France, Austria, and Italy; of Southern States and Northern States, of Germany and Denmark, of Prussia and Austria, of Prussia and France. There is no reason for believing that he would have ceased to find air for himself in those grave and highly musical expatiations on the swiftly approaching extinction of everything military among us, the base of his conviction, probably (even despite Dr. Cumming and the "Coming Struggle"), being the present state of "moralists and divines," who "have pursued their vocation for centuries without producing the least effect in lessening the frequency of war."

To the same effect are Mr. Buckle's views on race. He clinches Mr. Mill's representation of "race" as "a vulgar mode of escaping from difficulties" with the solemnly sapient remark, which, at the same time, is one of Mr. Buckle's own very specially favorite categories, "it may or may not exist, but has never been proved."

His rejection of any hereditary derivation of qualities, and

his anxiety to have it believed that savage and civilized start with equal natural advantages, follow in a like direction.

His bearing both to the aristocracy and the vulgar shows a slight edge in his remarking, that, in consequence of the interests of the former and the prejudices of the latter, "neither the highest nor the lowest ranks are fit to conduct the government of a civilized country."

This, too, is in place here: "Men who have worked themselves to so extravagant a pitch, as to believe that it is any honor to have had one ancestor who came over with the Normans, and another ancestor who was present at the first invasion of Ireland,—men who have reached this ecstasy of the fancy," &c.; and, in quoting it simply as characteristically suggestive, we are not sorry to confess our own private sparkle of the eye in approbation, though, I dare say, we should all find such feelings very natural in our own case, however extravagant of pitch and ecstatic of fancy in that of others.

We wonder because we are ignorant and we fear because we are weak . . . While the fabric of superstition was thus tottering . . . The higher order of minds are approaching what is probably the ultimate form of the religious history of the human race . . . Theological interests have long ceased to be supreme . . . Sir W. Hamilton notices the decline of British theology, though he appears ignorant of the cause of it . . . Skepticism, which is now gathering in upon us from every quarter . . . the great principle of skepticism, has chastised the despotism of princes, has restrained the arrogance of the nobles, and has even diminished the prejudices of the clergy . . . by it alone can religious bigotry be effectually destroyed . . . In religion the skeptic steers a middle course between atheism and orthodoxy, rejecting both extremes because he sees that both are incapable of proof . . . Progress is the—shaking off ancient superstitions.

These are trifles, but they may contribute to suggest the historical note in question; and it is with the same view that we shall continue to allow ourselves one and another miscellaneous allusion.

Mr. Buckle has a philosophical contempt for the "reverence of antiquity." Then, faith being darkness, and doubt the only light, we do not wonder at him describing a period of darkness and crime as existing for five hundred years after the destruction of the Roman Empire—under the absolute despotism of the clergy. Where nature is powerful, it seems, there the imagination is stimulated, and we have these horrid phantoms "reverence" and "superstition." This is why Spain

and Portugal excel Germany and England in imagination! It is also the reason of their being priest-ridden. Mr. Buckle considers "the main cause of human actions" to be "extremely variable," but not morals. Of seven propositions, such as "To do good to others," "to restrain your passions," "to honor your parents," he says: "these, and a few others, are the essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books, which moralists and theologians have been able to produce." With this conviction, Mr. Buckle does not hesitate to stigmatize it as "gross ignorance or wilful fraud" to attribute to Christianity any addition morally. He seems to believe that German philosophy, which "displays a disregard of traditional opinions" is with him here; but that is not so—German philosophy, finding an infinite significance, moral and other, in Christianity, does not even disregard traditional opinions. On the contrary, the traditional is to German philosophy largely the objective deposit of reason; and what it disregards, as but too often the product of mere subjective vanity and emptiness, is the know-better and make-better of such enlightened cosmopolites as Mr. Buckle. This, unless German philosophy shall not have superseded the *Aufklärung*, but be due to Frederick the Second's Frenchmen! Mr. Buckle's conviction is perfect, however, and it is in such a state of mind that he speaks of Kant as "probably the deepest thinker of the 18th century," because, presumably, he (Kant) "clearly saw that no argument drawn from the external world could prove the existence of a first cause." We indefinitely protest; but we proceed to the other suggestion as regards how illustrative it is that Mr. Buckle should favor Frenchmen. England, we take leave to assume, is to Mr. Buckle all that is really greatest in the world. So, all the more touching it is that he should be magnanimous to France. "Few Englishmen of the present day," he says, "will be so presumptuous as to suppose that we possess any native and inherent superiority over the French"; and then, with the drolly equivocal compliment of the man who lifted the dwarf across the gutter, he, whisperingly, appeals to us, "It is invidious to compare Shakespeare and Corneille!" More seri-

ously, however, he talks of "superstition checked" in France. "This great country," he tells us, "is free from superstition," is not "protective ecclesiastically," is perhaps "less oppressed by superstition than any other," &c. "How superficial is the opinion that the Protestant religion is necessarily more liberal than the Catholic"! "Catholic France has not the odious superstition of the Scotch and Swedes." When the superior religion is fixed among an inferior people, its superiority is no longer seen": in Scotland, "there is more bigotry, more superstition, and more thorough contempt for the religion of others, than there is in France." "How idle, then, to attribute the civilization to the creed!" Religion, therefore, is not in itself a criterion of progress: the inferior people may have the superior creed, and the Scotch are below the French!

Mr. Buckle, consistently, thinks "missionaries impotent." "All in a nation," according to him, "depends on the duration, the amount, and, above all, the diffusion of its skepticism." "Doubt" is the one grand criterion of all civilization in peoples or in individuals. The history of "emancipation from orthodoxy," this is the true history. "No country can rise to eminence so long as the ecclesiastical power possesses much authority." Mr. Buckle is touchingly characteristic when he speaks of that single thing which is to him darkness, and the only darkness—belief—as "shared not merely by men of an average education, but by men of considerable ability." His astonishment is naive. On the contrary, he exclaims, "a most important point indeed was gained when the bigot became a hypocrite," and "well-intending ignorance is more mischievous than selfish ignorance." It is pleasant to hear Mr. Buckle refer, in his big way, to the rainbow as "that singular phenomenon with which, in the eyes of the vulgar, some theological superstitions are still connected"; and not less so his mitigated allusion to that "fanaticism rather than superstition," "that grave and measured skepticism" (!) of the Cromwellian Independents, whom, as soldiers of liberty and levellers of classes, he cannot find it in his heart to reject, notwithstanding their "many sermons." Alas for Oxford, which "has always been esteemed as the refuge of superstition, and which has preserved to our own

day its unenviable fame!" Is it not vexing to think that Mr. Buckle did not survive "Essays and Reviews," and the consequent glorious obliteration of the reproach? Henri Quatre is a great favorite with Mr. Buckle, and for merits which, in his eyes, it would certainly be difficult to match: he was "the first who dared to change his religion, not in consequence of any theological arguments, but on the broad and notorious ground of political expediency"; and again, "he had already changed his religion twice, and he did not hesitate to change it a third time." Had "this great monarch" remained at last a Protestant the verdict might have been different, for the reason of our unprejudiced Aufgeklärter is necessarily with the Catholics and against the Huguenots: one can hear in his pages the sigh of relief to his fears when the French Calvinists fail. Of our own Charles the Second, it is now our duty to think well: his is "a period whose true nature seems to me to have been grievously misunderstood," for under him "spiritual tyranny" and "territorial tyranny" were "curbed." As for James the Second, "we ought never to forget, that the first and only time the Church of England has made war upon the crown, was when the crown had declared its intention of tolerating, and in some degree protecting, the rival religions of the country!" The reign of William the Third is "a reign often aspersed and little understood": it tended to foster secular rather than ecclesiastical ability, and to check the "superstitious classes." In regard to George the Third and his bigotry, we have this: "This disastrous reaction, from the effects of which England has, perhaps, barely recovered, has never been studied with anything like the care its importance demands; indeed, it is so little understood, that no historian has traced the opposition between it and that great intellectual movement of which I have just sketched an outline." Gibbon is thus alluded to: "The important and unrefuted statements of Gibbon in his 15th and 16th chapters"; and Moses—"the historical value of the writings of Moses is abandoned by all enlightened men, even among the clergy themselves." How soft Mr. Buckle is to the Catholics as opposed to the Protestants we have already seen, and it but results from the same spirit that he should be very tender to "that great religion" of that "great apos-

tle," Mahomet. Richelieu, though a priest, was untheological, and, accordingly, he is boundlessly eulogized as a greater man than Napoleon. Mr. Buckle cannot agree with M. Comte in his estimate of Bossuet; but, prostrating the latter in the very mud beneath the feet of Voltaire, he finds "everything on a great scale in the intellect" of the last — "the greatest historian," &c. &c.

All this cannot leave much doubt as regards Mr. Buckle's relations to the *Aufklärung*, and we shall now conclude the case by referring to his deliverances in this connection with respect to Charron and Descartes.

In "the celebrated *Treatise on Wisdom* by Charron, we find," says Mr. Buckle, "for the first time an attempt made in a modern language to construct a system of morals without the aid of theology." "Charron was evidently deeply impressed with the importance of the undertaking," and his book is praised for "the gravity with which it was written." "There is about the work a systematic completeness which never fails to attract attention." Charron, Mr. Buckle opines, "rose to an elevation which, to Montaigne, would have been inaccessible"; and then he proceeds as follows:

Taking his stand, as it were, on the summit of knowledge, he boldly attempts to enumerate the elements of wisdom, and the conditions under which those elements will work. In the scheme which he thus constructs, he entirely omits theological dogmas; and he treats with undissembled scorn many of those conclusions which the people had hitherto universally received. He reminds his countrymen that their religion is the accidental result of their birth and education, and that if they had been born in a Mohammedan country they would have been as firm believers in Mohammedanism as they then were in Christianity. From this consideration he insists on the absurdity of their troubling themselves about the variety of creeds, seeing that such variety is the result of circumstances over which they have no control. Also it is to be observed, that each of these different religions declares itself to be the true one, and all of them are equally based upon supernatural pretensions, such as mysteries, miracles, prophets, and the like. It is because men forget these things, that they are the slaves of that confidence which is the great obstacle to all real knowledge, and which can only be removed by taking such a large and comprehensive view as will show us how all nations cling with equal zeal to the tenets in which they have been educated. And, says Charron, if we look a little deeper, we shall see that each of the great religions is built upon that which preceded it. Thus, the religion of the Jews is founded upon that of the Egyptians; Christianity is the result of Judaism; and from these two last there has naturally sprung Mohammedanism. We therefore, adds this great writer, should rise above the pretensions of hostile sects, and, without being terrified by the fear of future punishment, or allured by the hope of future happiness, we should be content with such prac-

tical religion as consists in performing the duties of life; and, uncontrolled by the dogmas of any particular creed, we should strive to make the soul retire inward upon itself, and by the effects of its own contemplation admire the ineffable grandeur of the Being of beings, the Supreme Cause of all created things.

These "sentiments," Mr. Buckle himself tells us, represent "the skeptical and secular spirit," and thus allows us to point the lesson as regards the *Aufklärung*. If the reader will but take the trouble to separate and name them to himself, he will find the quotation to contain certainly the chief cries that are most characteristic of the movement in question; and we shall not repeat them. According to Mr. Buckle, to scorn and pity the popular creed is to "take stand on the summit of knowledge"; and to give variously voice to this is to "enumerate the elements of wisdom." Man has reached his pinnacle when, on all particular religions alike, he *looks down*! Mr. Buckle asks nothing of us but that. To obtain his entire approbation and be warmly welcomed into the little band of perfectly enlightened brothers, we have only to profess that—without one word more! But is positive religion, then, such a dreadful thing? What, on the very lowest ground that we can take—what of the "magistrate," whom Gibbon's reflection could consider, but not Mr. Buckle's? If *I* am all that there is to sanction my own morals, and there is over them no authority absolute, then I fear the principles of them may become ever so little movable, and I myself perhaps not a little troublesome to said magistrate. Nay, is positive religion so very false a thing, let it be local, let it be temporary, let it be derivative in its own forms the one from the other? Perhaps religion is a whole—perhaps, myths, dogmas, tenets, however absurd superficially to the enlightened, are not only substantially true but *the* substantial truths of the universe, and that, taken into the common mind in what externality of expression they may, they really do function there in the internality of their meaning. Aye, and perhaps, after all, the Bible with all its Gardens of Eden, and Dials of Ahaz, and Miracles of the Swine, and repellant crassitudes of contradictory ideas when externally brought together, is in very truth the Bible, and reveals to us the religion ultimate? Perhaps it is not the whole of wisdom only to hate what Mr. Buckle hates?

When one hears Mr. Buckle praise Charron so heartily for his contribution to the common cry, one is sorry that, as he does not mention it, that very text-book of the *Aufklärung*, Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, transparent, fluent, full, as it is, should have "escaped" him. But Mr. Buckle is even heartier in his praises of Descartes than in his praises of Charron. It is thus that he speaks of the former :

In still higher a department . . . a man greater than Richelieu . . . I speak of René Descartes, of whom the least that can be said is that he effected a revolution more decisive than has ever been brought about by any other single mind He deserves the gratitude of posterity, not so much on account of what he built up, as on account of what he pulled down. His life was one great and successful warfare against the prejudices and traditions of men. He was great as a creator, but he was far greater as a destroyer . . . He was the great reformer and liberator of the European intellect. To prefer, therefore, even the most successful discoverers of physical laws to this great innovator and disturber of tradition, is just as if we should prefer knowledge to freedom, and believe that science is better than liberty. We must, indeed, always be grateful to those eminent thinkers to whose labors we are indebted for that vast body of physical truths which we now possess. But let us reserve the full measure of our homage for those far greater men who have not hesitated to attack and destroy the most inveterate prejudices; men who, by removing the pressure of tradition, have purified the very source and fountain of our knowledge, and secured its future progress by casting off obstacles in the presence of which progress was impossible.

We saw some time ago how much physicists now-a-days perhorresce metaphysicians: it is pleasant, then, just to *hear* the latter *spoken* of as superior to the former; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Buckle considers Descartes a much greater man than Newton. We, for our part, whatever favor we may cherish for metaphysics, are not of that opinion: we think Newton vastly greater than Descartes. Indeed, though we assign the same place in modern philosophy to Descartes that Mr. Buckle assigns, we cannot at all homologate his general language in the immediate reference. We find this language puzzling and perplexing rather; for it is not such as we are accustomed to on the part of the acknowledged experts in philosophy. With Descartes we undoubtedly begin any account of modern philosophy; but of him himself we do not carry within us any conception as of a man of great and unusual power. On the contrary, though he suggested the one element of the whole business, self-consciousness, we find him, so far as particulars are concerned, to deal as

well in a method as in propositions which are simple, if not to a childish, then to a child-like naïveté. He is not speculative; he is only dogmatically rationalistic, according to the criterion, "evidence so clear and distinct that it excludes doubt"; a criterion that, as understood by Descartes, is only of an interimistic, provisional, and shifting nature (what can be clearer, distincter, more beyond doubt, than that the sun moves from east to west?)—a criterion, in fact, then, that as a criterion really says nothing. Accordingly, a string of such propositions is unable to maintain itself, and breaks up, but for the exception of one or two of them, into entire disappearance. This is not so, of course, to Mr. Buckle; to him these few naively simple propositions are "lofty inquiries which can never be studied without wonder, I had almost said can never be read without awe!" In consequence of such simple sentences, in short, Mr. Buckle would have us to believe that Descartes brought about the most decisive revolution ever due to any one man. I suppose, after all, the truth is this, that Mr. Buckle knows not in any technical manner the philosophy of Descartes, but has read some of his opinions, and, above all, has heard of his "Doubt." That is it. Mr. Buckle's own words prove as much. For, according to these, Descartes warred against "prejudices and superstitions," "pulled down" rather than "built up," was a "destroyer" rather than a "creator," an "innovator," and a "disturber of tradition," &c. &c. It is the doubt, then, the Cartesian doubt, that Mr. Buckle alone thinks of; but he thinks of it as experts in philosophy do not. He sees it only as the lantern of the *Aufklärung* turned with exposure and derision on the inheritance of time; they see it as but the first step to a succession of dogmatic propositions for the most part positive, and sought as positive. It is, in fact, the "freedom" of "knowledge" Descartes would win for us, and not the freedom of doubt; and Mr. Buckle, when he opposes the two, when he opposes "knowledge" to "freedom," betrays again the ground he stands on. The "freedom" he would have is subjective freedom, not objective freedom; freedom without "knowledge," and not with it. But freedom is good only with knowledge, or for knowledge; without knowledge, it is the one evil, or the evil one.

But suppose the "revolution" named to be that of the *Aufklärung*, as is certainly most likely, why is it to be now all attributed to Descartes when our ears have not yet ceased ringing with the prior praises of Charron in the same connection? Nay, why should the revolution be attributed to any one of these men, Charron, Descartes, Richelieu, or whatever other? Is it not the faith of Mr. Buckle that all these things are but the natural fruits of time itself? No praises can be more extravagant than those heaped on Charron, Richelieu, and Descartes; yet why should they be praised, if, as Mr. Buckle asserts, the age itself had attained to the same spirit and conviction, had reached the same stage. This he tells us in so many words, and he unconditionally ascribes their "success to the general temper of the time." It is with a similar idea in his mind that he tells us, "If Sir Isaac Newton had lived in the fourth century, he would have organized a new sect, and have troubled the church with his originality"; and he intimates always that the age must of itself be ripe, and that Government, Religion, Literature, are useless else. Why, then, praise these men for what they possessed in common with their general fellows? It was not they, after all, that effected the revolution: it was simply the time itself. Having no share in the vital movement, why specially commend *words* relating thereto—of Descartes or others! Indeed, Descartes himself anxiously evaded all merit in the matter; for the fact is that, theologically, he was lily-livered and a trimmer, and sought ever to cajole the church by fawning and poltroonery. He was, nevertheless, an *Aufgeklärter*; he did, as Mr. Buckle reports, sneer at men who "believe themselves religious, when, in fact, they are bigoted and superstitious; who think themselves perfect because they go much to church, because they often repeat prayers, because they wear short hair . . . men who imagine themselves such friends of God, that nothing they do displeases Him; men who, under pretence of zeal, gratify their passions by committing the greatest crimes . . . and all this they do to those who will not change their opinions." And this is all that Mr. Buckle really sees in Descartes: it is for this alone he eulogizes him: this is the revolution *he* knows, and not the philosophical revolution *we* know.

It is here Mr. Buckle tells us: "The method of Descartes rests solely on the consciousness each man has of the operations of his own mind." On this method, then, he seems to vouchsafe his approval, and he actually declares, "nor are there any truths except those which necessarily follow from the operation of our own consciousness." Now the synonym of all this is but that right of private judgment which is the sole cause of Mr. Buckle's whole battle: we do not wonder that he cleaves to it, then, as the very object of his longing; but it is with something like stupefaction that we recollect the warmth of his previous rejection of consciousness as "merely a state or condition of the mind," as only a "boasted faculty" that is non-existent as a faculty, that is "double," &c.! Contrarieties are not by any means impediments to Mr. Buckle, it would seem. A short time ago we thought Charron had earned a good word for constructing a "system of morals"; and we may be reminded now of the fact that Mr. Buckle sets no store by morals—that he simply eliminates them. Ah, but Mr. Charron did what he did "without the aid of theology"; and that the negative, was alone what Mr. Buckle saw, perhaps, and not the positive, morals! Still, contradiction is not quite absent; and Mr. Buckle's vital opinions do at times, we may say, tumble abroad from each other. Facts are certainly not always in agreement with them, and have sometimes to soften under the influence of Mr. Buckle's private wants. Charles the Second, James the Second, French influence on Germany—no such influence on England—and many other things, Brazil, Spain, &c., must all be as pliable to wish as metaphysics, morals, and consciousness. Rabelais, too, comes prematurely into existence and crosses Mr. Buckle's tale. "No one who is well-informed as to the condition of the French early in the sixteenth century, will believe it possible that a people so sunk in superstition should delight in a writer by whom superstition is constantly attacked." Therefore Rabelais did *not* attack superstition! And he "cannot help thinking that Rabelais owes a large share of his reputation to the obscurity of his language."

The main question at present, however, is not of Mr. Buckle's inconsistency, but of Mr. Buckle's *Aufklärung*; and this we shall assume to be now established. But that

being so, then if it is true that the Aufklärung culminated in Great Britain, so far as writing is concerned, in the year 1752, when David Hume published his *Essays*, it follows that what Mr. Buckle wanted to teach in 1857 was just 105 years old. That it should be simply old may be no drawback; but that it should have been perfectly taught already at the hands of a giant, would seem to render its repetition supererogatory at the hands of Mr. Buckle. And, indeed, a very little reading of the *Essays* mentioned will supply us, not only with the universal, but with the bulk of the particular to which Mr. Buckle's big book and big manner introduce us. We shall illustrate this by the example of a few passages cursorily assumed:

Doubt, uncertainty, suspense of judgment, appear the only result of our most accurate scrutiny. . . . By *priests*, I here mean only the pretenders to power and dominion, and to a superior sanctity of character distinct from virtue and good morals. . . . All ignorant ages are infested with superstition, which disturbs men in the pursuit of their interest and happiness. . . . Fanatics may suppose *that dominion is founded on grace*, and that *saints alone inherit the earth*; but the civil magistrate very justly puts these sublime theorists on the same footing with common robbers. . . . The great object of Diogenes's wit was every kind of *superstition*, that is, *every kind of religion* known in his time. . . . The most *ridiculous superstitions* directed Pascal's faith and practice. . . . What age or period of life is the most addicted to superstition? The weakest and most timid. What sex? The same answer must be given. . . . The English and Dutch have embraced the principles of toleration; this singularity has proceeded from the steady resolution of the civil magistrate in opposition to the continued efforts of priests and bigots. . . . One may safely affirm that all popular theology has a kind of appetite for absurdity and contradiction. . . . And thus all mankind stand staring at one another; and there is no beating it out of their heads, that the turban of the African is not just as good or as bad a fashion as the cowl of the European. . . . That great and able emperor was also extremely uneasy when he happened to change his shoes and put the right shoe on the left foot. . . . It is certain that, in every religion, however sublime the verbal definition which it gives of its divinity, many of the votaries, perhaps the greatest number, will still seek the divine favor, not by virtue and good morals, which alone can be acceptable to a perfect being, but either by frivolous observances, by intemperate zeal, by rapturous ecstasies, or by the belief of mysterious and absurd opinions.

Most of these sentences, one almost thinks, might have been written by Buckle quite as well as by Hume. Mr. Buckle's surprise at the good intellects which have professed belief in theological absurdities has also its parallel in Hume: "No theological absurdities so glaring as have not, sometimes, been embraced by men of the greatest and most cultivated understanding." Mr. Buckle expresses naive regret not

to have collected proof of the superstition of sailors; and Hume writes: "In proportion as any man's course of life is governed by accident, we always find that he increases in superstition; as may particularly be observed of gamesters and sailors." Mr. Buckle speaks of "the magnificent notion of one God"; and Hume talks of the reasoning that "diffused over mankind so magnificent an opinion." Mr. Buckle cannot say more for experience than Hume does: "All the philosophy in the world, and all the religion, which is nothing but a species of philosophy, will never be able to carry us beyond the usual course of experience." Mr. Buckle has his own reasons, doubtless, for subordinating Hume and loftily patronising Comte; but he certainly appears less generous than the latter, who frankly acknowledges his debts to the former: and, indeed, that sentence from Hume contains the Comtian triad, Theology, Metaphysics, Positivism; but Bacon, probably, was the original source of that.

Many theists, even the most zealous and refined, have denied a *particular* providence, and have asserted that Sovereign Mind, or First Principle of all things, having fixed general laws by which nature is governed, gives free and uninterrupted course to these laws, and disturbs not, at every turn, the settled order of events by particular volitions . . . Could men anatomize nature, according to the most probable, at least the most intelligible, philosophy, they would find that these causes are nothing but the particular fabric and structure of the minute parts of their own bodies and of external objects; and that by a regular and constant machinery all the events are produced about which they are so much concerned.

These sentences from Hume will probably recall to memory Mr. Buckle's similar doctrines. He, too, exults that "the last vestige of this once universal opinion," that of a particular providence, "is the expression, which is gradually falling into disuse, of appealing to the God of Battles." Then such applications of the law of necessary connection as the reduction of physiology to chemistry, the doctrine of uniformity in geology, the transformation of species, the nebular hypothesis, &c., are spoken of as "vast and magnificent schemes under whose shelter the human mind seeks an escape from that dogma of interference."

Hume gets the credit of originating the doctrine of utility or expediency, and Mr. Buckle unreservedly adopts it. "The aim of the legislator," according to the latter, "should be not truth but expediency"; and he should be found "shaping his

own conduct, not according to his own principles, but according to the wishes of the people for whom he legislates and whom he is bound to obey." It is not likely that the solid David Hume ever reached such "an ecstasy of the fancy" as this; but he is to be found asserting of the legislator, "This his best policy to comply with the common bent of mankind," but adding at the same time, "and give it all the improvement of which it is susceptible." Mr. Buckle will be found to fill up a very considerable number of his pages with familiar dicta in regard to protection, unrestricted exchange, luxury, sumptuary laws, interest, commerce, &c., which are essentially the same in those of Hume also. Here, too, from this latter are a few assonances which will be readily realized:

To magnify the virtue of remote ancestors is a propensity almost inherent in human nature . . . Where birth is respected, unactive spiritless minds remain in haughty indolence, and dream of nothing but pedigrees and genealogies . . . That middling rank of men, who are the best and firmest basis of public liberty . . . It is evident to any one who considers the history of this island, that the privileges of the people have, during the last two centuries, been continually upon the increase . . . Who can read the accounts of the amphitheatrical entertainments without horror? One's humanity, on that occasion, is apt to renew the barbarous wish of Caligula, that the people had but one neck. A man could almost be pleased, by a single blow, to put an end to such a race of monsters."

Hume, too, is quite as Mr. Buckle in regard to the decline of war, and the fewness of modern soldiers as compared with those of the ancients. On one occasion Hume says: "When a people have emerged ever so little from a savage state, and their numbers have increased beyond the original multitude, there must immediately arise an inequality of property"; and this on the part of Mr. Buckle is similar: "As mankind advance, there is always a class given up to pleasure, a few to study," and so on. These two sentences, we may remark, are both examples of a mode of ratiocination very much in vogue with the *Aufklärung*, and, for the most part, perfectly satisfactory to the general reader, who, out of the *natural supposition*, fancies he has got something. There is nothing before us but a phrase, nevertheless, and a phrase whose function is only to conceal what it is there to reveal. Savage state, emerge, advance, the original multitude, inequality arises, classes, &c.: these are the very things to which we exclaim, What, When, How, Why?

Observe how completely Hume has anticipated all that

endless material about the tropics, the soil, &c., in the following:

We may form a similar remark with regard to the general history of mankind. What is the reason why no people living betwixt the tropics could ever yet attain to any art or civility, or reach even any police in their government, and any military discipline; while few nations in the temperate climates have been altogether deprived of these advantages? 'Tis probable that one cause of this phenomenon is the warmth and equality of the weather in the torrid zone, which render clothes and houses less requisite for the inhabitants, and thereby remove, in part, that necessity, which is the great spur to industry and invention . . . It may seem even an odd position, that the poverty of the common people in France, Italy, and Spain, is, in some measure, owing to the superior riches of the soil and happiness of the climate; and yet there want not many reasons to justify this paradox.

Here, again, we find in Hume something of what Mr. Buckle has told us about Induction and Deduction:

As this is a question of fact, not of abstract science, we can only expect success by following this experimental method, and deducing general maxims from a comparison of particular facts [Induction]. The other scientific method [Deduction], where a general abstract principle is first established, and is afterwards branched out into a variety of inferences and conclusions, may be more perfect in itself, but suits less the imperfection of human nature, and is a common source of illusion and mistake in this as well as in other subjects. Men are now cured of their passion for hypotheses and systems in natural philosophy, and will harken to no arguments but those derived from experience. 'Tis full time that they should begin a like reformation in all moral disquisitions, and reject every system of ethics, however subtle or ingenious, which is not founded on fact and observation.

Nay, here in Hume is a thread of Mr. Buckle's main idea about demonstrating in the moral world the same necessary nexus that exists in the physical:

I pretend not here to have exhausted this subject. It is sufficient for my purpose if I have made it appear that, in the production and conduct of the passions [moral or mental facts], there is a certain regular mechanism which is susceptible of as accurate a disquisition as the laws of motion, optics, hydrostatics, or any part of natural philosophy.

Of course, it is not pretended that Mr. Buckle literally and intentionally borrowed from Hume. All that is meant to be shown is their community of the *Aufklärung*. But Mr. Buckle sometimes differs from Hume. The latter, for example, tells us, that falsehood prevailed during what we may call the *oral* period of history; and that truth was confirmed and advanced by the practice of writing:

An historical fact, while it passes by oral tradition from eye-witnesses and contemporaries, is disguised in every successive narration, and may at last retain

but very small, if any, resemblance of the original truth on which it was founded. The frail memories of men, their love of exaggeration, their supine carelessness; these principles, if not corrected by books and writings, soon pervert the account of historical events, where argument and reasoning has little or no place, nor can ever recall the truth which has once escaped those narrations. 'Tis thus the fables of Hercules, Theseus, Bacchus, are supposed to have been originally founded in true history, corrupted by tradition.

Being minded to be original here, Mr. Buckle thinks it right to effect his purpose as loudly and startlingly as possible, and he leaps suddenly and at once into the arena with, "Memory is less treacherous than writing!" Naturally, we are taken by surprise. We quite agree with Mr. Buckle, however, when he says that this, "so far as I am aware, has never been pointed out." And we are eager to listen to the explanation which follows, thus :

At a very early period in the progress of a people, and long before they are acquainted with the use of letters, they feel the want of some resource which in peace may amuse their leisure and in war may stimulate their courage. This is supplied to them by the invention of ballads.

And thus it appears that the bards were the depositaries of all traditionary truth—remaining perfectly trustworthy, perfectly unerring, till, on the introduction of writing, an artificial support was afforded them, on which leaning, their memories became treacherous and truth fled. But the consequences were very dismal. Because of a certain tribe of Finns, called Quaens, and of their country, called Quaenland, the fable arose, we are told—from *writing*, not possibly from *speech*—of a nation of Amazons being in existence. In this same Finland, a certain place, it seems, because *written*, not *named*, Turku, gave rise to some fable about the Turks. Then Richard Cœur de Lion, "the most barbarous of our princes"—his name, too, being *written* (not pronounced), gave rise to some other fable about the slaying of a lion. And so on. In this shining fashion does Mr. Buckle assert his originality. The darkness of the middle ages was owing, then, in the first instance, to the rise of letters? These, too, are pernicious till the people are ripe for them? *How* people are to be ripened, or *how* then a complete course of literature is to be served up ready-dressed to them—or, indeed, *why*?—does not appear. Some story about a golden tooth proves to Mr. Buckle that England in 1695 was plunged in

the crassest ignorance and the grossest superstition: how he might have lamented the fact, and platitudinized the occasion, had he recollected that Shakespeare was publishing and playing his own plays then! In 1857 we had prophecies of "Coming Struggles," threatening comets, and announced last days; but we had no story of a golden tooth. In 1857, also, we had Buckle—but no Shakespeare.

On the whole, now, we may certainly say, that, be it between Hume and Mr. Buckle as it may, there can be no doubt that the entire *matter* of the latter is demonstrably the *Aufklärung*. Nay, we may now say more than that: we may now say that the entire matter of Mr. Buckle is simply *Aufklärerei*. Deep men and real principles are often followed by shallow boys only shouting empty cries. That is the case here. The *Aufklärung* was concrete and lived; *Aufklärerei* is abstract and a rustle of fallen leaves merely. Nevertheless, *Aufklärerei* was a message to Mr. Buckle—a message which he was to fulminate over a cowardly and degraded time. So it was, beyond doubt, to his own imagination. To us it may be different: to us it may profanely appear, as it were, a vast egg over the vast importance of which Mr. Buckle was only blown. Hear how he speaks of it:

This rapid summary of what has actually been effected may perhaps startle those readers to whom such large investigations are not familiar . . . Even at the risk of exposing myself to the charge of unduly estimating my own labors, I cannot avoid saying that the facts which I have just pointed out have never before been collected . . . These conclusions are no doubt very unpalatable; and what makes them peculiarly offensive is, that it is impossible to refute them . . . If, during the last thousand years, any such . . . I will abandon the view for which I am contending . . . I pledge myself to show . . . The facts and arguments which I have brought forward have, I can conscientiously say, been subjected to careful and repeated scrutiny, and I am quite unable to see on what possible ground their accuracy is to be impugned.

Over his egg, it is to be feared indeed, that Mr. Buckle not seldom gives way to the tones of the showman. Here are a few more of them, though probably they are scarcely required:

These are the great physical causes by which . . . Such is the wonderful regularity which history, when comprehensively studied, presents to our view. . . . It is in this way that looking at things on a large scale . . . That vast movement by which the human intellect emancipates itself from those inveterate prejudices which . . . This great subject . . . That wide and dreary chasm . . . Results of large and general causes . . . In comprehensiveness it would

be hard to find his superior Barrow is superior to Taylor in comprehensiveness Adam Smith excelled Hume in comprehensiveness Originality and comprehensiveness—the two rarest forms of human genius Montaigne lacked that comprehensiveness which is the highest form of genius Ordinary writers are constantly falling into the error But both these able writers have omitted to observe It is singular that this learned author should have forgotten a passage Though I am not aware that its demonstration has hitherto been attempted Statesmen and legislators are always in the rear of their age Ambassadors are dull and pompous individuals taking an airing on the banks of the Thames . . . (If he prefers England,) it is not at all from motives dignified with the name of patriotism Escape the attention (even of Comte) from his want of acquaintance with This difference has escaped notice An explanation never yet given They whose studies have entitled them to take the measure of the ecclesiastical spirit They whose information is extensive enough See two curious passages which have escaped the notice But he has overlooked Surprising that no one should have attempted But I do not remember that any of them have noticed This distinction between certainty and precision I have stated at some length, because it seems to be little understood It is to be wished some competent historian would attempt to trace (Rousseau's influence on the French Revolution) An interesting passage, in which, however, the author has shown himself unable to generalize the facts which he indicates Magnificent doctrine of universal change That vast conception of continuous and uninterrupted law, which few indeed are able firmly to seize The three vast propositions That vast chain of evidence One of the best chapters in his very profound but ill-understood work It is singular that so acute a writer should so entirely overlook It is a very remarkable fact which, I believe, has never been observed And, if I may indulge the hope, may open to historians a new field But the subject is one of such interest and has been so little studied History has been written by men so inadequate It is singular that so clear and vigorous a thinker should have failed in detecting the causes From evidence which I have collected, I know that this very able writer To the philosophic historian this rebellion (the English one), though not sufficiently appreciated by ordinary writers, is It is so little understood that no historian As this is a department of history that has been little studied Events of this sort, though neglected by ordinary historians And yet, so far as I am aware, they have escaped the attention of all the historians But the carelessness with which the antecedents of the French Revolution have been studied (makes him) anxious It ought to be remembered that this is the first attempt which has ever been made It will, I believe, be found that none of importance have been omitted After a careful study of that time, and a study too from sources not much used by historians But he omits to notice this, which was the most important consequence of all.

To give the true Gibbonian flavor to all this, let us quote the note, which might be from the *Decline and Fall* itself:

Beausobre has some good remarks on this, in his learned work *Histoire Critique de Manichée*, vol. i., p. 179, when he says that the great religious heresies have been founded on previous philosophies. Certainly no one acquainted with

the history of opinions would admit the sweeping assertion of M. Stahl that "la philosophie d'un peuple a sa racine dans sa théologie."

To have one's eyes open to the Bonze, that is Mr. Buckle's single consideration; and these are the particulars and accessories by which he conveys or accompanies it. Probably, then, Mr. Buckle's enlightenment is of the same temper as superstition itself, and amounts to a rival religion that, for its part, too, must establish itself by the extermination of what it conceives opposed to it. In that case, there will be positive elements in the creed of Mr. Buckle, as well as the negative elements which alone we have hitherto seen. And this is so. We quote as follows:

We shall then be able to form our religious opinions by that purely transcendental process, of which in every age glimpses have been granted to a few gifted minds . . . (Religion a personal matter—man falls into error because) instead of confining himself to that idea of God which is suggested by his own mind, he mixes up with it the notions of others, his ideas become perplexed . . . (Though perfectly willing to let the church know what it is,) we would not, we dare not tamper with those great religious truths which are altogether independent of it; truths which comfort the mind of man, raise him above the instincts of the hour, and infuse into him those lofty aspirations which, revealing to him his own immortality, are the measure and the symptom of a future life . . . They were the results of that accursed spirit, which, wherever it has had the power, has punished even to the death those who dared to differ from it; and which, now that the power has passed away, still continues to dogmatize on the most mysterious subjects, tamper with the most sacred principles of the human heart, and darken with its miserable superstitions those sublime questions that no one should rudely touch, because they are for each according to the measure of his own soul, because they lie in that unknown tract which separates the Finite from the Infinite, and because they are as a secret and individual covenant between man and his God.

Possibly we may appear difficult to please; but we fear we must confess to dissatisfaction even with what is positive in the religion of Mr. Buckle. We do not wish to be captious, however, and, though Mr. Buckle intimates that his own "aspirations" are to each the "measure" of his "future life," we shall not inquire whether he means the immortality of each to be only proportionately *measured*, and not simply eternal. Passing that, we shall not be wrong, surely, in assuming the above avowals to amount, as well to an explicit confession of belief in God and Immortality, as to an implicit confession of belief in Free-will. Now, believing in God, why should Mr. Buckle not have categorically said as much all along? Why that half-way house he professed to occupy

between atheism and orthodoxy? Why coquette with atheism at all? Longingly stretching with one hand forward to Comte, and with the other tearfully back to Rousseau, is not the position rather an uncomfortable one? As regards free-will, again, if there be that in man which "raises him above the instincts of the hour," he cannot, surely, be a creature of necessity. A set of antecedents is here admitted to exist independent of, and superior to, all those of mere physical life; what hope then, now, to coördinate man and nature in such-wise that we shall be able to predict the movements of both alike? A random brew, we fear it is at last, in which Comte and Rousseau, deism, and atheism, liberty and necessity, skepticism and religion, are to bob their heads up, as in a gipsy's kettle, not according to the state of the case, but according only to the state of the boil.

But these religious confessions of Mr. Buckle can be collected into two opposing and contradictory propositions. It is one proposition, for example, to say that there are "great religious truths" "for each according to the measure of his own soul"—"an individual covenant between man and his God"; and quite another proposition to maintain that "religious opinions" are to be "formed" by means of a "purely transcendental process," revealed or "granted," but only in glimpses," and only to a "few," and these few "gifted." The latter proposition we may regard as strengthened by the consideration that these "sublime" matters "lie in that unknown tract which separates the Finite from the Infinite"; and as for the former we may add to it these: each has an "idea of God" suggested by his own mind," and to which he should "confine" himself; the "covenant" is "secret," and should be kept so; there are truths which "comfort the mind of man," "raise him above the instincts of the hour, and infuse aspirations" which "reveal," &c. That religious truths, then, should be an unreservedly universal possession, and, again, that they should be an exceptionally individual one, are certainly propositions different and contradictory. But, passing that, may we not question the advantage or possibility of the secrecy and silence enjoined, though with whatever solemnity of serious conviction? I have children, I have friends, I have fellow-men; *can I, ought I*, to keep silence in

regard to truths the most important in existence, truths which reveal immortality, truths which raise and inspire us, truths which comfort us? Suppose, according to the one proposition, we *all* possess these, why should we hold our tongues about them—why should we refrain from expressing at once joy for ourselves and congratulation for others? So much would be at least natural, and it would be difficult to see the harm of it. But suppose the second case, that these truths are known only to a few, what becomes of the duty of these? Privileged to possess the greatest of all human goods, shall they selfishly shut these into themselves and enjoy them alone? Or, without loss to themselves, shall they gladly call their brethren in to increase their happiness by an equal participation? But, indeed, this “granting” of the “great religious truths,” in “glimpses,” to a “few,” and these “gifted,” is altogether a very doubtful and questionable sort of matter. That “transcendental process,” too! But that has no reference to Kant. “Transcendental” there must mean only something unimaginably superlative, for it is referred to what is “unknown,” to an “unknown tract”: and yet, after all, it is not only the superlative Mr. Buckle must mean, but actually the supernatural itself. Those lofty aspirations, those sublime questions, those revelations to the soul, that transcendental process, that unknown tract between the Finite and the Infinite! There cannot be a doubt of it, that is the *other side*; and Mr. Buckle is evidently as familiar with it as he is with *this one*. Ah! had he but communicated that. With such amends, we should cheerfully have borne the failure of the one great law that was to have coördinated mind and nature into a single system of things, with events capable of prediction. That, certainly, would have been much, and it would have been good to have been put at home with the things seen; but it would have been more to have been put at home with the things unseen. Religion is the one want now; and had Mr. Buckle but revealed that “transcendental process” of his, he would have proved the greatest benefactor these latter days could possibly have known.

Still, these religious intimations do not annul Mr. Buckle's Aufklärung; on the contrary, they are but part and parcel

of its favorite propos. They constitute, in fact, leading tenets in what it called natural religion ; and that enjoined silence, particularly, which seems so peculiar in Mr. Buckle, was its strongest characteristic. Belief, it contended, must be a matter wholly between man and his God ; it was the business of no one to interfere with another in that respect ; each must settle it for himself. And so mutual communication was discouraged to the end that everyone might worship in secret his own private and peculiar Deity. Between human beings, nevertheless, such incommunicableness was impossible. One possessed more, another less. He that had, was compelled to give ; and he that had not, was compelled to receive. The result is what we see (in Mr. Huxley on Protoplasm). On the one hand, because we know as we know, materialism is, positively, the truth of science and of fact ; but, on the other hand, also because we know as we know, immaterialism is, negatively, the truth of religion and of dream. And thus the Aufklärung, let it be on what level it may, in the hands of Mr. Buckle or in the hands of Mr. Huxley, feels itself under an irresistible necessity to set up a *Fetish*.

Mr. Buckle's declarations, therefore, even when they would seem to have become affirmative and religious, must still be regarded as negative and as appurtenances of the Aufklärung. Nor, even so, are they less characteristic of Mr. Buckle himself. They have still, so to speak, the toga on, and swell to fill it. They are still, too, if we may dare to say so, the same familiar vauntings of a crude ambition—dreams, incoherences, futilities—illusions of a variety that overleaps itself and falls on the other. In the end, we may think, perhaps, that one should not be in such headlong haste to shriek Heureka—that one should not stumble so precipitately into the arena, exultingly to hold up a hand which plainly, to every one near enough to see, grasps, not a prize, but a blunder.

THE FAUST SAGA.

Translated from the German of KARL ROSENKRANZ, by ANNA C. BRACKETT.

FAUST, WAGNER, AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Symmetrical Relation of the First and Second Parts of Faust.

Faust in the tragedy may stand as the representative of humanity itself. The demonic forms in the drama (Mephistopheles and his gang) and Helen, may personify the mythical incarnation of the forces of his soul. The poet is forced to paint what goes on within, as external forms. What is so wonderful is that he has been able to clothe these symbolical projections in flesh and blood, and to take from them all the shadowy appearance and the prose of mere allegory. Mephistopheles says and does nothing which does not seem perfectly natural to an actual individual; and, even where he uses magic, the poet has still preserved the form of reality which belongs to an actual occurrence. But since, in order to exhibit all humanity according to its nature, the form had to take on universality, we must expect to see the limits of organic arrangement broken through. The laws of poetry, as theory sets them forth, begin here to have no force, and, in spite of this infinitude which beats in the pulse throughout the whole action, and removes us from all fixed standards of measure, the representation in the midst of all its mystery, all its mysticism, all its grotesqueness, yes, even in all its chaos, is always perfectly clear and comprehensible.

Faust, as the whole of man, is as much realist as idealist. He has the consciousness of this. Two souls dwell in his breast, and will not be separated. The one is absorbed in coarse sensuality and bound to the earth, while the other soars from the dust to the regions of lofty aspiration. On the other hand, Wagner and Mephisto are only realists because the former is limited by his positivity and the latter by his negativity.

Wagner, that "blessed reflection of linen and paper," is the mere empiricist, the learned man anxious for the increase of his knowledge, the empty understanding, but who revels in his search for trivialities, and to whom his limitation is not

disagreeable. The Wagners of the world are always learning and learning, and yet never reaching wisdom. They dig eagerly after treasures, and are exultant when they find earth-worms. Since they can invent or discover nothing in themselves, they are forced to fetch everything from without. When they get hold of an "authentic parchment, the whole heaven seems to come down" to them. The famulus of our philosopher has crept up behind him because he fancies that Faust is declaiming a Greek tragedy, and that he, peradventure, may profit by the listening. Thus a Wagner, during his whole life, always remains behind his exemplar. In his industry and in his narrowness he is a comical figure, who first becomes irksome to us when he is conceited, and offers to censure science and art in their inspired productions, and when he proclaims his empirical frivolities to be the very essence of investigation. We every day see such Wagners, who journey to Rome or Paris and there transcribe not now only Greek and Latin, but also old German and Oriental manuscripts, print the same with a *nunc primum e codicibus manuscriptis edidit*, and then believe that they have accomplished a scientific deed which will constitute an epoch. But copying, and even good copying, is after all nothing but copying, even if all the Wagners of all ages conspired together to celebrate a mere editor as a great man.

Mephistopheles is the limit on the side of its negativity. He sets limits to limits first as force, then as deceit. He kindles strife by the opposition of the limits. Of all the spirits that deny, he is, as the cheat, the least troublesome to his master, as Faust admits; for the man himself is too fond of absolute rest. And so he has given him this companion, who will animate and stir him up and make him work. In his opposition to the extreme transcendentalism of Faust's endeavors as well as to the extreme of self-contented limitation, Mephistopheles is right. He is entitled to his irony against the measureless. How often are we not obliged to give him our fullest approbation! In such passages he behaves exactly as Faust himself does when he opposes himself to the false tendency. The error of Mephistopheles begins when he himself goes beyond all limits, where he becomes absolutely revolutionary and breaks

through the divine order of the world with inane scorn, with passionate negation. For example, he is in the right when Faust, instead of troubling himself about Margaret, has climbed into the mountains to plunge into metaphysical thought, and to thank the Great Spirit that he has given him all things, and that he has brought forth, in mountain and wood, in bush and field, the myriads of living things as his brothers. Mephistopheles reproaches him for imbibing food for melancholy out of the oozy moss and the damp stones, while below the poor forsaken child is crying for him, and sighing out her song to him all day and all night. But again he is wrong when he becomes a sophist who flatters sensual desires, who mocks at Idealism in general as a vagary and lie; or when he becomes the audacious assailant of the order of the world, who strikes out his cold, devilish fist against life with murderous poison and dagger, who takes his enjoyment in evil, and who, as the wondrous son of Chaos, who has experienced and is weary of everything, gives his opinion that all that exists is good only to be destroyed, and that for this reason it would have been better if nothing had existed. The ever renewing life, the ever freshly circulating blood, angers him. But all his negating cannot attain to the absolute nought.

With Faust, Mephistopheles is essentially only one person. The man who first theoretically and then practically strays from the ways of eternal conformity to law, may lose his way in diabolical paths at last. So long as he does not comprehend himself in the wonderful power of his freedom, by the force of which he can create even the monster of evil, he will be always inclined to consider evil as something external to himself, as a devil who tempts and seduces him. The representation of Mephistopheles rests upon this orthodox fancy. But while the old 'Orthodoxy' exhibited the devil as a spiritual monster, its grotesque dress in Goethe lost its horns, tail, and cloven feet. The devil appears in human form, and only a limp in the left foot and a repulsive, sarcastic look—which Margaret expresses by saying, that he who looks so can love no one—have remained as a symbolical intimation. The culture which has covered the whole world has

extended even to the devil; for his satanic majesty, attired in scarlet cloak, with a cock's feather in his hat and his little dagger at his side, would not be thought out of place in any polite drawing-room.

The poet, in the great wisdom of his poetic productivity, has given us a regular increase of power in the representation of Mephistopheles. After he has left the poodle's form and become a travelling student, we find him in conversation with the eager scholar as a satirist who mercilessly criticises the faults of our four university faculties; then, in Auerbach's cellar, playing the rôle of a conjuror; in the witches' kitchen, that of a witch-master; then, in order to find an ornament for Margaret, a treasure seeker; in Martha's garden, a panderer; in the duel with Valentine, a bully; and finally, on the Blocksberg, the master of ceremonies, as Satan himself, in the wild orgies of confusion and bestiality. Thus Evil is represented as growing from stage to stage till he reaches his own kingdom, where he rules as omnipotent. On the Blocksberg we find the convocation of evil powers, the collection of all the mob of the perverse directions of knowing, willing, and doing. Howsoever I may read it, again and again I am always forced to express my wonder at the art with which this is carried out. We are all well-acquainted with the poem of Faust; its types, its pictures, scenes, and speeches, are all familiar to us; but we must not forget that we owe it all to Goethe. How does he succeed, while he has painted the devil as so far from human, in yet surrounding him with an infernal nimbus of unholy power which, as opposed to us as an *alter ego*, fills us with vague alarm? This result he attains principally by means of the absurd. This appears in the pentagram on the threshold, which hinders the so powerful devil from passing out, so that a rat must first be brought forward in order with his sharp teeth to loosen the spell. And yet in this absurdity we also find a trace of reason when we are told that it is a law of the spirits that they must go out the same way as that by which they entered. Then again we see the absurd element in the hocus-pocus of the witches, in the sing-song of the apes, until it attains its highest point in the witches' sabbath of the Blocksberg. But the element of absurdity is

here so poetic because it is so absolutely inconceivable, that, as the opposite of understanding and reason, it wavers into the fantastic adventures of dreamland, till we see that evil is in its source, as in its very nature, irrational. And what is irrational reminds us of Reason.

But in order fully to understand Mephistopheles we must cast a glance upon the relation of the First and Second Parts. They are symmetrical in their structure. One passes rapidly, yet not without intention, from heaven, through the world, to hell; and the other, from hell, through the world, to heaven. Between the two lies the emancipation of Faust from the torment of self-consciousness, the Lethe in which all that is past is disposed of. While he sleeps the sleep of forgetfulness, the merry elves play around him with true pity.

"Be he holy, be he vicious,
Pity they the luckless man."

As to the content, the First Part begins in the sphere of religion, and passes through the metaphysical into the ethical stage. The Second begins with the ethical, passes over into the æsthetical, and ends with the religious. In the First, we have love as opposed to knowledge; and in the Second, the deed in contrast to art or to the ideal of the beautiful. According to the form, the First Part goes from the hymn to the monologue and then to the dialogue; the Second, from the monologue and dialogue to the dithyramb, in order to conclude with the hymn; which, however, praises no more the Lord and his wondrous works, but the human in its process of union with the divine—salvation and reconciliation.

In the First Part, Mephistopheles appears to Faust in earthly things overcome in the overthrow of the limit by a limit. But after Faust has become guilty without being contented; after the devil, passing from the animal form through all his different potentialities, has at last shown his power in its culmination on the Blocksberg, Faust begins to gain the ascendancy. Mephistopheles must serve him in the capacity of an active servant, and sink always more and more to the forfeiture of the wager by himself, since, plunged in unnatural desire, he allows himself to be defrauded at the very moment in which the angels save the immortal part of Faust. There has been much criticism at this turn which the

play finally takes. It has been pronounced too insolent, too cynical. Goethe has been blamed for having written such disagreeable things in the Faust tragedy, that they cannot be read aloud at the tea table before a circle of refined ladies and gentlemen. If he had represented the devil as human, could he not by a good education have been so refined that he would not have fallen into such wrong doing? But Goethe never wrote for companies of æsthetic tea drinkers. He has left that to the inspired conversationalists and to ingenious authors. He holds to his point. If we consider that Mephistopheles has dragged Faust down into sensuality through his love for Margaret, that innocent child, who is penitent for no crime, but that Faust even then has not played wholly false with his nobler feeling, it is quite consistent that the devil should cheat himself through unnatural lust. The devil, who is devoid of love, who hates love, is not capable of love,—he can only feel in himself a greedy desire which is contrary to the order of nature; and so the angels allure him, the dirty villain, who looks upon them as very appetizing. Pederasty is not simply bestiality, it is an infernal bestiality which gets its desert and meanwhile allows the soul of the struggling, striving human being who has known the blessedness and the torment of love, to be snatched away from the greedy jaws of hell and led back to heaven.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Translated from the German of IMMANUEL KANT, by A. E. KROEGER.

PART FIRST.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DIDACTIC

Concerning the manner in which to recognize the Internal as well as the External of Man.

BOOK FIRST.

CONCERNING THE FACULTY OF COGNITION.

§ 8. *Apology for Sensuousness.*

Everybody renders all possible reverence to the *understanding*, as, indeed, the very naming of that faculty—it

being called the *upper* faculty of cognition — implies; and anyone who should attempt to laud it, would be discountenanced by the ridicule of that orator who glorified the praise of virtue: *Stulte! quis unquam vituperavit?* But sensuousness is in bad repute. Far worse things are told of it; for instance, that it confuses the power of representation; that it puts on a bold air and pretends to be the mistress, whereas it ought to be simply the servant of the understanding, and that it is obstinate and hard to manage; and finally that it even deceives, and that hence we cannot be sufficiently on our guard against it. On the other hand, however, it does not lack advocates, especially amongst poets and people of taste, who not only glorify the sensualization of the conceptions of the understanding as a merit, but also insist that those conceptions must not be analyzed minutely. They characterize their pregnancy as fullness of thought, their emphasis as perspicuity of language, and their self-evidence as clearness of consciousness; declaring, meanwhile, that the nakedness of the understanding is merely a deficiency.* We need here no panegyrist, but merely advocates against the accuser.

The passive element in sensuousness, which, after all, we cannot strip off, is really the cause of all the bad things laid to its charge. The inner perfection of man consists in this, that he has the use of all his functions under his own direction, in order to be able to submit it to his own free arbitrariness. But this requires that the understanding should rule without weakening sensuousness—which in itself has a mob-characteristic, since it does not reflect—because without sensuousness there would be no material for the application of the legislative understanding.

§ 9. *Sensuousness Justified against the First Accusation.*

The senses do not confuse. It cannot be said of a man who has taken hold of a given manifold, though he has not yet put it in order, that he has confused it. The perceptions of the

* Since we speak here only of the faculty of cognition, and hence of representations (and not of feelings of enjoyment or disgust), *sensation* can signify here only sensuous representation (empirical contemplation) as distinguished equally from conception, or thinking, and from pure contemplation of Time and Space.

senses, our empirical conscious representations, can be called only inner phenomena. The understanding, which joins them and connects them under a rule of thinking, bringing order into the manifold, first constitutes them empirical cognitions, that is, experience.

Hence it is the fault of the understanding, neglecting its duty, if it judges rashly, without having previously regulated the sensuous perceptions according to conceptions, and if then it complains about the confusedness of those perceptions as due to the sensuous organization of man. This reproach applies as well to the unfounded complaint about the confusedness of the external as to that of the internal sensuous perceptions.

It is true that the sensuous perceptions precede the conceptions of the understanding and present themselves in large numbers. But all the more are we repaid by the result, when the understanding comes with its regulative power and intellectual form, and, for instance, finds numerous expressions for the conceptions, emphatic utterances for the feelings, and interesting ideas for the determinations of the will. The wealth which the intellectual productions in oratory and poetry bring at once before the conceptive power of the understanding often, it is true, throws that power into confusion whenever it is called upon to make clear and expound to itself all the acts of reflection which it actually—though in an unconscious sort of way—performs in those productions. But this is not a defect on the part of sensuousness; on the contrary, it is rather a merit to have offered an abundance of material to the understanding, in comparison with which abundance the abstract conceptions of the understanding appear often merely as a glittering indigence.

Sensuousness Justified against the Second Accusation.

The senses do not govern the understanding. On the contrary, they rather submit themselves to the understanding in order that it may control their services. The fact that they do not want the importance which attaches to them in what is usually called common sense (*sensus communis*) to pass unrecognized, cannot be charged to them as an assumption to govern the understanding. It is true that there are judg-

ments which are not *formally* taken before the tribunal of the understanding in order to be passed upon, and which, therefore, seem to have been dictated by the senses. Such judgments are found, for example, in the so-called epigrams or oracular sayings—of the kind that Socrates attributed to his demon. For in those instances it is always presupposed that the *first* judgment, concerning what is right or wise to be done in a certain case, is also the *true and correct* one, as a rule; and that it can only be artificialized by pondering over it. But in point of fact those judgments do not come from the senses, but from actual, though half-unconscious, consideration of the understanding. The senses prefer no claim upon them, but resemble the common people, who, if they are not a mob (*ignobile vulgus*), submit readily to their superior, the understanding, though they certainly also want to be heard in the matter. Hence if certain judgments and insights are regarded as proceeding immediately (and not through the mediation of the understanding) from the internal sensuousness, and if the latter is, consequently, presumed to wield a rule of itself, this is mere extravagance of fancy closely allied to insanity.

Sensuousness Justified against the Third Accusation.

The senses do not deceive. This proposition is the refutation of the most important, though also most groundless, objection raised against the senses, not because they always judge correctly, but because they do not judge at all. Hence errors are always attributable to the understanding; nevertheless the understanding has, if not a justification, at least an excuse, in sensuous appearance (*species, apparentia*), by means of which man is often led to mistake the subjective of his perception for the objective, and hence *appearance for experience*; as, for instance, when a distant square tower, of which he does not see the corners, appears to him round; when the sea, the remoter parts of which are brought to his eye by higher rays of light, appears to him higher than the shore (*altum mare*); or when the full moon, which he sees, as it rises on the horizon, through a mist, appears to him further removed, and hence larger, than when it is high in the heavens, although the angle of vision is the same. But

the errors thus arising are errors of the understanding and not of the senses.

One of the objections raised against sensuousness by logic is, that the cognitions to which it gives rise are *shallow* (individual, limited to the special), while the understanding, which deals with the general and hence has to accommodate itself to abstractions, is reproached with being *dry*. But an æsthetical treatment, the first requirement of which is popularity, pursues a path on which both defects can be avoided.

CONCERNING OUR POWER OF DOING IN REGARD TO THE FACULTY OF COGNITION
IN GENERAL.

§ 10.

The preceding section, which treats of a seeming faculty to do what no man can do, leads us to an exposition of the conceptions of what is easy and what is difficult to do.

Easiness (*promptitudo*) to do something must not be mistaken for readiness (*habitus*). The former signifies a certain degree of the human faculty—"I can if I will!" and designates subjective possibility; the latter signifies the subjective practical necessity, i.e. a habit of doing, and hence a certain degree of the will, which is attained by a repeated exercise of that faculty: "I will, because duty commands it." Hence virtue cannot be explained as a readiness of performing free, just acts; for in that case it would be a mere mechanism of the application of force: but virtue is the moral strength to do our duty, which can never become a habit, but must always proceed new and originally from our mode of thinking.

The Easy is opposed to the Difficult, but often also to the Irksome. A person finds a thing easy when he has within him a great superfluity of the faculty and power which is necessary to accomplish a certain act. What is easier than the formalities of visits, congratulations, condolences, &c.? But, again, what is more difficult for a busy man? They are friendly vexations, of which everybody desires heartily to get rid, though he hesitates to offend against usage.

What vexations, for instance, do we not meet in the external observances that are counted as belonging to religion, though they really pertain only to the forms of the church; and in regard to which the merit of piety is adjudged to con-

sist in the fact, that those observances are of no use at all, and in the mere submission of the faithful to allow themselves to be patiently hoodwinked by ceremonies, such as penances and flagellations (the more the better); whilst, nevertheless, these slavish observances, though mechanically easy—since they do not require the sacrifice of any vicious inclinations—must be morally very oppressive and burdensome to rational men. When the great moral teacher of men said, therefore, “My commands are not difficult,” &c., he did not intend to say that it requires only a slight exertion to fulfil them—for, as commands which require a pure heart, they are really of all commandments the most difficult to observe—but he meant, that for a rational man they were, after all, infinitely easier of observance than the commands of a busy Do-nothingness (*gratis anhelare, multa agendo nihil agere*) such as the Jews had brought into practice; for to a man of reason that which is mechanically easy seems excessively burdensome, when he sees that the labor wasted upon it brings, after all, no results.

To make something easy which of itself is difficult, constitutes a *merit*; to represent it as being easy when we ourselves cannot do it, is *deception*. To do that which is easy to do, is without merit. Methods and machines and the distribution of labor amongst many workmen (factory labor), make many things easy, which it might be difficult to do without other tools.

To point out difficulties before assigning a piece of work to the learner—as, for instance, in metaphysical investigations—may certainly deter many; but still it is better than to conceal them. The man who considers everything he undertakes, to be easy, is light-minded. He who finds everything he undertakes to come easy to him, is clever; and he whose actions always betray care and pain, is unhandy. Social conversation is a mere play, wherein everything must be and appear easy. This is the reason why the ceremonial, or stiff, elements of social gatherings—as, for instance, the solemn leave-taking after a festival—have been abandoned as antiquated.

The moods of men in undertaking a business is different according to the difference of their temperaments. Some

begin with difficulties and anxieties; these are of melancholic disposition: others, who have a sanguine temperament, think first of all of their hopes and the supposed easiness of the execution of their projects.

But what shall we say of the boast of some men, a boast which has not its origin in mere temperament: "man can do whatever he wills to do"? This boast is nothing more than a high-sounding tautology; for whatever man wills to do upon the command of his moral reason, it is his duty to do, and hence he also can do it, since reason will never exact the impossible. Some years ago, however, we had some coxcombs who also boasted this power in a physical sense, and thus announced themselves as world-reformers. Their race, however, has now expired.

To become accustomed to anything (*consuetudo*) makes it easy in the end to bear evils, since feelings of the same kind detract attention from the senses by their long duration without change, so that we are finally barely conscious of them (a state of things which is falsely honored with the name of a virtue, namely, patience). But this becoming accustomed to things also renders the consciousness and the remembrance of received benefits difficult, and this leads generally to ingratitude, a real vice.

Habit (*assuetudo*), on the other hand, is a physical, inner compulsory impulse to continue in the way we have been following. On that very account it deprives good actions of their moral worth, since it checks the freedom of our disposition, and leads to thoughtless repetitions of the same act (monotony), whereby it becomes ridiculous. Habitual phrases (merely to conceal emptiness of thought) always keep the hearer in anxiety that he will have to hear again the same worn-out saying, and make of the orator a mere speaking machine. The cause of the disgust which the habits of others excite in us, is to be found in this, that the animal shows itself too prominently in the man who acts instinctively as habit prompts him, just like any other non-human creature, and who thus runs the risk of being placed in the same class with cattle. Nevertheless, there are certain habits which may be assumed properly and to which we may give our assent, namely, when nature refuses its assistance

to our free will. Thus, for instance, we may habituate ourselves in age to the time of our eating and drinking, and to the quantity and quality thereof, or to our time and length of sleeping, thereby making the habit gradually mechanical; but as a rule every habit is objectionable.

CONCERNING THE ARTIFICIAL PLAY WITH THE SEMBLANCE OF OUR SENSES.

§ II.

The delusion in which sensuous representations involve the understanding (*præstigiæ*) may be either natural or artificial, and is, therefore, either an illusion or a fraud. That sort of deception which necessitates us to consider something as real on the testimony of our eyes, though our understanding declares it to be impossible in regard to the same subject, is called eye-delusion (*præstigiæ*).

We call illusive that delusion which remains, although we know that the supposed object is not real. This play of the mind with the semblance of our senses is very agreeable and entertaining, as, for instance, the perspective drawing of the interior of a temple; or, as Raphael Mengs says of the painting of the school of the Peripatetics (by Coreggio, if I am not mistaken), "when we look long at the figures they seem to walk"; or as the painted staircase with half-opened door in the City Hall of Amsterdam, which misleads every one to climb it, &c.

But a deception of our senses occurs when the semblance stops the moment we know what the object really is. All sleight-of-hand tricks belong to this category. Clothing, the color of which contrasts favorably with our complexion, is an illusion; but painting cheeks is a deception. The former allures us, the latter apes. This is also the reason why we do not like statues of human or animal figures that are painted, since we are tempted, every moment we see them unexpectedly, to believe them to be living.

Fascination in an otherwise healthy state of mind is a delusion of the senses, whereof we say, "This does not occur naturally"; because our judgment, that a certain object, or a certain quality, of the object exists, changes irresistibly with our judgment that it does not exist, or has another quality, and because thus our senses seem to contradict themselves.

Instance a bird fluttering towards a mirror wherein it sees itself, and alternately considers it a real and not a real bird. This play, that men do not trust their own senses, occurs mainly in people who are strongly moved by passion. Thus Helvetius tells of a lover who saw his sweetheart in the arms of another one, and nevertheless accepted her bold denial when she said to him: "Faithless one, you love me no more; for you believe rather what you see than what I tell you." Coarser, or at least more harmful, is the deception practised by ventriloquists, mesmerizers, and other so-called wizards.

In older times, the old, ignorant women who were supposed to do these supernatural things, were called witches (in German, *Hexen*), and even in this century the belief in witchcraft has not been fully eradicated.* It seems that the feeling of amazement at something unheard of has in itself a certain charm for weak minds; not merely because it opens at once new prospects, but because it rids him of the burdensome task to apply his reason, and at the same time induces him to believe other people his equals in ignorance.

CONCERNING PERMITTED MORAL SEMBLANCE.

§ 12.

All men are actors, and the more in proportion as they are civilized. They assume the appearance of esteem towards others, of graciousness and unselfishness, although they deceive no one thereby, since each one argues that it is not meant seriously; and indeed it is very well that the world is thus arranged. For, as men play these rôles, the virtues, the semblance whereof they have only acted a certain time, are gradually wakened into life and pass over into their character. But to deceive again this deceiver in us—namely,

* Thus a Protestant clergyman in Scotland, who was a witness in such a case in this century, said to the judge: "Your Honor, I assure you on my clerical honor, that this woman is a witch." Whereupon the latter replied: "And I assure you on my judicial honor, that you are no witch-tamer." The now German word "*Hexe*" (witch) is derived from the initial letters of the Mass-formula when the hostia is consecrated, which the faithful with their *bodily* eyes perceive as a small piece of bread, but which after the consecration they are bound to perceive with their *spiritual* eyes as the body of a man. For the words *hoc est* were supplemented by the word *corpus*; whereupon *hoc est corpus* was changed into *hocus-pocus*, probably from a pious timidity to call things by their right name and thus profane them.

to deceive our inclination to deceive—is really a return to obedience under the rule of virtue, and hence it is not deceit, but rather guiltless deception of our self. Thus the disgust at our own existence—which results from the emptiness of feelings in our soul, which feelings it incessantly acquires—and the *ennui*, which at the same time is nevertheless accompanied by a weight of laziness—that is, of aversion to every sort of laborious occupation which might dispel that disgust, an aversion due to the fact that such occupation requires exertion,—constitute a very disagreeable feeling, which has no other cause than a natural desire to be comfortable, that is, to enjoy rest without previously having tired ourselves out. But this desire for comfortableness is deceptive, even in regard to the objects which reason makes a law to man, in order to be satisfied with himself even when he does nothing at all (when he vegetates without any object whatever), since then he, at least, does nothing bad. Hence, in order to deceive that inclination again (which can best be accomplished by dallying with the fine arts, but chiefly by social conversation), we resort to what is called *passing time away* (*tempus fallere*); the very expression indicating the intention to deceive our desire for inactive rest by entertaining our mind with a dalliance with the fine arts. This deception is still further promoted when such a mere purposeless dalliance effects at any rate a certain culture of the mind; for otherwise we call that inactive rest—*killing time*. Force accomplishes nothing as against sensuousness in our inclinations; we must overcome them by cunning, and, as Swift says, give the whale a tub to play with in order to save the ship.

Nature has wisely implanted in man an inclination to deceive himself, in order to save virtue, or, at least, to lead towards it. Good, honorable behaviour, is an external semblance which we assume in order not to make ourselves common, and which forces others to esteem us. It is true, that women would be very little satisfied if the male sex did not seem to acknowledge their charms. But coyness (*pudicitia*), a self-compulsion which conceals passion, is nevertheless very wholesome, as an illusion, in order to effect that distance between the two sexes which is necessary to prevent

one of them degenerating into a mere tool for the enjoyment of the other, Indeed everything which is called decorousness is of the same kind, namely, nothing but a beautiful semblance.

Politeness is a semblance of condescension which prompts love. It is true, that bows, compliments, and the whole series of courtly gallantry, together with the warmest verbal assurances of friendship, are not always truth—"My dear friends, there is no such thing as a friend!" says Aristotle—but nevertheless they do not deceive, since everyone knows what to think of them, but especially because these, at first merely empty signs of graciousness and esteem, gradually lead to actual feelings of that kind.

All human virtue, in our intercourse with each other, is nothing but small money change; and he is a child who takes it for genuine gold. Still, it is better to have such small money in circulation than none at all; especially as it can, after all, be exchanged into gold, though at a considerable discount. To say that these virtues are mere money-marks, without any value whatever, and to hold, with Swift's sarcasm, that "honesty is a pair of shoes that have been worn out in the mud," &c.; or to take the part of the Rev. Mr. Hofstede, who, in his attack upon Marmontel's Belisar, calumniates even a man like Socrates, so as to be sure to keep anyone from still believing in virtue,—this is high treason practised on mankind. Even the semblance of goodness in others must be dear to us; since this play with ideas that compel our esteem, though without perhaps deserving it, may, after all, turn into seriousness. It is only the semblance of goodness in ourselves which must be remorselessly wiped away, and the veil with which egotism tries to conceal our moral defects which must be removed; since semblance always deceives when we persuade ourselves that we may cancel our sins by the doing of something which has no inner moral worth whatever; as, for instance, when repentance of our sins at the close of life is represented as real reformation, or when intentional wrong doing is made out to be simply human weakness.

WHAT IS LOGIC?

By JOSEPH G. ANDERSON.

Logic has been defined as the science of reasoning, the science of thought as thought, the science of knowledge, and in many other similar ways. These definitions have this in common, that they all assume Logic to be a mental science, that is, a science which treats of the operations or products of the human mind.

My view, however, is that Logic is a science of things; that it is an objective and not a subjective science; that it treats of things, and not of the thoughts or ideas, or notions of them, in the human mind; that it considers things in general in the same sense and as directly as any of the physical sciences, for instance, consider the particular things which are their subject-matter.

Which is the correct view?

Names or terms, propositions and syllogisms, are universally used to express the subject-matter of Logic. It follows that, if we determine what these express, we shall have determined that subject-matter. As to what names and propositions express, there are two opinions: one is that names express things, and propositions facts; the other is that names express our notions or ideas of things, and that propositions express acts of judgment. These views are ably discussed by John Stuart Mill: He says: "There seems good reason for adhering to the common usage, and calling the word 'sun' the name of the sun, and not the name of our idea of the sun. For names are intended not only to make the hearer conceive what we conceive, but also to inform him what we believe. Now when I use a name for the purpose of expressing a belief, it is a belief concerning the thing itself, not concerning my idea of it. When I say, 'the sun is the cause of day,' I do not mean that my idea of the sun causes or excites in me the idea of day; but that the physical object, the sun itself, is the cause from which the outward phenomenon day follows as an effect. It seems proper to consider a word as the name of that which we intend to be understood by it when we use it; of that which any fact that we assert of it, is to be under-

stood of; that, in short, concerning which, when we employ the word, we intend to give information."* "Propositions * * * are not assertions respecting our ideas of things, but assertions respecting the things themselves. In order to believe that gold is yellow, I must indeed have the idea of gold and the idea of yellow, and something having reference to those ideas must take place in my mind; but my belief has not reference to the ideas, it has reference to the things. What I believe is a fact relating to the outward thing gold * * * not a fact relating to my conception of gold, which would be a fact in my mental history, not a fact of external nature * * *. When I mean to assert anything respecting the ideas, I give them their proper name—I call them ideas; as when I say that a child's idea of a battle is unlike the reality * * *. The notion that what is of primary importance to the logician in a proposition, is the relation between the two *ideas*, corresponding to the subject and predicate (instead of the relation between the two *phenomena* which they respectively express), seems to me one of the most fatal errors ever introduced into the philosophy of Logic, and the principal cause why the theory of the science has made such inconsiderable progress during the last two centuries."

"Logic, according to the conception here formed of it, has no concern with the nature of the act of judging or believing; the consideration of that act, as a phenomenon of the mind, belongs to another science."†

The syllogism consists of three names in three propositions. These three propositions are assertions of fact in regard to the things referred to by the names. Two of the propositions are called premises, and the third a conclusion. The premises being true assertions respecting the things named in them, the conclusion will be a true assertion respecting the things named in it, according to a fundamental law of Logic.

Is this a law of things, or a law of mind?

The premises state two facts. The law is that whenever these two facts coëxist, the fact stated in the conclusion will also exist. The facts may be facts of external nature. The

* Logic, chap. ii.

† Logic, chap. v.

mind finds the premises, brings them together, and thence *discovers* the conclusion. It does not thereby make the conclusion true, but only *finds* it to be so. The fact stated in the conclusion existed as well before the premises were brought together as afterward. The fact in no sense results from, or is caused by, the mental operation whereby it is discovered, but it does result from the coëxistence of the facts stated in the premises, and exists whenever they do. It seems clear, therefore, that the law of the syllogism is a law of things in general, rather than in any sense a mental law. Since, then, names, propositions, and syllogisms, express the subject-matter of Logic, and names express things, propositions, facts concerning things, and syllogisms the application of a law of things, it follows that Logic is a science of things, and not a mental science.

The mental operation which takes place in the application of the law of syllogism to particular things, is reasoning. The principles of Logic were discovered in attempting to classify and reduce to scientific form and certainty the reasonings of men. When reasoning conforms to those principles, and then only, is it valid. Why, then, should Logic not be called the science of reasoning, although it treats of things?

It might be so called, perhaps, if it were understood that in so doing it was not intended to designate reasoning as its subject-matter. In the same way mathematics might be called the science of calculation, because we calculate when we apply the truths of mathematics. But the objection to calling Logic the science of reasoning is, that sciences are usually and properly defined by their subject-matter, and not by the mental operation which takes place in their application; and so when Logic is defined as the science of reasoning, it is supposed that reasoning is its subject-matter, which is, as above shown, a grave and cardinal error; and this tendency of this definition to so mislead is greatly increased by the fact that many logicians have regarded the act or operation of reasoning as the real subject-matter of Logic.

Logic being, then, a science of things, of what things is it the science? That is, what more particularly is the subject-matter of Logic?

Things may be considered as subject-matter of science either in a more extended or more limited of view. In the former, since all that exists, of whatever nature—that is, all possible subject-matter of science—are things; so the science of things might be said to include and be the sum of all the other sciences, i.e. be the whole, of which each other science is simply one of the parts. In this view, the science of things would be considered as taking cognizance of all the qualities of every individual thing in the universe, whether those qualities were possessed by any other thing or not.

A science may, however, take cognizance of those only of the qualities of the individuals composing a class which are strictly common to all the individuals of the class, which each has in common with all the others. Thus, the class being things, such a science would consider those qualities of things only which are common to all things; that is, it would consider things strictly as things, and would leave entirely out of view all the particular qualities which any individual thing, or any particular class of things, has, which are not also qualities of every other thing. This is the more limited view in which things may be the subject-matter of science.

Now, Logic is not the science of things in the former or more extended view, which would include far more than its real subject-matter.

And neither does the latter or more limited view, that is, things as things, adequately express the subject-matter of Logic. For, as the former view included too much, so this includes too little.

The word “things,” as above used, is about the most general word possible. Whatever exists is a thing.

Now, things are primarily divided into substances and qualities. Substances are those things that have, so to speak, an independent existence, and upon or through which qualities exist. They are sometimes said to be “beings by themselves.” Thus gold is a substance; its color, its density, etc., are its qualities.

Qualities are all things that are not substances. They do not have an independent existence, but only have their being by or through the respective substances to which they be-

long. Substances are *known* to us only through their qualities, but qualities *exist* only through their substances. Qualities are also called attributes, modes of being, properties, characters, and by many other names.

Now, substances and qualities may be considered as subject-matter of science, in the same way as things, in a more extended or a more limited view. In the latter or more limited view they are the subject-matter of Logic.

Logic is, therefore, the science of substances and qualities as such, and is accordingly conversant about those qualities only of substances which are common to all substances, and not about those which pertain to any substance or substances in their individual or less general capacity, and about those qualities or relations of qualities common to all qualities, and not those belonging only to individual qualities or to particular classes of qualities.

This view frees the science from a mass of irrelevant matter and many erroneous and misleading views, and assigns it, not as heretofore, a subordinate, but a leading position. It stands at the head of all the sciences.

THE SOUL.

By FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

The Soul is its own destiny:
 Fate is the Soul in motion:
 It hath nor bound of space nor time;
 It is the Infinite.
 Duration that doth mock all measurement
 Becometh conscious—is the everlasting Soul.
 Time is a cunning fancy;
 The immortal gods
 Have wrought the subtle fabric of the hours,
 To blind the Soul that looketh out
 On its immensity:
 But all in vain:
 The introverted vision gazes on infinity;
 Alone, supreme, the Soul forever dwells.
 Empires have birth, they do decay and die;
 Advancing years, like phantoms,
 Sweep forever down the abyss of time
 And slumber on the bosom of Forgetfulness.

Forever falls the sand, the glass is never empty,
 Fed from the running fingers of Eternity.
 The sands are ages:
 Forever weep the Clepsydræ;
 Their tears the universal grief express,
 And drop into the bosom of Eternity.
 But what are empires and the endless years
 Unto the Soul that holdeth all!
 Behold the infinite, far-shining, everlasting Soul—
 Behold the Human Soul!

ON THE INTERPRETABILITY OF MUSIC.

By LEWIS J. BLOCK.

Is music interpretable? Are the magnificent masterpieces of the great musicians surcharged with an ideal content, or are they merely a harmonious arrangement of sounds in progressions and relations which shall be rhythmic, and, therefore, pleasurable to the human ear? Carlyle some years ago demonstrated to an incredulous English-speaking public that poetry was more than the pastime of an indolent leisure; Ruskin has devoted his unequalled resources of description and invective to a similar vindication of painting; and Wagner and the adherents of the so-called "Music of the Future" have done splendid battle for a right appreciation of their art.

Those who hold that the great musical masterpieces contain a definite ideal meaning which can be, although inadequately perhaps, reproduced in words, have many objections to meet. We are told that music is of such a nature that everybody, of necessity, puts his own conception into it; that the same music serves equally well for widely discordant subjects; that the conversion of music into a definitely expressive language deprives it of its chief charm, namely, its delicious vagueness and generality, which are of power to plunge the soul into an infinite dream of ineffable ecstasy and glory.

I do not intend to answer directly all or any one of these objections. I believe firmly that the defenders of the new school of music are in the right, and I shall give briefly my reasons for such belief. I shall thus be enabled to give an

answer to the question: Is music interpretable? and, at the same time, make reply to those holding contrary views.

The human spirit, in its journey through the realms of time and generation, passes through three distinct phases of life and experience: 1. The phase of mere feeling; 2. The phase of analytic intellectual cognition; 3. The phase of real being, in which all its powers conjoin in a totality of emotion, thought, and deed.

The child is an incarnate song. Its consciousness is a succession of feelings, which pursue one another with a delightful evanescence. It is incapable of an accurate definition of its conceptions; no thought stands out from another in clear limitation; it dwells in a world where all is each and each is all; its speech is necessarily an inarticulate cry, whose meaning is everything because it is nothing. In other words, it does not speak; it sings. Out of this world of involved and convolved feelings, in which nothing has yet arisen into clear consciousness, emerges a form of expression as general as vague, as beautiful as its own fleeting loveliness. Out of this wonderful labyrinth of enwoven emotions emerges music, the only art, yet extant, capable of giving it garment and speech.

Under the world of our conscious thought-life, therefore, we find this marvellous twilight world of emotions, this restless ocean of feelings, touched here and there with golden resplendence, dusky here and there with gloom of accumulated shadows. Not that these worlds are defined, one from the other; they interfuse and mingle: emotion, like some congealing nebula, orbing into distinct globes of thought; and thought engirding itself with the singing-robcs of feeling. But it is enough for my purpose to show, that, over and above its conscious thinking life, the human spirit dwells in a region of feeling where its world of overt realities exists only as germs of a possible realization. The spirit may sink back into a primeval chaos, as it were, where the sky and the earth and the free vital air are not, as yet, lost in a blissful dream of the universe as yet one, entire, and unbroken into the infinite multiplicities of the things we see and the pains we feel. Out of this ecstasy arises the voice of song.

In a recent book called "Music and Morals," the charac-

teristics of emotion are shown to be five, viz.: elation or depression, velocity, intensity, variety, form. The author proceeds to show that the characteristics of music are these same five. He thus establishes an intermediary ground between emotion and music, and demonstrates the latter to be the appropriate speech of the former.

Music as expressive of an emotional experience such as I have attempted to describe has received many names, Pure Music, Independent Music, Absolute Music. The interpretability of this class of music will always be a difficult question. The unfolding of its content will be largely dependent on subjective, individual conditions. The mood of the listener, his prevailing habits of mind, externals of time and place, will be potent as determining influences. But it must be carefully borne in mind that even this view is sharply distinguishable from the view which denies to music all possibility of interpretation; which defines music, for instance, as "a series of moving, sounding forms." The reason for difficulty of interpretation here is not far to seek. It arises not so much from lack as from superabundance of meaning. The musician strives to compress the universe into a phrase, and we are bewildered by the labyrinthine mazes and vistas into whose midst we are placed without hint or warning.

The human spirit passes from the sphere of pure emotion into the sphere of the analytic understanding. Surely music has nothing to do with the dry processes of logical reasoning. Syllogism and minor premise, enthymeme and hypothetical judgment, induction and deduction,—the very names, cold and harsh-sounding, are enough, one would say, to make the unfortunate muse of music spread her wings, and seek shelter on some more congenial shore. But let us see.

Music has its logical aspects, and much music has been written whose merit is chiefly of a logical character. Indeed all music rests on a strictly mathematical basis. Penetrate beneath the outer garniture of sweet sound, and you shall find yourself confronted by an elaborate system of principles, whose observance is as essential to the musician as the mathematical principles of construction are to the architect. Indeed, from this point of view, music presents many resemblances to architecture. Like Michael Angelo, the titan of

architects, Beethoven, the titan of musicians, erects his gigantic temples of sound on a basis of truth indestructible as the universe. The unravelling of the mysteries of counterpoint is like learning a new language; the free activity of the spirit in these apparent fetters is far more difficult than the effort of the poet to compress his amplitude of significance into the music-box of the sonnet, or, like a new Ganymede, to sit firmly astride the soaring eagle of the ode. It is from the side of these mathematical principles of construction that music addresses the logical understanding. The interest of many compositions depends largely upon the skill of their construction, and in all this interest is a factor in the total interest. Indeed, Euler, the celebrated mathematician, is said to have composed, without any knowledge of music, an elaborate fugue on scientific principles alone; this fugue, although strictly correct, and looking very well on paper, proved ear-splitting in the performance. The interpretation of a composition, from this point of view, if the term interpretation is here at all applicable, means the recognition of the principles of counterpoint employed in its construction, and is, therefore, mainly for the technical musician. The analogies, however, between the architectonic of music and the architectonic of the soul, between the up-piling of musical temples and the building of that inner temple whose light is the everlasting spirit of God, are so many and important, that one is sorely tempted to linger here; but to this subject I can barely allude, leaving to more competent minds the elucidation of the Pythagorean arithmetic, with its harmonic ratios and music of the spheres.

Thus far, it may be said, musicians are substantially agreed. But the new school of music goes much further. It is not satisfied with a slavish adherence to rules of musical composition prescribed by a remote musical ancestry; indeed, many of these rules it wholly ignores and repudiates; nor is it satisfied with expressing the vague bliss of an incommunicable dream; it leaps, full-armed, into the lists of art, panoplied in the complete steel of the aggregate of known musical appliances, and championing the loftiest ideas of the human spirit. Beethoven and Wagner set themselves to sing, in heavenly harmonies, the "open secret" of the universe unto

men ; Liszt, in his colossal symphonic poem of *Tasso*, endeavors to paint, with music for a brush, the proper model and altitude of a man ; and what shall be said of Schubert, to whom every experience of life sang itself into a fit melody ? Is all this striving nought, useless, purposeless ? or has music an office higher than any which has been yet signified ? I now proceed to the discussion of this question.

There is a phase of human development higher than that of the logical understanding. The human spirit labors to disentangle itself from the sphere of contradictions and antagonisms in which mere understanding places it ; it seeks a pinnacle whence the whole of life shall round itself into a consistent orb, whence all finite strife shall be seen as only moments or steps in an everlasting fruition ; it seeks an abiding-place where the conflict of want and have, of emotion and thought, shall give way to a reconciliation in which both elements are transfigured in the glory of a vital union. In this highest phase of its being, the soul is one, and conscious of its oneness, amid the unceasing stream of thoughts that sweep through it. It is not in the enjoyment of a vague dream, some marvellous delirium in which its life is borne away on winds of feeling that it cannot hold in check and rein. In the calm fruition of its consciousness, it is at once the whole scope of its being and doing. Emotion and thought have been unfolded to their utmost, and signify their essential, basic identity, and unite in a life more glorious than either. The soul is at once the all of thought and the all of emotion, and from this marriage is born all art worthy the name.

The application of these principles to our subject is apparent. The new school of music speaks from the stand-point of the ideal life, the *vera vita* of the sages and mystics. Their musical conceptions, in the very act of conception, are composites of thought and emotion, and, of necessity, realize themselves as splendid harmonies enshrining a definite content. It makes no difference whether words be appended to the music or not ; the product is a composition with a definite content, apprehensible by the human reason. The road by which we climb to such an achievement may be steep and difficult, but the great masters of harmony allure us to make

the attempt by song upon song. Let no one be swift to doubt of a reality to which Beethoven and Wagner and Schumann bear witness.

From this point of view, the nature and genesis of the opera become apparent. I do not speak of the Italian opera, with its arbitrary and meaningless division into arias and duets and choruses, in which all dramatic propriety and characterization are sacrificed to exhibitions of a soprano's facility of execution or a tenor's peculiarities of voice; I speak of the real opera, the opera of the future. The musician's loftiest conceptions being a composite of thought and emotion, he develops, in the opera, both factors contemporaneously. He must be both poet and musician. From a single germ, as it were, from the one conception, grows the double fruit. According to its own inner law of unfoldment, the musical poem emerges into audibility. The arbitrary divisions into songs and choruses are cast to the winds; the noble art-creation rises all the more splendid for the added charm of articulate speech. It is a grand symphony, unbroken in its unity, and one in the intensity and depth of its effect.

The basis, the fundamental principle of the new school of music is, therefore, melody, whatever its opponents may say to the contrary. For surely melody is only the right arrangement of sounds according to some inner law, and harmony only the right interweaving of melodies, as in the association and common brotherhood of man each individual consents to union with his race, and thereby receives in return his own being more fully realized. In the violin sonatas of Beethoven, for instance, the violin and piano parts are unfolded into distinct individualities, and their identity is all the more emphatic from the full realization of their difference. The interpretability of this form of music is assured; for the soul can read in any form the meaning itself has put there. We must, moreover, bear in mind that there is here no divorce between form and meaning; if the nature of this music be once clearly understood, it will be seen that in it form is meaning, and meaning, form. It may be said that it will be impossible to attain the composer's stand-point; that different persons will give different interpretations of the same

composition. Undoubtedly this is true; but of what art-product of a high order may not the same be said: Are the critics agreed as to the restoration of the Venus of Melos? Are the critics at one as to the interpretation of Albert Dürer's fantasies in painting? Are the critics who wrangle over the absurd question of Hamlet's insanity sure that they sit in Shakespeare's seat and deliver infallible judgment? Nor do we lose any of the subtle charm arising from the infinite suggestiveness always of right attributed to music. The soul sits, as it were, at the centre, and, in an ecstasy of knowledge, comprehends at once the idea of the universe in its vital oneness ruling and reconciling the multiform differences and contradictions which are the sources of our earthly tumults and troubles. Truly has it been said that in music the soul realizes its infinitude and finds its proper dwelling-place.

Is music the mere pastime of an idle hour, the empty recreation of a leisure too luxurious to undergo the tension of persistent thought? The question has been answered in the foregoing pages. To the tired sufferer, the lingering sweetness of the nocturne speaks of a blessed peace not far to seek; to the robust thinker, the sonata and symphony present his profoundest thought arrayed in an alluring loveliness that seems caught in some golden vale of the region of dreams; to the searcher after spiritual excellence, music is able to furnish those beautiful reasons and mysterious incantations which Plato speaks of as essential to the purification of the soul; to the emotions, music is the subtlest teacher and discipliner. From the lofty atmosphere which environs the compositions of the masters, all low and vulgar and mean feelings have been banished. Music compels us into association with the life-experiences of noble souls; of it, perhaps, may be said in a sense not equally predicable of any other art, that it forces us into becoming the very emotions and thoughts of the artist; our puny individual life melts away into the broader life of the soul that, knowing the "way, the truth, and the life," labors to utter its burden of prophecy unto all men. Music is, indeed, the dialectic of the emotions; from the fret and fume of our daily existence, it leads us by sure gradations to the mountain-summits of assured knowledge and trustful faith. What a chasm yawns between

the puling sentimentality of an ordinary ballad and the majestic passion of Beethoven's "*Adelaide*"! what serene and virginal aspiration is expressed in Schubert's "*Ave Maria*!" As sculpture admits us into the temple where the heroes of the race sit in splendid calm and dignity, as painting unveils to us the mystery of the supreme moments of history and life, so music immerses us in the stream of thought suffused by emotion, which furnishes the well-springs of the purest activities of the soul. Like clouds before the wind, our sordid cares, our little ambitions, our ignoble hates and envies, are put to flight by this potent magician. Who has not sometimes wished to be, if only for a moment, the heroic soul whose life burns like a beacon on the mountain-peaks of the ages? To fruitions like these music ever invites us; to her the avenues of the mind and heart are ever open; like an angel from the heavens she enters to dwell there, bringing from her native skies both blessedness and peace.

MERLIN'S DISCIPLE.

By S.

In Merlin's holy cave
The mighty word I sought,
That called men out the grave
And to his presence brought.

The old enchanter came
And told it in mine ear,
I speak it just the same:
The shadows then appear.

Bright beings chant a song,
The fairies flit around,
The dead rise in a throng
As when the trump shall sound.

The golden visions dance
Before my raptured eye,
The world looks on in trance,
Enchained by poesy.

Those rainbow dreams are gone,
No more the strains are heard,
The world goes heedless on,
And I have lost the word.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

Pantheism versus the Logic of Reason.

Editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy :

Sir:—I have read "Pantheism, or God the Universe," in the last number of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy. I had read previously those to which this article makes reference at its close, and all with the carefulness and interest habitual with me when reading whatever I find from the Editor in the successive numbers of the Journal. I am thus induced to send the following very general statements in explanation if not in confirmation of any views of mine taken from my own writings or from other sources.

1. *Empirical à priori Cognitions.*—The old Logic took the form of experience only, leaving the matter to metaphysics as First Philosophy, and thus had nothing to say of *à priori* cognitions. Kant took the human mind as an instrument for putting matter into form, and therein transcended the sphere of the old logic, and so, as *prior* to the ordering of experience by it, he could speak of mind as giving occasion for *à priori* cognitions. The mind itself was a fact given and studied in experience, and thus, when attained in its primitive Intuitions, Conceptions, and Ideas, as the prepared instrument for intelligence, there could of this as of any other instrument be said *à priori* what it could do, and how it must be used. So far as Kant's philosophy was concerned, the *à priori* knowledge was under experience, and could say nothing *à priori* beyond it. Other intelligences may have quite other forms, of whose knowing nothing *à priori* can be stated.

Fichte sought to know "the knowing," and Kant's *noumenon* that must fill his forms was to Fichte of no importance. He puts the common consciousness within philosophic contemplation, to ascertain just what as fact is going on within it. To the unphilosophic, only results are given, while the philosopher gets both process and result, and can then say *à priori* how "the knowing" must be, whether theoretical or practical, since all consciousness common and philosophic is the same. But this *à priori* knowledge is of the common human consciousness, as fact in experience only.

Hegel makes all knowing to be thinking, and his philosophy explores only the world of human thought. What is needed for ascertaining Hegel's *à priori* knowledge is a comprehensive sketch of what Hegel did. He meant to get out in complete system all human thinking. We need not say whether he himself recognized the controlling inner source and spring of the philosophy, and did not perhaps himself "build better than he knew"; but we can and should find just what Hegel has done, and how he did it. He takes into his service as a fact an analysis of the entire function of human judgment as revealed in its own action. All judgments are made of subject and predicate, and a copula combines these two parts in the one judgment. The subject means the matter, and the predicate implies the form in the judgment. First, he worked out synthetically in the Phenomenology the form. He begins with an immediate "this" inclusive of all form, and lets it become "this here" as form in space, and "this now" as form in time, and thence onward through perception and understanding in

common consciousness, into *self-consciousness*, and thence into the *reason* as self-consciousness completed. Cutting off at this point much that he had formerly included, he put the thought-activity to circle around into itself, and had all form in human judgments identical in the one thinking self-activity.

On the other hand, he worked up the matter for all judgments in the Logic. He began with pure "being" as universal matter of Judgments, and let the thinking in conscious activity run on according to the necessary method intrinsically controlling the dialectical movement. Pure "being" has all matter present and all form absent. Abstract "non-being" has all form present and all matter absent. They are the two sides of a concept which, conditionally for any judgment, must be joined in the thinking. While standing in their separation neither of them can be a complete thought, but each is indeterminate in its own way. Non-being, "Naught," is not bare "nothing," which would be the absence of both form and matter, but is a necessary complement to the present being. In conscious fact the affirming of being is the negating of non-being, and this negating of non-being is also the reaffirming of being; and this process, passing in consciousness, reveals being determined in a complete judgment. The being and non-being coalesce, and we can intelligently say that the being which had been pure has now become *qualified* being. Being is *quality*; and by like process becomes *quantity* and *measure*, and then passes on to the higher stage of *Essence*, and thence by successive steps to the *Idea*, and so has become Universal Being identical with Universal not-Being; and which is the same in one thought as all matter and all form in one universal judgment.

Moreover, this universal is wholly internal in the thought, but may be externalized, just as universal vision might be thought potentially to be within the organ, and, again, as phased externally in space and time. Internality and externality are complementary counterparts, and may be made to coalesce in judgments as the being and not-being have done. This externalizing of the universal thought opens the occasion for the Science of Nature, by which the thought in nature is freed from negations and becomes the Science of Mind. In this, mind is successively *subjective* in self-freedom, *objective* in social and civil activity, and *absolute* in the one Idea as object in art, in religion, and in philosophy; and from thence it circles into itself in universal and external self-production.

This dialectic process, method, and result, all have their necessity and universality in the generalized form and matter assumed: the form becoming universal thinking in the Phenomenology, and universal thought in the Logic, and capable of *à priori* cognition throughout. Yet is the matter and form the generalized concept solely from human experience. The thinking and judging is restricted to facts found in human consciousness, and the *à priori* knowledge both stands upon and abides within empirical relations.

2. *Inadequate Conceptions of Reason.*—What is taken immediately in sense, the understanding takes as matter and form and thinks into judgments, the matter as subject and the form as predicate. Abstraction and

generalization in species and genera afford occasion for all varieties of judgments which the interests and conveniences of human society require. But when one would know experience itself he must think "in wholes," using concepts that are universal and eternal; this is termed speculation, and deemed to be a work of reason. And yet while thus seeking higher attainments there is but the old process of thinking in judgments employed, and so the reason is but the understanding still attempting to work "in wholes" contrary to its own intrinsic laws. Spinoza has his Universal Substance, Kant has his Ideas of the Infinite and Absolute, Fichte has his posited and representative Ego, and Hegel his Universal Negative. The aspirings here are from the veritable reason, but the executive agency used cannot supply and satisfy. It must work by distinguishing and uniting relatives, and cannot manage "the wholes" it has taken in hand, except as it uses others which are complementary parts and combining the parts in a larger whole. The Universal Substance is matter unformed; the Ideas of Kant, the Ego of Fichte, and the Thought-activity of Hegel, are all form only, and must some way take in matter or there can be no thinking, and the supply when taken can furnish no safe standing for the judgment. Spinoza's Substance gets its accident arbitrarily; Kant's Ideas cannot find any matter for them; Fichte's Ego continually posits and opposits, and can never reach an Absolute; and Hegel's Thought-activity successively works into form the entire abstract being of all Experience, and then turns in to itself, eternally circling in the universal thought, with nothing more to gain. Space is empty externality, and this negated in continuous moments is time. The universal is but the total of empirical thought; life and cognition and will are forms of thinking, and creating can be conceived only as a process and result of interminable thought-activity. The highest judgments must take their subject-matter and receive their predicate form solely from that which has been an abstract from experience, for pure being can imply nothing more than what humanity has once tried on, and then in abstract thought put off. Potentiality to any higher being than the empirical universal must be from a presupposing of what is felt to be needful for attaining the higher judgment, while yet the presupposition can show nothing for its validity. The supposed reason is but an inflation of the old understanding.

3. *The Distinctive Faculty of Reason.*—The common consciousness gives to us what is within it, but cannot reveal how that which it gives has been taken by it. So also the thinking in the understanding is unable to overlook itself and expound its own judging. What we have, then, been heretofore saying must have been attained by some other faculty than any function of thinking in judgments, either syllogistically or transcendently, though as yet we have made no discrimination of it, but have left it wholly unacknowledged. It is the Faculty of Reason, working according to its own exclusive method. Instead, in any way, of a deduction from what is in experience, it is an induction from without, and so a production of somewhat that is wholly new knowledge. It sees in the experience a clear implication of a somewhat that must have already been, or the experience itself had been impossible. It knows the conditions on which alone

experience can be, and with which the experience must be and could not otherwise have been than it is. It is not, therefore, in any sense an arbitrary *presupposition*, taken just because it has been needed; it is a legitimate *prerequisite*, taken because known *à priori* to have been in order to the experience, and in which is the primal "sufficient reason" for the experience.

It is in this way, and only in this way, that we see in place and period that space and time must have been *prior* in order to the places and periods; that force must have been, or bodies could not have been in their places and periods in space and time; that life must have been, or an experience of organic facts could not have been; that a personal Creator must have been, or the human experience of a world of forces and lives and living men could not have been; and that the experiences of the men in one common space and common time could not have been, except as all took the same places and periods from the same forces and lives which filled them. And not alone does the reason oversee the functions of perception and judgment; it moreover thoroughly knows itself, and, by as much as it is reason, can see in itself all reasonable truth. As finite reason, it may know in itself that Absolute Reason also must be, and be also independent Source and Ruler of all that is.

Such faculty of reason man has above all function of judging, and in this is his personality: his empirical *à priori* knowledge, and much more his *à priori* knowledge that is Absolute. But for this, man would feel no need for presuppositions, and only by this faculty distinctively can valid prerequisites be made of truths that stand beyond all experiment.

4. *Pantheism*.—I quote here a sentence from the article in the *Notes and Discussions*: "The Absolute Idea, the Highest Principle, or God, then, must be this union of life, knowledge, and will, each in its perfection and in such identity that each is the other; so that to know is to will and to will is to know, and so that the immediateness of life belongs to it."—This surely is not Pantheism. I can readily adopt it as expressing my own meaning; I only fail to see how, by any means, it can be reached by any dialectical process developed in abstract thinking.

To abstract and generalize, we begin and consummate the work within human experience, and the highest attainable result is that of all attributes abstracted, and put together in their absence they make universal pure form; and thereby leaving present all subjects together deprived of form, they constitute universal pure matter. Pure form is bare thinking and pure matter is bare being, and the former is potential for universal predicate and the latter capable for universal subject, in a universal judgment. They are also strictly complementary each to each, and each seeks the other, and the dialectical process through its successive steps ultimately completes the judgment by circling into itself and becoming the Idea in its identity, all matter and form, thinking and being, in one. If here we rest, we have the sure Pantheistic Idea alone. God is the Universe and the Universe is God; Subject and Predicate are mutually convertible.

I now quote again: "The world or created universe is not God, but his image, reflection, creation." There is, then, a higher Principle from which

this "image, reflection, creation," has come. There is the Idea in identity, as universal, not only, but Idea of idea with a higher standing, reflecting itself into the universal; and in this Idea of idea there is "the union of life, knowledge, and will, in perfection." But the dialectical thinking-process does not attain this highest principle, for that completed itself in circling within itself in the judgment of the universal. If thinking in judgments be all our knowing, then we can only stand in the universal and presuppose this Idea of all ideas because we need it, yet cannot verify it, and so we have but a supposititious Deity. To know this living, wise, free, personal God of the universe, we must use a knowing higher than thinking in abstract judgments, and take the faculty of Reason instead of the Understanding, which may in the universal infallibly see the prerequisite, that this personal God should be or this universe could not be; and that if He be, the universe must be in order that reason may be satisfied; and in such conditioned result can also see that God made and manages the universe from design and for a purpose. Without Reason validly to *require*, we can only wistfully suppose, a personal living God, with no capability to confirm the supposition.

5. *The Conclusion.*—The attempt to speculate is vain by abstract thinking alone. Speculation seeks an ultimate, and no abstract thinking can reach it. As already seen in the category of the universal, thinking can presuppose but cannot verify; so also is it helpless in all categories. In that of quantity, its greatest may have greater and its least may have less. For it, all wholes are limited, and neither the simple limit nor the unlimited can be thought. It may seek to make the polygon coincide with the circle by multiplying its sides and so diminishing their length; but the ultimate is never reached, for its last is still a limited, and may be less. It may presuppose the coincidence in some way to be made, but thinking cannot verify it.

On the other hand, reason sees that a circle can be described touching the mid-points of the sides of any polygon, and that its circumference is a limit and not a limited, and that the multiplying and so shortening the sides of the polygon may bring a coincidence and the polygon be lost in the circle. It is prerequisite *à priori* that the polygonal sides coincide with the points through the circle's circumference; if not, the ultimate cannot be; if so, the ultimate must be; and when so put, it must have been by design. The reason comprehends the whole case, and what before was unverified presupposition has become an exactly known prerequisite. Abstract thinking must run into absurdities and contradictions, if it be set alone to solve the problems of reason.

Most respectfully yours,

Amherst, Mass., Aug. 10, 1875.

L. P. HICKOK.

Note by the Editor.—Our continuation of the discussion of this important theme is deferred for want of space in this number.—ED.

Professor Davidson and Professor Vera.

In our January number we gave the substance of a letter of Professor Vera of Naples in reply to certain strictures of Professor Davidson in a previous number upon his "*Strauss et l'ancienne et la nouvelle foi.*" Early

in the year Professor Davidson sent us a few comments on the letter in question, which should have appeared in the April number. After answering Professor Vera's question in regard to one philosophy's being the only true philosophy, he says:

"To the remark of mine that Strauss 'is not bound to accept the principles of Hegel,' Prof. Vera replies: 'Now Mr. D. says that Dr. Strauss is not bound to accept the principles of the Hegelian philosophy, and that I have no right to criticize him from the Hegelian point of view and with arguments founded on the Hegelian doctrine. But what are we to understand by *not being bound*? Of course, a madman is not bound as a madman to admit reason, or an obdurate criminal to listen to the judge's arguments. But in our case the contest is between reason and reason, so that I as Hegelian not only have a right but am bound to demonstrate to Strauss, on the strength of the Hegelian philosophy, that he is in error, and that his doctrine is false and untenable; and Strauss is bound to submit to the demonstration, if the demonstration be a rational one.' The important point in all this is the final reservation—'if the demonstration be a rational one.' Exactly: but who is to be judge whether the demonstration be a rational one or not—Strauss or Vera? We need not doubt what Prof. Vera's answer would be. A man thinking himself in possession of the only true philosophy can hardly help assuming the attitude of a pope and declaring himself infallible. Professor Vera appeals to his book as a proof that he has refuted the positions of Strauss. Now, I appeal to the same book in proof that he has done no such thing. At best, he has only shown that Strauss's principles are not in conformity with what he (Vera) understands to be the principles of Hegel—which is a very different thing."

He continues:

"Professor Vera's next comment is upon the passage in which I had said: 'Although we are not among those who deny all validity to religion—it has, of course, its value and its proper place in the hearts of those who cannot ascend to a philosophical point of view—still we assert that religion, as such, can never be absolute either virtually or otherwise, and that in proportion as it becomes philosophical, that is, as it approaches the Absolute, it ceases to be religion and becomes philosophy. Thus on this point we are entirely at one with Strauss, who, in our opinion, does nothing more than combat, in the interest of philosophy, a religion which has become obstructive to progress, and, therefore, worse than useless. This does not mean that we approve of the philosophy which Strauss would substitute for Christianity: very far from it.'

"Professor Vera says: 'Scientifically and rationally speaking, no one has a right to reject a doctrine unless he is prepared to show that he is in possession of a better and more rational one.' What the only real philosophy may understand by the words 'scientifically and rationally speaking' I do not profess to know; but I do know that the rest of the statement is untrue. Strauss was doubtless prepared to show, and did show, to a good many people that he was in possession of a better and more rational doctrine than the one he rejected. He did not show it to Prof. Vera, and therein lay his shortcoming. But had he not been prepared to show it to any one, or even to himself, he had a perfect right to reject a doctrine which he felt to be untrue, although he had not known of any other at all. As a great poet says:

'There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.'

Utter unbelief is often a very healthy condition. Descartes, of whom the founder of the only 'real philosophy' highly approves, began with the maxim '*De omnibus dubitandum est.*' "

He next discusses the assertion of Professor Vera that Religion has no value unless also for philosophers, holding his conclusion to be a *non sequitur*. He then reviews the position: "Now if religion rests on no principle, on no necessity, on no truth, it has no value whatever either for the philosopher or any one else." * * * "But if it rest on truth, this must be an absolute truth—a remark which applies to truth in general, but more particularly to religion, *whose object is God, the absolute truth.*"

"If Prof. Vera means to insinuate that I imagine religion to rest on no principle, no necessity, no truth, I beg to say that such insinuation is both groundless and malicious. Religion rests, in the last analysis, upon the absolute truth, and has a value for many people quite different from that which it has for the philosopher as such. And when I say *the absolute truth*, I mean what I say. The absolute truth excludes the notion of an absolute truth and of absolute truths. There is but one absolute truth, the Absolute Truth, which I have no objection to calling God. Professor Vera is of quite a different opinion. Besides the Absolute Truth, he knows any number of absolute truths; indeed he holds all truths to be absolute. He cannot, therefore, complain, if, wherever he says 'truth' or 'truths,' I substitute 'absolute truth' or 'absolute truths.' We found that the special object of philosophy was truth, i.e. of course, absolute truth. Thus philosophy and religion have the same object. I know from other sources that this is Prof. Vera's opinion, and I have nothing to say against it. On the contrary, it renders it possible for religion to merge itself in philosophy. It is hard to see, therefore, what Prof. Vera is combatting when he says: 'Now Mr. Davidson says there is no such thing as an absolute religion; adding, as a proof, I suppose, that religion as it draws nearer to the absolute ceases to be religion and becomes philosophy. Well, I say that, if there be no absolute religion, there is no Absolute at all, not even the Absolute as the special object of philosophy, and that the Universe is made of fortuitous elements, of accidents.' This is a most terrible result to draw from such a harmless premise. No doubt, I am refuted when Prof. Vera comes down with a dogmatic 'I say,' and, no doubt, if everything is not absolute, nothing is. 'How absolute the knave is!' says Hamlet. Of course, he meant: if there is no absolute knave, there is no absolute at all, and the Universe is made up of fortuitous elements, of accidents. Perhaps 't were to consider too curiously to consider so,' and so Prof. Vera apparently once thought. In an essay of his, entitled *Amour et Philosophie*, he says: 'The proper object of religion * * * is the absolute. * * * But if on this side religion is infinite, it also falls back on the other into the sphere of the finite. * * * It is this contradiction, and the urgent desire to remove it, that elevate thought and being above religion, and produce the third and fairest child of love. * * * This child, I need hardly say, is philosophy. * * * *Fides querit intellectum*: Faith endeavors to understand itself by understanding the object which it receives and on which it feeds. These words mark the natural and necessary passage from religion to philosophy. They show that faith is not satisfied with itself, and that it is not satisfied because it has feelings and glimpses of a region above it, which it cannot reach. * * * Both (religion and philosophy) contemplate the same object, the Absolute Being, principle and end of the Universe, but each contemplates it with its own eyes. * * * Consequently, the difference between religion and philosophy is the difference between believing and understanding.' Compare this with what he says in his book on Strauss: 'We maintain that the Christian religion, in so far as religion, is the absolute religion, inasmuch as it is, on the one hand, the unity of all the religions, and that, on the other, its principle is the one which most nearly approaches philosophy, so that Christianity is virtually philosophy.' If this is not precisely the same thing that I affirmed, and Prof. Vera objects to, I don't know what it is. Christianity, the absolute religion even on his own showing, is virtually philosophy, and it is because it is virtually philosophy that it is the absolute religion. But I think I can prove to him, out of his own mouth, that all religions are absolute, and that, therefore, Christianity has no special superiority in this respect.

"For my assertion, 'there is no absolute religion virtually or otherwise,' he substitutes 'there is nothing absolute in religion,' making this, instead of the other, the basis of his reply. Now although these assertions are very far from being equivalent, and although I should never have dreamt of making the latter, still Prof. Vera must be too fair a writer willingly to distort another man's opinions; and so I must assume that he thought the two were equivalent. To him, therefore, the fact that there is something absolute in religion makes a religion absolute. But, now, let us turn again to his *Amour et Philosophie*. On p. 98, we read: 'The proper object of religion, and of all religions, even of the religions of nature, is the absolute.' It follows from this at once that all religions are absolute, and that Christianity has nothing special in this respect."

Professor Davidson concludes his reply by quoting the passage in which Professor Vera speaks of the gradual approach of religion to philosophy

and of the supposed conversion of a polygon into a circle by increasing its number of sides, and remarks:

"The argument, of course, must be: Because a polygon cannot become a circle, religion cannot become philosophy. But a regular polygon of an infinite number of sides is a circle; and when religion grasps the absolute, it is philosophy. And not only so, but the nearer the number of the sides of a polygon comes to being infinite, the nearer does the polygon come to being a circle: so likewise, the more nearly religion succeeds in grasping the Absolute, the more nearly is it philosophy. Thus, it seems to me, Prof. Vera's illustration goes to prove the very opposite of what he intended it to prove." Ed.

What is Truth?

This famous question of the Roman crucifier has so generally been considered a crushing finale to all energetic assertions, that it may be well enough to examine once whether this its very character of unanswerableness results not from the extreme silliness of the question. When we ask what something *is*, the inquiry must either relate to an actual object of sensuous perception, in which case the answer can be more or less readily and perfectly gathered from experience; or, secondly, to the relation of a relation (or of a thought) to our mind, in which case that question what that relation *is* turns more properly into that, whether the word chosen to express it is the one by general consent established for that purpose. Hence, in the first instance, we may not, and indeed never are, able to say what such a thing—for example, the loadstone—*is*, since all we can say of the loadstone now, as constituting its *is*, embraces simply the qualities which the loadstone has as yet exhibited; but it may possess innumerable other qualities that will become manifest only in the future. But in the latter case it must be absolutely possible to give a complete answer; and if, then, a dispute arises, it can be only a word-dispute, to be settled by common usage, or the dictionary. For those words that designate not external or sensuously perceptible objects, but pure relations, have surely not sprung into existence by themselves. They were made, made by rational beings; and, as they are not signs of what those beings empirically perceived, can be signs only of what they had not-empirically in their mind—that is, of phenomena in the intellect, relations to the intellect, or *a priori* conceptions—whatever expression seems best suited. But as such conceptions they can be neither changed nor amplified. That which the word "causality" meant when first framed, it means now, no more and no less, and for all rational beings. When you ask, therefore, what "causality" (for instance) is, the answer is, "It is merely a word, and nothing else at all." There is no *is* really about it; it has no qualities to be empirically discovered; we have simply to ascertain whether for a particular connecting or relating of external things in the intellect the word "causality" is the one that has by common consent been selected to signify such relation.

Now, the question of Pontius Pilate is precisely of this character. "Truth" *is* simply a word; it is no external thing to be seen, heard, eat, or drank; but the designation of a relation: it has no existence to which we might repair and examine some of its qualities, but has been made out of the sounds of language, by rational beings, to be the sign for a certain pheno-

menon of the mind. Pilate's question was, therefore, either silly, or the result of an ignorance which should have been referred to a study of the use of language. Persons who speak or write language loosely may, of course, often cause a difficulty when they speak of "truth" as to its meaning, but then the difficulty is a purely verbal one. Thus when Hegel says, for instance, "the truth of the acorn is the oak," he uses the word "truth" in a metaphorical, loose sense, meaning "the acorn is the germ of the oak"; and to suppose, as some of his admirers would seem to do, that by this bungling use of language he has attained a new conception, or made a new discovery, is simply ridiculous. This would seem to be self-evident to any earnest reflection; and yet that it is not so, the collective worshippers of Plato, not to mention the disheartening multitude of modern idle perusers of volume after volume of the like "profound thoughts," "beautiful ideas," "new conceptions," &c., bear but too melancholy evidence. For these profound and beautiful thoughts rest, in the vast majority of cases, upon the same ridiculous misconception that you can make a new discovery in thinking by misusing language only; whereas you will laugh at the man who pretends that he can change a table into a chair by calling it "chair." The chances are ten to one that you will feel an "elevating enthusiasm" in your bosom when some one shall announce, with tunelessly modulated voice and magnetic gesture, for instance, "Beauty is truth," or some equally nonsensical platitude. But what, indeed, would become of our great modern "art of spouting" if we were to call things by their right names, and how would it be possible for preachers and orators to entrance audiences if thought had to be clear and language precise?

A. E. KROEGER.

Personality and Individuality—the Outward and Inward.

Fragments of a Conversation held with "Friends in Council" at Quincy, Ills., by Dr. H. K. Jones of Jacksonville, January 9, 1872. Reported by Mrs. Agnes W. Baldwin.

As a topic for opening the conversation, Personality and Individuality were suggested; upon which Dr. Jones said, one of the best things he had seen upon that subject was a poem by Walt Whitman, entitled "To You whoever You are." The Doctor said, Personality is your subjective self; your objective self is your individuality. Personality is self-determining, not conditioned by anything external.

Ques. Do we all have personality?

Yes; there could be no individuality without personality, no lower thing without the existence of a higher.

Ques. Is the individuality any guage to the personality?

No; the whole subjective self is not apparent in the individual. We are individualized in various ways, for different ends.

Ques. Is genius a manifestation of personality or of individuality?

"Genius" is a word like "inspiration"; has been misappropriated; in common parlance, there are a great many degrees of genius.

Ques. What shall we agree to call genius?

I am accustomed to distinguish between genius and talent. A person submerged in the belief that nature is *Reality* may have a facility in using

the tools of that plane. Genius is some fountain of the personal; different from the faculty of manipulating the things down in the natural plane.

Ques. Is genius ever misguided?

True genius must not be measured by the standards of conventionality. Genius is a larger measure of the spirit; is a *devoted* person; his history is self-sacrifice; has no source on the plane of outward things; he is *of* the spirit and *unto* the spirit. Genius is therefore inventive; talent constructive.

Ques. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said, there are three phases in every individual: as he appears to himself, as he appears to his neighbor, and as he appears to his Maker. Which is his personality?

As he appears to his Maker; when his spiritual eyes are opened, he will see himself as his Maker sees him.

Ques. Why did not Plato write his dialogues so that we might have the death of Socrates come last in order?

Plato's doctrines concern exclusively the eternity and immortality of the soul. These doctrines are enunciated in the Apologue or story of Socrates; therefore is it put *first*. We are afterwards educated to behold these principles, and in our thinkings to become conscious of their truth.

Ques. Will you tell us what you think of Goethe?

The first suggestion is that Goethe was an idealist, or he was nothing. If his aim is subjective, he has not yet been read; if his aim is objective—to lead the mind out into pleasant externalities—he is a failure. The aim of all genius is subjective, not objective. Goethe belongs to the order of exalted geniuses—discoursing of the ways of life. There are two ways of arriving at the goal; one through the indirections of experience, as set forth by Wilhelm Meister; the other through the sight of the *True*, as set forth by Faust.

Ques. Can we choose between the two ways?

No; we find ourselves in one or the other, the one best suited to us. Faust is represented as in the wilderness of the spirit—the Devil his only companion—subject to the three planes of temptation. There is no devil until the soul has entered the plane of spiritual consciousness.

Ques. What do you think of Swedenborg's illuminations?

There are two ages in the Christian dispensation. We have passed through the literal age, are just entering the ideal age. The ultimate realization of the Christian dispensation is, to live outwardly in the world, inwardly in the spirit. This capability of abiding in two worlds at the same time, is the religious consciousness. The prayer of Jesus, "Take them not out of the world," was a prophecy. Swedenborg's profession of being conscious of the two worlds is a harbinger of what *is to be*. Our capabilities are good enough, the body is no hindrance. There has never been an age without this manifestation, but it is to become the *characteristic* of the age. Swedenborg stands in the same relation to the ideal age that John the Baptist did to the literal appearing.

Causality VERSUS *Freedom*—*Query*.

Editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy:

Assume that the fundamental law, "Every effect must have an adequate cause," applies in the sphere of mind; how, on the theory of the Freedomist, can we hold this axiom?

If we say the will, i.e. the ego, acting as a causative and originating force, is itself the cause of the volition; still the question recurs, what is the cause of the *particular state* of the ego which decides the volition?

1. The older Necessitarians sometimes traced this state to *individual* experiences and external circumstances.

2. The theory of Herbert Spencer seems to declare the volition to be the result of inherited tendencies and individual experiences combined.

3. If we say this state is self-caused by the ego, what becomes of the axiom?

4. If we say that this state is uncaused, what becomes of the law of mind?

5. If we say it is the result of some transcendental predetermination, what becomes of the axiom?

Terre Haute, Ind., June 1, 1875.

CHARLES R. HENDERSON.

[*Remarks.*—In the above question we have the third antinomy of Kant involved: whether the law of causality is sufficient to account for all phenomena, or whether freedom (self-determination) is presupposed in their explanation. Now the law of causality is inadequate to explain the activity of any total, or whole of phenomena. In fact it states, obviously enough, that this somewhat, A, is caused by that somewhat, B; hence this somewhat, A, is not an independent, distinct somewhat, but is a part of a totality that includes it and its cause. It (the effect) is only one of the conditions of its cause—only an accident of it. Therefore the law of causality does not and cannot apply to the totality, but only to the sundered parts. It states the relation of the conditioned to that which conditions it. The law of causality applies only to those cases wherein one somewhat is determined by another somewhat. But a totality, from its very nature, cannot be determined by another; it would then be conditioned by that other, dependent upon it; and thus not a totality, but a part of a totality.

It is plain, from the outset, therefore, that one must not undertake to apply the law of causality to any somewhat that is independent, or is a totality. Of the totality we can never say that it is determined through another, but only that it is determined through itself. If one will carefully consider the Ego or Mind in this regard, asking whether the mind is self-determined, or is determined from without through another, he will discover why it is that the law of causality cannot be applied to it. The mind or ego is subject and object in one—it is consciousness. As subject, it is determiner; as object, it is determined. Hence it is totality, involving condition and conditioned, thereby transcending the law of causality. If one persists, however, in applying the law of causality here, he must, like Spinoza, call the mind *causa sui*.

Again, if the investigator declines to consider the nature of mind as it actually exists, but constructs *à priori* a psychical *thing* which he sets up

for explanation, then he will be a necessitarian, and hold that the ego is a thing, and its thoughts and volitions properties of it. Things have their existence in relation, and are not totalities; they are effects. The activity peculiar to mind is utterly ignored by this doctrine which regards the ego as a thing; and it is done by an *a priori* process, which, applying the law of causality, constructs, in the place of the ego given in consciousness, another ego which is only a conditioned somewhat—an effect of a cause.

This subterfuge of necessitarianism would not be attempted if it first investigated the general problem of causality and perceived its inadequacy for the ultimate explanation of any activity whatever. Causality traces the conditioned back to the conditioning cause and therewith stops. To apply it further, one must invert it and call it *final cause* (purpose, design). The first cause is not caused by another, but acts from *final causes*, i.e. purposes. Final causes (purposes, motives, ends and aims) have this peculiarity, that they are not real beings, but ideal beings occasioned by the abstracting intelligence. The mind has to abstract from what is and think something as being otherwise; then it thinks this ideal state as desirable; thus a motive or purpose arises based upon a threefold abstraction: (1) of a somewhat as being different; (2) as having a relation that is desirable; (3) as capable of being affected by the self-activity of the ego. Thus teleology, or the doctrine of final causes, deals with causes which are utterly different from efficient causes. Efficient causes are supposed to be (a) real, and (b) to occasion other reality. Final causes are (a) ideal products of a real being (ego), which by its own activity (b) also makes them real and thereby annuls them altogether. To suppose a motive as constraining the Will is to suppose an ideal somewhat as constraining a real somewhat; it is to suppose a non-existent as acting before it exists.

The validity of the law of causality itself depends upon the existence of free, spontaneous activity. If "Every effect must have an adequate cause," it will not do to say that every cause is again an effect of a cause outside itself. For to do this is to make every cause into a mere link through which causality is transmitted. Causality escapes from each link into a higher one *ad infinitum*, and thus leaves the entire series. But the law of causality is thus subverted. Unless there is a first cause, there is no transmission of causality, and the length of the series does not affect the question at all. In fact, the whole series belongs to the side of the effect, and not to that of the cause, for the reason that not one link in the supposed causal series originates a new impulse. Each link is passive instrument and not efficient agent.

When the law of causality is seen to involve an efficient or originating cause, the necessity of self-activity becomes evident. If self-activity cannot be posited in *sensuous things*, it will be seen that all activity must arise in Mind, originally (see on this point Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, Book xii., chap. 7).

Wherefore it behooves the necessitarian, since he is bound to posit self-determination somewhere as the presupposition of his law of causality, to consider more carefully the activity of his own mind, his ego. It is not internal experience which leads to the denial of freedom, but rather the tyranny of the law of causality applied *a priori* and absolutely.—EDITOR.]

BOOK NOTICES.

The Final Cause as Principle of Cognition and Principle in Nature. By Professor G. S. Morris, M.A., Michigan University, U.S. To which there is added the Discussion thereon. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1875. For sale by Scribner, Armstrong & Co, New York.

This pamphlet is a second edition of the valuable essay of Prof. Morris. It was read before the Victoria Institute or Philosophical Society of Great Britain. In this edition appears the discussion that followed the reading of the paper, and the reply by Prof. Morris.

Absolute Money. A New System of National Finance under a Coöperative Government. By Britton A. Hill, author of "Liberty and Law." Published by Soule, Thomas & Wentworth, 208 S. Fourth street, St. Louis. For sale by Gray, Baker & Co., 407 N. Fourth street, St. Louis, Missouri.

In this new work Mr. Hill elaborates at length his scheme of an Absolute National Money, of which he gave the outlines in "Liberty and Law," two years ago. In the present work he has connected his scheme with the historical growth and development of money in its various phases of metallic money, money of account, bills of exchange, and government bonds. The subjoined Table of Contents will give some notion of the wide field over which Mr. Hill has extended his researches.

Part First—Chap. I., Nature of Metallic Money and of Money of Account; Chap. II., The Bank of Venice; Chap. III., Bills of Exchange; Chap. IV., The Fairs of Europe; Chap. V., Government Issues and Bonds; Chap. VI., Banks and Bank Issues; Chap. VII., History of Our American Paper Money. Appendix to Part I., The Five Milliard Franco-Prussian Loan. Part Second—Absolute Money—Chap. I., The Nature of Absolute Money; Chap. II., The Superiority of Absolute Money over every Bond Scheme; Chap. III., Relation of Absolute Money to Coin; Chap. IV., John Law's Paper Money Scheme; Chap. V., A Specie Basis necessarily a Falsehood, a Delusion, and an Absurdity; Chap. VI., The True Basis of Absolute Money; Chap. VII., Relation of Absolute Money to Foreign Exchanges; Chap. VIII., Absolute Money would Cause neither Inflation nor an Increase of Prices; Chap. IX., How to Substitute Absolute Money for our Bonds; Chap. X., Relation of the Absolute Money to the National and other Banks. Appendix to Part II.: The Scottish Banking System.

Philosophische Monatshefte. Berlin: Verlag von F. Henschel.

We have received the ten numbers of the ninth volume of this interesting periodical, for the year 1873; also its tenth volume, for 1874.

Vol. IX. opens with an article on "Mechanical Causality," by Dr. Wille, followed by a lengthy dissertation on the "Logical Question," from the pen of Professor Rabus. Dr. Volkelt discusses "Kant's Position towards the Unconscious Logical"; and the Rev. G. Knauer, "The Real Logical Forms of Judgment in the Moment of Relation and Three Forms of Synthetical Conclusions." Dr. Wildauer contributes an essay towards the "History of Psychology"; Dr. Liebmann, a paper on the "Kant-Laplace Cosmogony"; and Dr. Conrad Hermann, a paper on "The Grammatical Classes of Words

and their Significance for the Doctrine of Thinking." Dr. Jung contributes an essay on the "Philosophy of Feuerbach."

Of the Book Reviews, we notice specially the following:—Dr. Freund's review of Struhunek's "History of Philosophy"; Dr. Hartsen's review of Horwicz's "Psychology"; Drossbach "On the Various Degrees of Intelligence and Morality in Nature," reviewed by Professor Schmid-Schwarzenberg; Caspari's "The Primitive History of Mankind," reviewed by Bratuscheck; Stumpf's "On the Psychological Origin of our Notions of Space," reviewed by Dr. Johnson; and Dr. Wetzel's "The Conception of a Final Cause in Spinoza's Philosophy," reviewed by Dr. Volkelt. A number of minor book notices, notices of lectures, and other items of interest to the students of philosophy, complete the ninth volume.

Vol. X. opens with an article by Dr. Struve, "The Psychological-Metaphysical Analysis of the Conception of Necessity"; followed by one from Dr. Bratuscheck on "Philosophy as an Obligatory Object of Normal School Education," an article examining at length the connection between philosophy and pedagogics, and showing the necessity of requiring from each teacher in public schools a certain amount of philosophical culture as an essential element in the perfection of public education. Dr. Goebel has an exceedingly interesting article on "Galileo's Principles" of Physical Science. Dr. Gustav Schneider treats of the Doctrine of Ideas in Plato's *Philebus*; Dr. Conrad Hermann discusses the present philosophical significance of Aristotle, and Dr. Reinhold Hoppe explains the idea of Necessity; Dr. v. Struve gives a philosophical or metaphysical analysis of the idea of Freedom; Dr. Rabus continues his discussion of the Logical Question, taking up in this article Judgment and Notion; Dr. O. Marpurg's letters are continued on Ethics and Religion.

Of the reviews in this volume, we would mention Dr. Windelband's review of Sigwart's "Logic"; Laas's review of Teichmueller's "Immortality of the Soul"; Dr. Riehl's review of Zange's "Ethics," and Professor Lutterbeck's criticism of Fichte's "Theistical View of the World." A critical exposition of the philosophical literature of the Poles is given by Dr. H. v. Struve; Dr. Bratuscheck writes *in memoriam* of George Weisseborn; Dr. Horwicz takes ground against Brentano's empirical basis for Psychology; Dr. L. Weis in an article on Philosophical and Exact Investigation reviews Katzenberger's "*A priori* and Ideal Factors of Science"; J. C. Fischer's "Materialistic Views on Consciousness" are criticized by Dr. Schmolke; Dr. Sengler reviews Ludwig Weis's position on "Anti-materialism" and "The Old and New Faith," and also Volkelt's views on "The Unconscious and Pessimism"; Dr. L. Weis reviews DuBois Reymond's famous lecture on the "Limits of the Scientific Knowledge of Nature"; Dr. Hartsen notices Debay's *Philosophie du Mariage*.

It is curious to observe how largely German philosophic labor is devoted to Aristotle at the present time. In the list of philosophical lectures in twenty-nine institutions, for the semester 1874-5, one counts twenty courses of lectures given on some phase or phases of Aristotle's doctrines. It would seem as though Hegel's recommendation to have a chair devoted specially to Aristotle in each University had been acted upon.

Representative Names in the History of English Literature. By H. H. Morgan. Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1875.

"The plan adopted" in this work—to use the words of its author—"aims at an answer to the various rational questions which might be asked about an author: When did he live, who were his contemporaries, what was his stand-point, what are his representative works, for what and how far can we trust him, who vouched for his reliability, and what did he do to further the progress of literature? The selection of names has been made with reference to the authors whom the world has accepted as representatives in English literature; as minor writers there have been added those whose services have an historical value. Literature has been understood in the strictest sense—the perfect adaptation of the form to the thought expressed; judgment is pronounced from the æsthetic point of view, and not from that of Ethics, Politics, or Commerce; Oratory, Theology, Physics, and Metaphysics, have been excluded except when their form has entitled them to literary recognition."

The Philosophy of History in France and Germany. By Robert Flint, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1875.

This is an American reprint of the volume already noticed in this journal, last year. It is hoped that the excellent work will meet with a large sale.

The Theory of the Beautiful. By Samuel Tyler, LL.D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1873.

This essay attempts, with many proofs and illustrations, to establish the theory that the beautiful consists in the analogy felt between various objects in nature and woman; and a consequent association between them in the imagination by which the influences of those objects over the human heart is greatly heightened.

An Effort to Analyze the Moral Idea. By Robert D. Allen, superintendent of Kentucky Military Institute, Farmdale, Ky. Nashville. Tenn. 1875.

This analysis first finds that man is a spiritual being and that there is a spiritual substance, thinking, sentient, and will-acting; that the source of the idea of obligation is in the faculty of reason. The relations of virtue and vice to happiness and pleasure are then discriminated and discussed. His "moral chain of consequences" involves the following links: (1) liberty, (2) freedom, (3) moral law, (4) obligation, (5) moral ought, (6) virtue vivified, (7) happiness, (8) self-love, (9) worship.

The Morality of Prohibitory Liquor Laws. An Essay. By William B. Weedon. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

The writer of this volume believes that "the whole fabric of our legal and political action has been strained and injured by the institution and administration of the liquor laws. He believes that one of the first and most important steps in the much talked about reform of civil government must be, to turn the humane temperance impulse away from its abnormal action in law and in the state, and to give it natural play in the ethical improvement of the individual man and of society."

The Willey House and Sonnets. By Thomas William Parsons. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son. 1875.

Proceedings of the Fifth Meeting of the International Business College Association, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 10, 1873. Milwaukee. (Containing an Address by E. G. Folsom, Principal of the Albany (N. Y.) Business College, on *VALUE IN MAN* treated philosophically.)

6757-50



